

MOTHER CAROLINE.



A Sketch of her Life and Character.





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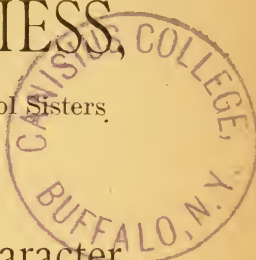


*With maternal greetings
prayers and blessings +++
M Caroline*

Mother Caroline's usual form of closing her letters to the Sisters.

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A68A33 VENERABLE MOTHER
M. CAROLINE FRIESS,

First Commissary General of the School Sisters
of Notre Dame in America.



A Sketch of her Life and Character

BY

P. M. ABBELEN,

Spiritual Director of the School Sisters of Notre Dame.

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AUTHORIZED TRANSLATION.

With an Introduction by the
RT. REV. J. L. SPALDING, D.D.,
Bishop of Peoria.

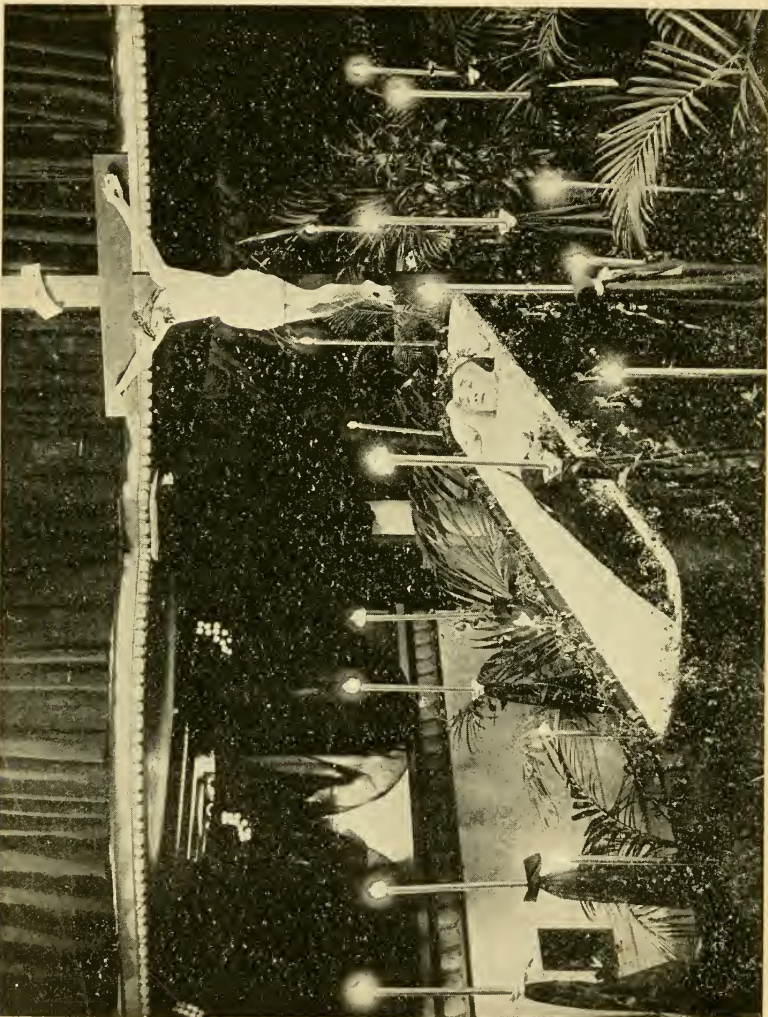
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Mother Caroline

in the Adoration Chapel. July 22nd to 27th, 1892.

INTRODUCTION.

IT is impossible to take even a glance at the Catholic Church, in the United States, without being struck by the work its religious Sisterhoods are doing. In one or two Protestant denominations there are a few communities of religious women, but in the Catholic Church alone do we find an army of women, organized into companies and regiments, bearing different names and having each its own leader, yet all enlisted under the banner of Christ, to watch and pray, to do and suffer for the good of all. From many thousand homes they have gone forth, turning away from the flattering dawn of life, from all its bewildering promises of an earthly paradise, which, for each one, somewhere lies hidden, leaving behind them gloom and weeping friends and a sense of irreparable loss, — leaving their very names, the symbols of their identity, behind them; and now they are ministering in hospitals, passing from ward to ward, like a breath of air, that comes laden with balm, fresh from a world of light and health, — serving in asylums for the young and the old, mothers whom Christ has sent to the helpless orphanage of childhood and to the sadder orphanhood of old age; toiling in innumerable schools into which they carry, together with the teacher's knowledge and skill, the spirit of refinement and the power of religion. Like all the best and noblest, they work without a thought of what the world may say of them. Their good deeds they tell not even to God. When they are praised, it is in a general way, with little application

to the individual. So many Sisters, it is said, who went to the succor of the pest-stricken, fell victims to the contagion. On the slabs that mark their graves, there is no word to suggest ties of home or kindred or relationship of any kind with the great world. They were but living forms of patience and service, of purity and love. What matter where their cradles stood, amid what scenes they grew, what arms held them or what lips kissed their virginal brows? They came from God, they ministered to human needs and sufferings, they returned to God. This is the sum of their life's story; this is all they cared to know of themselves; this is all we need know of them. But though they would hide themselves with Christ in God, the divine beauty and power of their lives can not be hidden from men. They are permanently interesting, as whoever makes the supreme act of perfect self-sacrifice, is interesting. As we find ourselves in abandoning ourselves for wife and children, for God and country, for truth and honor, so do they, in leaving all, find a nobler and sweeter life. They become representatives of the highest devotion, the purest love and the most beneficent sympathies of the great human heart. They are the heroines of the service of humanity, priestesses who kindle and keep alive the fire of divine Charity which Christ brought into the world. In their youth they drank at the fountain which quenches thirst forever; in the freshness of their spring time bloom, they saw through the veil that hides or blurs the image of the Eternal, and, ever after, they walk waiting for God. Since religion in its deepest sense, is a

life rather than a doctrine, I find in our Sisterhoods an argument for the truth of the Catholic faith, whose force seems to render all our controversies, apologies and schemes of edification, more or less, idle and ineffective. Words are supposed to be woman's world, and work man's; but here the reverse is true. The women work in silence, the men make the noise. It is these silent armies, moving in obedience to the low whispers of Unseen Masters, which make us invincible. So long as generation after generation, tens of thousands of the purest and gentlest hearts find that the love of Christ constrains them, Christ lives and rules. This is the marvellous thing by which some of the greatest minds have been impressed. Heroes, poets and orators grow to be themes for declamation or criticism; but the purest and the best follow close to Christ, and devote themselves to Him with a sense of personal love as strong as that of a mother for her child. They who know our Catholic Sisterhoods most thoroughly, best know that this is simple truth. The lives of these unselfish, pure and gentle-hearted women bear witness to the divinity and power of Christ with a force and eloquence which words cannot express. In the midst of weakness they are strong; in the midst of trouble, they are calm; in the presence of death they are cheerful. They are rich enough, though poor; happy enough, though beset by trials. In solitude, they are full of peace; far from the world, their own thoughts keep them company; forgotten of men, they are at home with God. There is about them the serene air of immortal things; they

have the perfect assurance that it is well with them, whatever may lie beyond the mystery of life and death. They may have little share in the scientific or material progress of the age, but they are a social and religious influence of the first importance. They represent, as no others do, the supremacy of will over instinct, of love over passion. The perfect Chastity of thought and desire by which they are distinguished, is a mother-virtue — the source of health and vigor of mind and soul. In countless homes into which an unclean spirit could not enter and live, the mothers have received their exalted faith in the priceless worth of purity from the lips and hearts of nuns. In thousands of parishes the light of Catholic truth and practice shines from the convent with a more persuasive and unremitting glow than from the pulpit. Religious prejudice itself, narrow and obdurate, ready almost to hate the good it is forced to see in those whose creed it abhors, can not long withstand the test of contact with these simple, holy and true-hearted women. They have friends in every soldier who has seen them among the wounded, in every laborer who has known them in the hospital wards. Some years ago in company with a Catholic Clergyman, I was walking on the wharf at Duluth waiting for the arrival of the boat on which we were to sail. As we sauntered along, we fell into conversation with a man who appeared to be there for the same purpose as ourselves. We spoke of the vast tracts of fertile lands in the West which were still to be had for a dollar or two an acre, and, as the stranger informed us, he was a wanderer who had worked

in many places, but had saved little or nothing, we suggested the wisdom of taking a farm in one of the colonies we were organizing. No, he replied, he would not accept a farm as a gift; he had but little, but felt confident he would not die of want: which was enough, as there was no one to whom he cared to leave anything. Leave something to build a church, my companion suggested. No, he again answered, nothing to churches; but, if I should happen to die possessed of anything, I would leave it to the Sisters: they are noble women and do God's work. Now, this man, who probably had little religious faith, but had lived in many places, with many kinds of men, whose experience led him to mistrust men, had no doubt whatever of the purity and goodness of the Catholic Sisters. He is one of the multitude who have drifted away from all churches, who have little sympathy with the ministers of religion, who take no interest in their disputes and rivalries, but who, nevertheless, feel a sense of reverence, almost of devoutness, at the thought of the army of consecrated women, who are the voluntary servants of the poor and the sinful, who, more than all others, make the love and pity of Christ a living fact in the world to-day. I have known Protestant soldiers who fought in our Civil War, to threaten, with all manner of oaths and imprecations, to deal summary justice upon whoever should say a word against the Sisters. Their power lies not in the persuasive words of human wisdom,—not in position or wealth or birth or name, but in meekness and patience, in purity of heart and righteousness, in unselfish and entire

devotion to God and man, which, as it is the most rare, is also the most precious of virtues.

They, more than others, hearken to the words of the Apostle—"Follow after love;" the love which is the fulfilment of the law and which has its home in a higher and more enduring world than that in which move the passions that perpetuate the race. O the wealth of love in a woman's heart! — the wife's unconquerable truth and loyalty, the mother's tenderness and affection, the bloom and warmth, the freshness and fragrance of a virgin's soul when the mystic voice first awakens it to conscious life. O the countless oratories where hearts are bowed in the silent service of a boundless devotion, giving all and asking nothing, knowing only that God is and that He is love. From the thousand books wherein I read that we cannot know anything of the infinite mystery, that all is dark and cold and meaningless, that faith deceives, that hopes delude and love betrays, that religion is but the dream of unhappy creatures who awake, for a moment, from an eternal sleep and live only long enough to feel their hopeless misery, — from all this bleak and wintry waste, full of despair and death, I turn to the pure hearts of women who love, and again the light plays around me, I drink the balmy air, the birds sing, the waters leap for joy, the mountains lift their heads, I am in God's world and am His child.

So, too, when glancing athwart so many a sad and gloomy page of history, I read of schism and heresy, of hate and cruelty, of bitter, foolish controversies that never end, of pride and ambition, of greed and

lust,—I think of the army of holy women who have followed the Church, like the few who followed Christ on the narrow blood-stained path that led to Calvary; who watch and wait, who serve and are helpful, who work and are silent, and I feel that the cause which, century after century, thus constrains thousands of the purest and tenderest hearts to sacrifice their lives to the highest and most unselfish love, is the cause of God, the cause for which Christ suffered and died.

Many of the most important interests of the Church are almost entirely in the hands of our religious women. They have charge of our orphan asylums, our Magdalen asylums, our homes for the aged and our hospitals. They are the teachers in our parochial schools, and were it not for them, few of these schools would have been built, still fewer could be carried on. In enabling the bishops and priests to found and conduct a system of religious schools, they do a work which is indispensable to the maintainance and progress of the Church itself. It is, indeed, impossible to overestimate the value of our Sisterhoods, and whoever helps to encourage and strengthen them, defends and upbuilds the Church. The biography of one of the noblest and best of these religious women, which is here presented to the reader, is a work of religion, and the author deserves commendation and praise for the conscientious and honest manner in which he has performed his task. No one can read his book without feeling something of the admiration and love for Mother Caroline by which the writer has been inspired. The simple straightforward story

he tells is full of interest and it is edifying precisely because it is so true and unaffected. He does not borrow the ornaments of rhetoric, he deals not in the arts of the special pleader, he yields not to the enthusiasm of the hero-worshiper. The life he describes needs nothing of this. Its charms and worth lie in the noble, brave, loving and devoted character it informs. Here is a strong, loyal, faithful, tender-hearted woman, who, wherever we get sight of her, as she lived, spoke and labored, wins our sympathy and makes us her friends. She is a child of France and of Germany. In her veins the blood of the most civilized and the most thoughtful nations of the modern world mingles. She has the vivacity, the ardor, the quickness and daring of the French : she has also the steadfastness, the honesty, the perseverance and simplicity of the German. Her mother was the daughter of one of Napoleon's army-officers : her father belonged to the sturdy Bavarian race from which sprang the soldiers who stood in the van in the armies that finally overthrew the Napoleonic dynasty. She was born in a suburb of Paris and passed her earliest years in the great world-city. When but four or five years old, she was taken to Bavaria by her parents, who were persuaded to permit the child to remain in Donauwörth with her uncle, a worthy priest whose household was presided over by his widowed mother, a devout Catholic of the olden time. One day her grandmother took the child to the graveyard, and, for the first time, she saw the resting place of the dead. For a few moments she stood in silence and awe, then with the deepest

emotion she exclaimed: "all undone, all undone, all undone;" and began to weep and sob. Here surely is revealed a tender, deep and sympathetic nature. This child soul had dwelled hitherto only in the world of living things, the light of eternal life still played about it, and now suddenly it comes upon the realms of death and stands amazed and bewildered, that in God's world there should be place for the destroyer of life. I well remember the first time death came within the circle of those I knew and loved. It seemed to me to be an absurdity, an impossibility, a contradiction of the nature of things. All, as the world revealed itself to me, was life or related to life, and when I was forced to try to reconcile this view with the presence of death, I was stunned and stupefied. Now even, after the lapse of years, nothing so persuades me of immortality, as the memory of my earliest thoughts and visions, when my soul first emerged from the infinite fountain of being, and I looked around and saw every where life and love and beauty, and had no remotest shadow of doubt, but was certain that it all came from God and belonged to God. I am persuaded, indeed, that the root of all that is best and most enduring in us, is found in those first experiences, in the primal attitude of the mind and heart towards all things, which, though it is partly given in the conditions of our inherited traits, is determined in no small degree by the natural and human influences which surround our childhood. The home is our first school, and the lessons it teaches sink deepest and are the last to be forgotten. Fortunate are they, who like Mother Caroline, can

look back to those early years and find in them, as they come again to view, all that is sweet and pure, genuine and true. Her life in the house of her uncle, from the age of four to sixteen, when she entered the convent, as a novice, is full of charm. This venerable man is a type of so many a priest, who to seriousness and a certain rigidity of thought and conduct, adds the beauty of childlike simplicity and loving thoughtfulness. Priests certainly are not without fault, but take them, all in all, they are, I think, the most gentle, single-hearted and humane of men, and they who have been thrown in childhood into intimate contact with a true priest never doubt the ennobling and hallowing power of religion. Mother Caroline has said that on the day of her first Communion, when her uncle spoke the solemn words — *Domine non sum dignus* — she seemed to hear the Blessed Savior himself reassuring her, and, when she was near death, she asked that her first Communion picture, which she had kept through all the years of labors, journeyings and trials that separated that fragrant ceremony in the German church from the last closing of the eyes and folding of the hands in Milwaukee, should be buried with her. Right fitly was it laid on that brave and loving heart, a symbol of the harmony between the fair promise of her girlhood and the rich achievements of her life. She was but twelve years old, when kneeling in the Capuchin chapel, near Eichstädt, she offered her whole life to God in the following prayer: “My Jesus, I will be thine: I consecrate to Thee the purity of my soul and the chastity of my body.”

However willful and fond of the pleasant things of life she might appear to be, she was already conscious of her high calling, and no opposition or allurements had power to make her waver in her resolution to become a nun. There is a mystery in a true vocation to a religious life. Once the whisperings of the divine voice are heard, we follow blindly and leave, almost without regret, all that is dearest, led by the invisible attraction of a deeper truth and love. This persuasiveness of the inner voice, pleading for the Christian ideal, is felt by thousands, and when Mother Caroline, at the age of sixteen, gave herself without reserve to the service of the young and the poor whom Christ loved, she became one of an innumerable multitude of witnesses to the overmastering charm of a life of purity, poverty and obedience. Like all highly endowed natures, she was rich in capacity for enjoyment: she was in love with life, with all glad and happy things, and so tenacious of her liberty, that she obstinately refused to yield to her uncle's desire that she should enter a boarding school; but now that the inner voice has spoken, she renounces her own will and turns resolutely to follow the Savior in the service of man. She had not been long in the Novitiate of the School Sisters of Notre Dame, when her health began to fail. When her confessor said to her: Caroline, you will have to die — she replied: but I do not intend to die. She seemed to know, as so many whom God has called to special works, have vaguely known that years of labors and trials awaited her, before she could receive her reward. Once, like St. Aloysius, she had longed to die

young ; but now, her will was for life, that, like St. Ignatius, she might live for others, though her own soul should be risked in the venture. It happened as she foresaw. Sentence of early death had not been passed upon her more than two years, when her feet were on the soil of America, where she was destined to do memorable things. She was but twenty-three years old when she landed in the New World, with the first band of School Sisters of Notre Dame, and but twenty-six, when she was made Vicar General of the Order. In spite of her youth and inexperience she seemed at once to understand the work her Sisters were called to do, and her courage and capacity for business were equal to her intelligence. How poor, helpless and insignificant does she not appear to be when, in 1850, she arrives with her little band in Milwaukee, and settles on the bleak hill with its wide outlook over the waters of Lake Michigan. What had she but a clear mind, a brave heart, a pure conscience and trust in God? But the great wonder-workers have been no better equipped ; she began to work and to endure, and, in a few years, a Convent arose from the brow of St. Mary's Hill, to which thousands of tender, loving souls were to flock, like birds that turn from wintry skies to seek fairer lands. After forty years of prayer and labor, she had the consolation to know, as she sank to rest, that more than two thousand Sisters, scattered through seventeen states and thirty dioceses, as the teachers of seventy thousand children, and the watchful guardians of fifteen hundred orphans, looked to her as their mother. Facts, like these, make words superfluous.

This prosperity was, doubtless, made possible by the rapid developement of the American Republic and especially of the North-West. Where the spirit of progress is in the air, and things seem to move forward almost of themselves, energetic and brave men and women are in a world in which what they say is possible, many stand ready to help them accomplish. It is easy to say there is no necessary man or woman, but take a few thousand lives from the world's history, and how unprofitable, barren and uninteresting, it all would become. Had Mother Caroline never come to the United States, who will affirm that much that is best in many of our Western dioceses would be altogether what it is? She was the soul of the first band of German School Sisters who came to this country, and the ease and success with which she provided for parochial schools even in poor and remote places, became a source of courage and confidence for all who believed in the necessity of religious education. Her services in behalf of Catholic schools are thus of inestimable value, and without parish schools there is no hope that the Church will be able to maintain itself in America. Our Parish School System is now a permanent fact; it grows from year to year; the teachers are becoming more efficient; new schools are founded, and opposition unites all true Catholics in a more invincible determination, to maintain, at whatever cost, the cause of religious education. If any one should have misgivings as to our success, let him but consider what our Sisterhoods have done and are doing. A bishop has but to give three or four of these women permission to found an asylum,

or a hospital or to open a school, and the work is done. From the German Catholic Sisters, especially, we have learned to know what miracles labor, economy and perseverance make possible. The growth of the Church in the United States, as that of the country itself, is due to the co-operation of many races, and if this commingling of heterogeneous elements has its disadvantages, it is, on the other hand, productive of good. A strong people is more impressed by the qualities than by the defects of those with whom it is thrown into contact, and the presence of many races here will teach us a more comprehensive wisdom, a broader tolerance, a wider sympathy. Here, for the first time, the selfishness, the hardness and narrowness of nationalism, shall cease to exist. As we give to each individual the largest liberty compatible with the rights of others, so we hold that immigrants from whatever part of the world, have the right to maintain their customs, languages and religious practices, since, to be a true citizen of a country such as this, it is only necessary to be a good man, a lover of liberty and a foe of injustice. The best are slowest to abandon the old ways, and they who are most faithful to the memories and lessons of their early life, will be found most faithful also to the duties imposed upon them by new surroundings. Mother Caroline, whose spirit was truly Catholic, did not consider, in receiving applicants for admission into her community, the country in which they were born, but the dispositions and qualifications they brought to the work. From whatever point of view, indeed, we consider her character, she reveals

herself as a superior woman, a richly endowed nature. Her distinction of manner, her insight, her sound judgment, her strength of will, impressed men, as well as women, and hence her influence extended beyond the interests of her Order. By nature she was a leader, and whoever was thrown into contact with her, felt the force of her character. But, if she was strong and self-contained, she was also kind and generous and just. She was especially solicitous for the health of her Sisters, knowing that their labors required strength and vigor of body, as well as discipline of mind and heart. She believed that to breathe impure air, to eat badly prepared food or to transgress heedlessly any law of health, is a sin against reason, and, therefore, against God. The work we do for others is the best mortification, and the more healthful we are, the more life-giving will our labor become. This is a lesson which the superiors of our Sisterhoods will find it necessary to inculcate with increasing persistence and intelligence. It is foolish piety to imagine that ill health is due to supernatural causes, that it is God's will that they who love Him should be feeble and suffering. It is God's will that we exercise reason and employ whatever means science may offer, to protect and invigorate bodily health. Superiors who persist in permitting the laws of hygiene to be violated by those over whom they have authority, are responsible for the loss of most precious lives.

Mother Caroline believed also in the necessity of special pedagogical training to fit teachers to do the best work, and she was a leader in a movement

which is rapidly spreading through all our Sisterhoods, and which is increasing the efficacy of our parochial schools in a way which only the most attentive observers realize.

Another subject which engaged her attention, was the need of a more practical education for our girls. The essential thing is what is useful, what enables a woman to provide for herself in the world. Whatever our views on the subject may be, it were folly to refuse to recognize that the irresistible tendency of the social evolution is to throw woman upon her own resources. She must be made strong, brave, wise and self-reliant. She must learn to provide for herself. If she marry, this will make her a better wife and mother: if she remain single, her ability to take care of herself will open up to her worlds of usefulness which will console her for the loss of domestic joys. Our convent schools are beginning to recognize this, and it is not difficult, to foresee that our views of the proper education of girls are rapidly adapting themselves to the changed conditions of the modern world.

The author of the life of Mother Caroline has done a good work, one for which the lovers of noble women and the friends of Catholic education will be grateful. Why have we not a biography of Mother Hardy, of Mother Catherine Spalding, of Mother Angela Gillespie and of other superiors and founders of Sisterhoods, who have done things worthy of a permanent place in the history of the Catholic Church in the United States?

J. L. SPALDING,

PEORIA, JULY 29, 1893.

Bishop of Peoria.

The Author's Preface to the Translation.

The foregoing introduction by one of the most learned and eloquent bishops of our country, makes any further prefatory remarks superfluous. I shall, therefore, omit my preface to the original, desiring simply to express my thanks to those who have taken part in preparing the English edition of my little biography of Mother Caroline, above all, to the illustrious bishop of Peoria.

The translation, by the School Sisters of Notre Dame, is a work of filial love, a tribute of gratitude and reverence to their lamented Mother Caroline, who holds a thousand claims upon them. Considering, however, the pressure of responsible duties incumbent upon the Sisters who devoted their little spare time to this cherished task, I cannot but thank them for the pains they have taken.

The part in verse, introducing the chapter "Mother Caroline's Illness," was a most agreeable surprise to me, coming, as it did, from the graceful pen of our celebrated Catholic poetess, Eleanor C. Donnelly. To her I beg to convey my respectful thanks in a simple, old-fashioned, truly Catholic and, therefore, truly poetical expression of Mother Caroline: "Vergelt's Gott"—God reward you!

In behalf of the Sisters, I beg leave to remind my

kind readers that even the best of translations are but translations ; therefore, I trust they will rather fix their eyes upon the portrait of the noble life and character presented to their view than upon the frame in which it is enshrined.

May this new tribute to the memory of Mother Caroline help to perpetuate the name and example of one of the best and greatest women of our time and country.

THE AUTHOR.

MILWAUKEE, August 1893.

Venerable Mother Mary Caroline Friess,
First Commissary General of the School Sisters of Notre Dame.
A Sketch of Her Life and Character.

PART FIRST.

From Her Birth to Her Entrance into the Convent.
1824—1840.

CHAPTER I.

Birth and Earliest Childhood in Paris.

Venerable Mother Mary Caroline, who departed this life July 22nd, 1892, was born at Choisy-le-Roi, a suburb of Paris, August 21st, 1824. On the 24th of the same month she was baptized in the famous church of Notre Dame des Victoires, receiving the name Mary Catharine Josephine. She was the second child and eldest daughter of John George Friess and Catharine Chapoulard. When a young man, in the time of the Napoleonic wars, her father had emigrated from Bavaria to France. Her mother was the daughter of a French officer, who employed young Friess as interpreter in his negotiations with the Germans. Rather delicate in health, but a man of education, he was well adapted to this position. His consequent intercourse with the officer's family resulted in leading his only daughter to the altar, as his bride. Their marriage was blessed with five children, of whom the three elder, George, Josephine and Adolphine were born in France, the two younger, Frederic and Walburga in Bavaria. All, except George, survive their sister Josephine, who

was destined to become the good and great Mother Caroline. George Friess, a merchant, died in Munich three years ago, leaving two children; a son, George, successor in his business, and a daughter, Josephine, who consecrated herself to God, as Sister Augustine, in the Visitation Order. Adolphine is the faithful companion of her Rev. Brother Frederic, at present Spiritual Director of the School Sisters in their principal Motherhouse at Munich. Walburga, the youngest of the family, is now known by the name of Sister M. Alipia in the Congregation of School Sisters at Temesvar, Hungary.

In the year 1828, when Josepha, as she was called in the family circle, was scarcely four years old, her grandfather, John Baptist Friess, died in Lauingen, Bavaria, having emigrated to this city from Holland in his early youth, together with his five brothers. Here, he established an extensive tannery and leather business, which he conducted until his death. To carry on this business, it became necessary for his son George, to return from Paris, where he had acquired great skill in the manufacture of the finest kinds of leather fabrics. Consequently, in the fall of 1828, George Friess, with his wife and three children, left Paris for his old home in Lauingen.

As his wife's parents could not reconcile themselves to a separation from their only daughter, they, too, emigrated to Germany. This transfer of her family we may safely regard as the first visible interposition of Divine Providence in the life of Mother Caroline. Had she remained in France, she

certainly would never have been what, through the grace of God, she afterwards became for the welfare of thousands. Indeed, it appears doubtful whether she would have devoted her life to any good cause, at least, as far as religion is concerned ; for her mother and grandparents, although, in a measure, practical Catholics, were by no means, devout Christians. Her mother, in particular, a lady of culture and highly respectable, was somewhat worldly-minded and, in consequence of her education, not entirely free from the influences of Voltarianism. She satisfied her strict obligations in regard to prayer, divine service and Easter Communion ; but for any further exercises of religion, she had no zeal. Being an only child, she had not received proper training from her too indulgent parents, especially in curbing her pride and obstinacy. Combining with her unyielding disposition, — some painful proofs of which we shall meet with later—great tact and talent in the management of household and business affairs, she naturally exerted a great influence over her quiet and gentle husband, a deeply religious man. From this we may infer what the results might have been as regards the education of her children, had not Divine Providence extended a protecting hand over all of them, in particular, over our little Josepha. Among the cherished recollections of Mother Caroline's earliest childhood, was that of learning from her mother to make the sign of the cross and to recite the Pater and Ave. The interior of a church she never beheld during these years. The most vivid impression left her of that period, was the first of the many alarming dangers to which her life was exposed.

Little Josepha was exceedingly fond of fish. As soon as she would hear the Paris fish-women calling out their fish, fried, broiled or stewed,—she gave her mother no rest until she obtained her favorite dish. When she had grown old enough, she would run out on the street, with a sou, and get a fish for herself. One day she had hardly begun to enjoy her dainty bit, when a pretty large bone stuck fast in her throat. All efforts to remove it appeared ineffectual, and the little one was in the greatest danger of choking to death. Leeches and other violent remedies were applied, the marks of which she bore on her neck all her life. Finally, the bone yielded and her life was saved. After such experience, her parents and grandparents, of course, endeavored by all means to inspire little Josepha with a wholesome dread of fish; but her appetite remained not the less keen. Her resolution not to eat any, at least not on the sly, was soon much weakened on hearing that our Savior had eaten fish. “Then” said the little wide-awake, “I, too, may eat fish, as much as I please.”

CHAPTER II.

Happy Years of Childhood in Donauwoerth. Her Uncle and Grandmother.

On their journey to Lauingen, the family stopped at Donauwoerth, to visit two relatives who were to exercise a decisive influence over the future superioress of an Educational Order. These were her grandmother, Mrs. Afra Friess, néé Proeller, and her uncle, the Rev. Michael Friess. Upon the

death of her husband, grandmother Friess had made her home with her Reverend Son.

For twelve years, that is till the time of her entering the convent, Josepha was entrusted to the care of these excellent persons, both of whom, especially her uncle, proved instruments in the hands of Divine Providence for the education of the little "French girl", a child of extraordinary talents and uncommon vivacity.

Rev. Michael Friess, at the time of Josepha's arrival, quite a young priest, became one of the best-known clergymen in the beautiful land of Bavaria. With profound learning and great oratorical talent, he combined solid piety, strong faith and a firm, straightforward character. His heart, free from all sentimentality, was warm and benevolent. In the course of time, he was promoted to high ecclesiastical offices and dignities, becoming cathedral-canon, domestic prelate of His Holiness Pius IX., vicar-general and administrator of the diocese of Eichstaedt, where he died in the year 1869. There was never a man on earth of whom Mother Caroline, to her dying day, spoke with greater veneration, love and gratitude than of her Rev. Uncle. All that she was, she attributed, next to the grace of God, to the thoroughly Christian education received from her wise uncle. Indeed, the future great educator could not have fallen into better hands!

Grandmother Friess also contributed her part to Josepha's education, but her exceedingly tender love for her darling grandchild would, most probably, have spoiled her entirely, had it not been for

the prudent supervision of her Rev. Uncle. The aged Mrs. Friess was the daughter of Andrew Proeller of Lauingen, the great-grandfather of Mother Caroline. Of this venerable ancestor, too, the deceased often spoke with great veneration. She remembered him as a centenarian of small stature, snow-white hair, florid complexion, full of life and animation in all his gestures and movements. She played him many a childish trick, especially when she found an opportunity of getting at his pockets, always well filled with nuts and goodies for the little ones.

Mr. Proeller was a devout and charitable Christian, a man of great wealth and influence. All his undertakings met with such success that he seemed to have the blessing of the ancient patriarchs; indeed, his acquaintances simply called him "Abraham." His happy death was mourned by eight children, sixty-four grandchildren and four great-grandchildren. Truly a patriarch's blessing! His property mainly consisted of large stockfarms although he had other enterprises, especially his slaughter-house and city bleachery, both of which yielded good profits. Although the wars at the beginning of the century had greatly reduced his property, he, nevertheless, left a considerable fortune which, with true parental love, he divided equally among his children.

Before his death, he founded a lasting memorial of his faith and piety by a rich endowment fund, to have a holy Mass read every day, in the church of St. Martin at Lauingen, for himself and his posterity. "It is my will", he declared, "that the great

Sacrifice of Propitiation be forever offered daily for myself and my posterity''. At the age of one hundred years he had a priest in his household, who read Mass every morning between the hours of ten and eleven, so that he might enjoy the blessings of assisting thereat every day to the end of his life.

At this time, there was still another worthy relative, the Rev. Valentine Riedl, whose mother was a sister to grandmother Friess, himself, accordingly, a granduncle of Josepha. Father Riedl was a very learned and devout priest, who afterward became Bishop of Ratisbonne. In the Church History of Bavaria he is called "The pious Bishop Riedl". His stay near the home of Josepha was not long enough to exert any particular influence over her education, still she remembered him all her life with greatest veneration.

As soon as grandmother Friess beheld the long expected little Josepha, she was determined to keep her, notwithstanding all the protests of her French mother and grandparents, who proceeded to Lauingen with the rest of the family. An agreement was made between the two parties that the disputed object of their affections should spend every vacation of her school years with her parents, which condition was satisfactory to grandmother Friess, as it did not involve a separation from her little Josepha.

Soon after her arrival at Donauwoerth the little one was taken to church, for the first time, since the day of her baptism. It was during the Forty Hours' devotion; the Blessed Sacrament stood in a blaze

of light. On entering the sacred place, she cried out as loud as she could: "Grandma, look! look! the sun is rising", and it required quite an effort on the part of grandma to quiet the child, so great was her joyful excitement. On Christmas day she was again allowed to go to church, and again it was the lights that attracted her attention. She began to count them aloud, and grandma could not stop her lively prattler, until she filled her pretty little mouth with sweet-meats. Her first visit to the graveyard was singularly remarkable, calling forth, for the first time, those strong, deep emotions which so often throughout her life manifested the wonderful depth of feeling in her warm and tender heart. The solemn stillness of that mournful place—the sight of the graves and crosses—were more than the pathetic child could bear. She stood as if fixed to the ground, began to shudder and tremble, for some moments staring at her grandmother, motionless and speechless, and then, crying out: "All dead! all dead! all dead!" she wept and sobbed in the most pitiful manner. A long time elapsed before she was allowed to visit the graveyard again.

Father Friess observed and studied his little niece with all the care and anxiety of a parent who fully understands the responsible charge of training a child in whom such unusual qualities manifested themselves. Soon he believed to have discovered what he called an evil inclination in little Josepha, which was no other than the love of money. Any one familiar with Mother Caroline's almost unlimited generosity, will either smile incredulously at

the alleged discovery, or give her tutor credit for thoroughly eradicating this "evil inclination." What gave rise to her Rev. Uncle's alarm was the fact that Josepha would make little bags for herself, fill them with the prettiest pebbles she could find in the garden, and, swinging her odd purses, run into the house, shouting: "See, how much money I have." As Father Friess and his mother frequently had visitors, she received many a coin as a gift; for all were very fond of the bright little girl. To cure her of her "evil inclination" Uncle Friess had recourse to little fines, as a means of punishment. For stubbornness, anger, excessive inquisitiveness and similar faults, she was obliged to forfeit some pennies out of her little saving-bank, which, however, was never found empty, as grandma was always ready to replenish her darling's treasury. Father Friess was especially strict with her, when she pouted after receiving correction for mischief. Once she actually refused to speak to him for three days, during which time he, of course, entirely ignored her, not even deigning to look at her. Grandma coaxed her to yield, but in vain. Finally, without Uncle's knowledge, she promised to give her money, if she would only speak to him again. The roguish child saw her opportunity and, taking full advantage of the situation, did not come to terms until she had obtained twenty-four pennies for her little bank—quite a sum for a child in those days. What if her uncle had known this! Her forwardness, no less than her obstinacy, caused her worthy educator many a vexation. One day an ecclesiastic dignitary called on Father Friess,

who received him with greatest reverence. As soon as the little one came into the presence of the honorable visitor, she planted herself directly in front of him and, with a scrutinizing look, exclaimed in the drollest way: "What a big nose you have!" "Oh! I was such an inquisitive, forward child," said Mother Caroline half painfully, half jestingly, when she related this little reminiscence.

Josepha had spent about three years at Donauwoerth, when her Rev. Uncle was called to St. Mary's church at Ingolstadt. Previous to this appointment as preacher in one of the grandest churches of Bavaria, he was obliged to go to Augsburg, to pass his examination in sacred oratory. This important event in the life of Father Friess became quite significant, too, in that of his little niece, as, on his return, she was made the happy recipient of her first pair of ear-rings, which her good uncle had purchased in the old historic city.

When about five years of age, Josepha was sent to school in an old Benedictine Monastery of Donauwoerth. Here, it was her greatest delight to run and skip through the great, long corridors and the courtyard. She learned the alphabet from a venerable old monk, Pater Narcissus; and a chanter of the antique type, in frock-coat and knee-breeches, taught her to sing the scales after the good old fashion of "do, re, mi, fa, sol, la, si, do." Odd enough, from this same honorable chanter, she received her first instruction in the useful art of knitting.

CHAPTER III.

**Josepha's Life Exposed to Imminent Dangers.
A Daring Boatride.**

As before in Paris, little Josepha's life was again seriously threatened in Donauwoerth. This was at a banquet in the house of her granduncle Mr. Albert Proeller, the brother of her grandmother, and a very respectable country-justice.

It being his birthday, little Josepha was permitted to dine with her elders. During the banquet a storm arose, and, in the midst of the general festivity, a sudden stroke of lightning darted close by the little one, into the floor. Fortunately, no one was injured and the frightened child soon recovered from her stupor.

Not long after this, her childish temerity might have proved very disastrous. One afternoon, as she was at play in her uncle's garden, she heard the shouts of two boys inviting her to take a boat-ride with them on the Danube. Capital fun for our courageous little one! Without hesitation or any thought of asking permission, she jumps into the skiff and glides away on the darkling billows. Amid lively chat and merry songs, the jovial trio row farther and farther down the river. Day is declining, the sun sinking beneath the horizon; still the keen voyagers think not of steering homeward. Now, the shades of twilight are falling, and the gathering darkness warns them to return. But alas! those artless children have not been aware of the distance to which they have steered. And how shall they now reach their homes, when night is upon them? Terror-stricken, our little culprit has

recourse to prayer. "I prayed as never in my life before," said Mother Caroline, when she related this incident during her last illness. "I invoked all the angels and saints of heaven to aid us in our distress." It was late at night when the two rather crest-fallen argonauts landed Josepha on the same spot in her uncle's garden from which she had so eagerly and daringly stepped into their tempting boat. And now, what is awaiting her? How is she to meet her Rev. Uncle and her grandmother? The latter, of course, hastens, upon the first intimation of her approach, to fold the darling run-away into her arms, and soothe her with her loving caresses. But her Rev. Uncle is not so tender. Severe reprimand and the rod are his woful welcome! And, what is worse, strict confinement to her room is the next penalty—a prelude to many more of the kind; for Father Friess frequently found it expedient to cage his exceedingly lively bird, in order to tame her. On such dire occasions, grandma sought to render the little culprit's imprisonment as pleasant as possible by feeding her with fruits and sweetmeats, but she only partially succeeded; for liberty was dearer than bon-bons to the lively girl.

It was probably during the first vacation Josepha, according to agreement, spent at Lauingen with her parents and French grandparents, that she was again exposed to imminent danger. She was taking a walk with her parents and brother George, along a road on both sides of which were verdant meadows. The children eagerly gathered the pretty flowers growing by the wayside and hastened back to the road, to offer their bouquets to their parents.

Just at this juncture, a Bavarian bridal party approaches at full speed, in a chaise drawn by four horses. Little Josepha stumbles and now — she lies close at the horses' feet. Moments of agony for her parents! The four horses and the vehicle pass over her! "But I," said Mother Caroline, sixty years afterwards, "I lay there motionless, without any fear, and beheld the horses lifting their feet and stretching them apart in this manner, (showing with rapid motions of her hands) not to tread upon me." Without sustaining any injury whatever, the child rose from the ground and brought her bouquet to her parents, now as much rejoiced as they had been terrified a moment before. Even the cool head and philosophical mind of her mother could not do otherwise than attribute this almost miraculous escape of her darling child to the protection of her guardian angel. Grandmother Friess, more in particular, took occasion from this never-to-be-forgotten incident to inspire little Josepha with a most tender devotion to her good angel and to all the celestial spirits, a devotion which Mother Caroline cherished all her lifetime and endeavored to instill into the hearts of all those under her charge. "May your holy angel protect you, my dear child, and bring you back safe," her grandmother was wont to say as often as she left the house.

A short time after this thrilling event, she herself was destined to render the service of a protecting angel, when her grandchild was again in immediate danger. In Bavaria, especially among the genial Suabians, it was customary to have the Crib with

the figure of the Holy Infant remain in the parish churches from Christmas to Candlemas-Day. On this feast, solemn service was held once more in honor of the Divine Infant, after which the holy image was carried out of church in solemn procession, during the singing of pious hymns. This closing festivity of the Christmas-tide was particularly attractive to children. Grandma had told little Josepha all about the sweet Infant Jesus, the bright scenes of Christmas and touching devotions during this joyful season; she had also taken her to church several times to visit the Crib. Besides, she had not failed to decorate a pretty Christmas-tree for her darling, which always remained richly laden throughout the forty days, although Josepha was continually stripping its branches and enjoying the sweet-meats. When Candlemas arrived, Josepha was full of joyous anticipation, as she expected to accompany grandma to church; but alas! she was doomed to disappointment, as her Rev. Uncle could not be prevailed upon to grant her this favor. Most probably she was again undergoing some punishment. As might be expected, the tender-hearted grandmother sought to indemnify her darling. Before leaving the house, she dressed the child in her best clothes, giving orders to the servant-maid to illuminate her Christmas-tree and to take good care of the little one. Pretty soon the brilliant lights, sweet-meats and picture books so interested the child, that she forgot her vexation and highly enjoyed herself for some time. As she was alone, however, the servant being engaged in some other apartment, she finally grew weary and fell asleep.

Presently a burning taper fell from the tree and, in an instant, the ribbons and lace of her head-dress were on fire. Already the burning finery was beginning to singe her thick, glossy hair, when, suddenly, the door was thrown open, and grandma rushed in, to the rescue of the unconscious sleeper.

CHAPTER IV.

A Pious Custom in Suabia and its Lasting Impression.

A pious and beautiful custom among the warm-hearted Suabians made an indelible impression on little Josepha, when spending her vacations at Lauingen in her sixth, seventh and eighth years. The first pieces of handiwork made by little girls were offered to the Blessed Virgin or St. Anne and then brought to the alms-house. Grandmother Friess required little Josepha to comply with this custom. The first pair of stockings she knit, when five years of age, she offered to Mary on her altar in the grave-yard chapel at Lauingen. Her next offering consisted of the first yarn she spun, when six years old. Grandma had taught her to use the spindle in preference to the wheel, because of the better quality of the yarn it produced. Notwithstanding the lively child's fondness for active sports, she succeeded in spinning seven skeins of yarn, each consisting of one hundred threads which she tied together with red ribbon. As to the length of these threads, the narrator is, of course, ignorant. This yarn, Josepha offered to St. Anne in a grotto beneath our Lady's altar. Grandma, who was even prouder of the offering to be made than her grandchild,

when leading Josepha down the stairway, whispered: "Hide your yarn, my child ; for the Blessed Virgin might be jealous." She placed her offering at the foot of St. Anne's statue, which Mother Caroline was wont to call a "frightful image," as it rudely represented the Saint, above life-size, holding the Infant Jesus in her arms, and Mary standing by her side. In her third vacation grandmother Friess was rejoiced to lead little Josepha to St. Anne's statue once more with the first little under-garment the happy child had made. Truly, a touching and beautiful idyl, this threefold offering of a little girl! How deep must have been the impression of child-like faith and tender devotion, made upon her susceptible young mind. Even on her deathbed Mother Caroline besought the narrator not to omit this beautiful custom of her cherished Suabia.

With many such incidents, amid soul-stirring scenes, our lamented Mother Caroline spent the early years of her childhood at Donauwoerth. Surely, they could not fail to leave their salutary impress on her whole life's career, more especially as her grandmother's admonitions and the instructions received from her Rev. Uncle rendered them still dearer and more attractive. Already in that early period, as we may safely conclude, the foundation was laid of that unwavering faith and confidence in the Divine Protection which was to inspire the future Mother Caroline with strength and fortitude for the most difficult undertakings and painful experiences of her self-sacrificing, laborious life in the service of God. In those happy days of childhood, she was made to know and feel that she was under the special pro-

tection of God and His holy angels, preparing her for the Christian's warfare here on earth.

CHAPTER V.

Happy Years of Childhood at Ingolstadt.—

Josepha Attends a Convent School.—Her First Confession.

After a period of three years, when Josepha was about seven years of age, her Rev. Uncle, as before stated, was transferred to Ingolstadt. It was here that Josepha, for the first time, attended a school conducted by Sisters. These religious were Franciscans, teaching in the so called "Gnadenthal"—Valley of Grace. They soon learned to know the extraordinary mental endowments of their new pupil, and her deportment, too, was not unsatisfactory, as her uncle had pretty well succeeded in subduing her stubbornness and controlling the well nigh unbounded liveliness of the promising child. The Sisters soon entertained a kindly affection for the bright, little girl, whose own warm love for her teachers, was, doubtless, increased by the sweetmeats they were wont to give her, and for which, as we know, her grandmother's excessive tenderness had cultivated her taste in a high degree. Her love for these good religious awakened the first thought in Josepha of becoming a Sister—a Franciscan, of course. But this vocation was based upon too sweet a foundation to last.

As Josepha was now in her eighth year, the time for her first confession approached. Serious and thoughtful as she was, in spite of her vivacity, she would have carefully prepared herself, even without

the assistance of her grandmother and Rev. Uncle. She made her confession to the Rev. Father Herb, who took the greatest interest in the promising child and, it appears, never lost sight of her. When, in 1885, Mother Caroline paid a visit to Munich, as Commissary General of the Sisters in America, the venerable octogenarian did not fail to call upon her whom he affectionately remembered as his little penitent of 1832. Her birthday previous to her first confession was rendered quite memorable by her Rev. Uncle, but in a manner not very pleasing to Josepha. "Child," said he, "you are now seven years old, just entering upon your girlhood. I will not treat you as a little child any longer. Hitherto I have blessed and kissed you every evening; henceforth I will only bless you. Neither may you say "Du"—"Thou"—to me in future, but "Sie." * These words of her uncle were painful darts; for she loved him with all the childlike affection of her heart—that great heart, whose inexhaustible fount of love was to render thousands happy in future years. For the kiss of which she was to be deprived, Josepha knew very well she would receive full compensation from her grandmother; but what was she to do, in order to avoid addressing her Rev. Uncle with that cold, stiff *Sie*? In this perplexity she attempted what, in after life, she understood so well, oft-times so emphatically declaring that *love is inventive*. Coaxingly she whispered into his ear: "But when we are alone, dear uncle, I may say *Du*, may I not?" As Father Friess' position allowed him very little time for himself, he could not resist

*) The pronoun "Du," as used in the German language, expresses more familiarity and tenderness than its formal substitute, "Sie".

her affectionate pleading ; but he was soon to find out that his clever little niece had out-witted him. As often as he was engaged with visitors, and Josepha had any inquiry to make or message to deliver, she would have her Rev. Uncle called into the passage, in order to speak with him alone. Which of the two was more rejoiced at the success of her stratagem, it is not easy to say ; but both parties abided by their mutual agreement.

Shortly after a young priest, a friend of the family, celebrated his first Holy Mass at Ingolstadt. Father Friess composed a congratulation in verse, which his little niece copied and delivered Feb. 26, 1832, accordingly, when she was seven and a half years old. As the Sisters will, undoubtedly, be happy to read their lamented Mother's first recitation of this kind, we subjoin a translation, together with a fac-simile of the fair little writer's dedication and signature in German.

I.

This world, beneath the heaven's blue,
A garden vast presents to view,
In which our Lord, with loving care,
Reared choicest plants of beauty rare ;
But noxious weeds, in time, appeared,
And all the garden's bloom was seared.

2.

Though God sent gard'ners then to toil,
They could not clear the weedy soil.
At last, from Heaven's highest throne
He sent His own dear Son alone,
To water it with His life-blood, —
Then, thriving, once again it stood.

3.

And when its lovely bloom anew
Was pleasing to the Father's view,
Returning to His throne above,
The Son His servants sent with love,
To labor in this garden fair
And till the soil with zealous care.

4.

Thou, too, young gard'ner now with joy
Wilt undertake this great employ.
Then, sow within thy soil good seeds,
And ever keep it free from weeds,
Lest they might choke a plantlet fair
Which thou must rear with tender care.

5.

And, when the harvest draweth near,
May golden fruits thy spirit cheer,
And precious in the sight of God
Appear thy thriving garden-sod ;
Then will thy Master smile on thee,
And thy reward exceeding be

During these happy days of her childhood, the diocesan bishop of Eichstaedt paid a visit to Ingolstadt and attended a sermon by Father Friess. The bishop was so well pleased with the youthful preacher, that he determined to call him to his cathedral. Josepha, accordingly moved to Eichstaedt with her Rev. Uncle and grandmother, when she was about ten years of age. It was in this venerable old See of St. Willibald that she spent the most important years of her youth, up to the time of her entering the convent.

CHAPTER VI.

Remaining Years of Childhood Spent at Eichstaedt.—Josepha a Pupil of Benedictine Nuns.—First Holy Communion.—Thoughts of Her Vocation.—Confirmation.

The little French girl had, by this time, become a genuine German. Not the slightest accent of her mother-tongue could be detected in her speech. This is not surprising, however, considering the deep-rooted antipathy of the Bavarians for the arch-enemy of their country. On his removal to Eichstaedt, Father Friess found no separate school for girls. The parochial school for both sexes was conducted by a male teacher. Anxious as he was, to see his unusually promising niece grow up in brightest purity, he only allowed her to attend this school for half a year. In the meantime, he exerted all his influence with his bishop and the government to establish a convent school in the old Abbey of St. Walburga. Josepha meanwhile pursued her studies at home under his direction. About a year

after her arrival at Eichstaedt, Father Friess had the great pleasure to obtain six Benedictines from Augsburg. Josepha was, of course, one of the first pupils under their charge. Now she began to apply herself to study in full earnest, while her Rev. Uncle redoubled his efforts to form her character. After successfully passing through the common grades at the Sisters' School, Josepha next devoted herself to the higher branches with brilliant success.

Even before the close of her fifteenth year she passed the preparatory teachers' examination with highest distinction. While pursuing these studies, she also took lessons in music, drawing and painting. The violin was her favorite instrument. Although manifesting great skill in acquiring these arts, intervening circumstances did not allow her ample time to attain the desired proficiency. "Nevertheless," as Mother Caroline was wont to say, "what I learned in those years has always enabled me to render service in any case of necessity, as far as female accomplishments are concerned." Her remarkable ability in discovering talent and fostering taste for the arts and sciences among the members of her community, proves the modesty of the estimate she set upon her own accomplishments.

While at Eichstaedt, she was to enjoy the happiness of receiving her first Holy Communion, on the 3rd of April, 1836. How highly she cherished the memory of this happy day, throughout her entire life, is obvious from the fact that she kept her plain, little communion picture to her latest day, always taking it with her on her journeys. To preserve it from injury, she had carefully edged it

with more durable paper. The only wish she expressed to the narrator, in regard to her burial, was to take this picture with her to the grave. From this we may conclude how carefully she must have prepared herself for that never to be forgotten day. Her Rev. Uncle imparted most thorough religious instructions, while her grandmother's pious exhortations and stories also contributed to inspire the proper dispositions. The happy first communicant was deeply impressed with the importance of this most holy act. Even in those early days, her piety was of that enlightened character which in after years was to prove so beneficial in directing her religious community. Her piety was based upon faith—faith which, by means of her Rev. Uncle's theoretical and practical instructions, became, as it were, her second nature. While grandmother Friess exercised her influence over the warm and tender heart of the young girl, her Rev. Uncle enriched her intellectual endowments with the most solid and comprehensive knowledge of her holy religion. Whoever became more intimately acquainted with Mother Caroline, soon gained the conviction that her knowledge of Christian doctrine was almost equal to that of professed theologians. She regarded every undertaking, every vicissitude of joy and sorrow during her eventful life, in the light of faith, with clearness of mind and tranquillity of heart, and never allowed any sentimentality to influence her mode of action. A resolute, solid piety, sustained by principles of faith, rendered her strong in her own spirit and reliable in directing others.—The nearer the great day approached, the

more did Father Friess employ every means in his power to insure the worthy preparation of his niece. His chief concern was, more and more to overcome her pride and to exercise her in self-denial. One day he subjected her to a severe trial by telling her she might communicate in the cathedral, with the other parish children, amid great solemnity, clad in white, with veil and wreath; or she might receive privately from his hands in an adjoining chapel, plainly dressed, without any ornament.

The choice, being left entirely to herself, caused her a great struggle. On the one hand, she highly revered her uncle and loved him dearly; on the other, the thought of the fine apparel she was sure to receive from her grandmother, had given her much pleasure; besides, she was clever enough to know that she would be one of the handsomest and most respectable among all the first communicants. She lamented, wept and prayed — even lost her appetite and sleep — till, finally, love for her uncle and self-denial gained the victory. Father Friess was rejoiced on learning her decision and quietly assisted her in completing her preparations. Recompense was in waiting for Josepha. Apart from the great graces conferred by first Holy Communion, so worthily received, she was specially favored, interiorly, with the earnest thought and desire of consecrating herself to God in the religious state. So clear and powerful was this impulse, that she never gave up her intention after that happy day. Another interior work of grace was the choice of St. Aloysius, as her special patron, which she made through a motive rather singular for a child. It

was the thought of the eternal reward, so speedily obtained by the Angelic Youth for the brave renunciation of all his earthly goods, that determined her choice. She, too, was ready to sacrifice all earthly pleasures, that she might the sooner go to Heaven. Divine grace obviously began to fill her young soul with higher aspirations. Some months previous, in August 1835, when she was not quite eleven years old, a seemingly trivial occurrence made a deep impression on Josepha's mind, giving her a singularly childlike idea of the transient nature of earthly things. On the 5th of August, feast of St. Afra, Grandmother Friess celebrated her nameday. A few days before, Josepha had filled a plate with wet sand, in which she arranged some beautiful flowers, thinking to offer them with her congratulatory verses. When the hour for the presentation arrived, she found her choice flowers decaying and emitting a foul odor. This disagreeable surprise so afflicted her young heart that she was inconsolable, and passed the following night sleepless, again and again exclaiming: "Oh! my beautiful flowers! how disgusting they had become! No, never shall I attach my heart to corruptible things." Though she did not always remain faithful to this resolution of her childhood, we, nevertheless, can infer how beneficial such influence must have been in forming her interior disposition.

Persons who were well acquainted with Mother Caroline and aware of her great love for everything beautiful, must have noticed that she never made a pet or a hobby of anything. She was often highly amused when Sisters were so fond of flowers, birds,

etc., as to make pets of them. Seeing, at times, that Sisters went too far in such things, she warmly expressed her disapproval and seriously interfered. It is true, she had green-houses built in connection with the larger dwellings of the Sisters, and, in erecting new buildings, she had bay-windows constructed on the south side, for rearing plants, for the sole purpose, however, of providing flowers for the altar. It was impossible for Mother Caroline to play with any animal, even if it were but a little bird.

The victory she had gained over self, preparatory to her first Holy Communion, was also to bring her reward from external sources.

On the glorious Easter morning of 1836, she had received her Divine Savior, for the first time, at the early hour of six, clad in a simple calico dress. "When I heard the "*Ecce Agnus Dei*," and "*Domine, non sum dignus*," pronounced by my Rev. Uncle with a tremulous voice, I felt as if our Lord Himself were addressing me," said Mother Caroline, shortly before her death, when again speaking of the holiest day of her happy childhood. To reward Josepha for the self-denial she had practiced, Father Friess in the afternoon of that thrice happy day took her to Mount St. Mary's, near Eichstaedt, where he addressed a few touching words of exhortation to his beloved foster-child, and then, in fervent prayer offered her to our Blessed Lady, forever commending her to the tender care of her heavenly Mother. No wonder that Mother Caroline never forgot this great day, so full of deep signification for her future career. No wonder that she always sought to

inspire her spiritual daughters with the most heartfelt interest for the first Holy Communion of their pupils.—In the year 1837 she was confirmed by the newly consecrated Bishop Reisach, later created a cardinal. The Rt. Rev. Prelate himself chose her name, for which, however, she was not very thankful; indeed, it vexed her exceedingly to receive the name "*Eve*," which she had reason to regard as a censure of her curiosity, not altogether undeserved. Mayhap the Bishop and Father Friess had entered into a little conspiracy on this occasion; for we know how anxious the latter was to exercise his niece in humility and self-denial. Josepha in the year 1838, spent part of her time in the Bishop's residence, in order to receive practical instructions in cooking. Her prudent uncle was determined to give his highly gifted niece a thorough education in every respect.

CHAPTER VII.

Development of Josepha's Vocation.—Preparatory Training.

Josepha faithfully persevered in her desire of entering a convent, never changing her mind, in spite of her exuberant vivacity. One Sunday afternoon, shortly after her first Holy Communion, she attended Vespers and Benediction, as was her custom, at the Capuchin Convent, beautifully situated in the vicinity of Eichstaedt. Many of the faithful were attracted thither by the solemnity of the services held by these good Fathers in their convent chapel. Here it was, during the exposition

of the Most Holy Sacrament, that Josepha with all the fervor of her heart, made the promise — if not actually the vow—to consecrate herself to God. No one was aware of this ; she had followed an interior impulse in performing this deeply significant act, prompted, no doubt, by the sweet attraction of the Divine Lover of chastity, who desired to possess her young heart in all its virgin purity.

But it was only too clear to her zealous educator that, apart from her extreme youth, Josepha had, by no means, acquired the necessary maturity of character for embracing the religious life. He, therefore, quietly persevered in his strenuous efforts to give her proper training, using the mallet and chisel—sometimes, indeed, not merely in a figurative sense. To conquer her innate pride and subdue her violent temper, to check the excessive buoyancy of her spirits,— in a word, to exercise her in self-denial was the end and aim of all his endeavors. “Oh! how thankful I am that my beloved uncle was so strict with me,” Mother Caroline often exclaimed during her last illness. “He was so wise and judicious in all his severity. May God reward him a thousand times—my dear, good uncle! “The trials to which, at times, he subjected her, were, indeed, not very light, as a few examples will testify.

While attending school, he never allowed his niece to take a first premium, no matter how well she had deserved it. This was, of course, a bitter dose for poor Josepha, particularly at the last public distribution. Protesting to her uncle that she was sure of having merited the first prize, he

sternly retorted: "You shall not have the first premium; the third you will get, and that settles the matter." The good Benedictines, of course, protested; but they were obliged to submit to their powerful patron. When the day of distribution arrived, Josepha was determined not to heed the call of her name. But her uncle was present! With ill-concealed scorn she took the book, but, scarcely deigning to look at it, threw it into the lumber-room, as soon as she returned home. Father Friess took care, however, not to let it remain there very long.

On the subject of dress the pedagogue and his pupil also entertained different opinions. Josepha was too sensible to be vain in dress, still she wished to have fine clothing. Her uncle was not unwilling to let her dress according to her rank, yet he ingeniously sought to teach her self-denial and other virtues, even in this regard. Though ready to gratify her wishes when they were not extravagant, he would reason with her somewhat after this fashion: "Well, my child, you may have the desired dress. It is rather dear, of course, yet not above your rank in life. Let us calculate the cost. If you take cheaper material, you can save quite a little sum. This, or the half of it, you can have for your poor-box."

In regard to board, he proceeded in the same manner. Meals in his modest dining-room were always well prepared, but with Christian simplicity, as becomes a priest's table. Josepha having learnt to cook, was quite handy and tasty in setting the table; moreover, she was intent on having everything rich and fine, at least on feast-days. Her

uncle gave her credit for her esthetic taste and regard for holy festivals, yet he maintained that her love for the poor ought to induce her to be more economical in preparing meals. With arguments like this, he easily gained his point; for Josepha's generous love for the poor prevailed over every other consideration. Similar means were employed to interest Josepha in house-work; for she was certainly more inclined to the study of arts and sciences than to engage in household duties. As was natural to her lively disposition, she preferred to spend her leisure hours outside of the house, particularly when her grandmother's pious exhortations became too frequent within. It was, doubtless, the unconscious awaking of her future vocation that drew her so strongly to homes in which there were little children. With dolls, she never played; she could not endure those "stupid, speechless things." But dear little children were the delight of her heart. Her great love for her schoolmates, more especially for the poorer among them, also gave indication of her future calling. Well supplied with good things, as she always was by her loving grandmother, she delighted in sharing them with her companions; and, to obtain assistance for the poor, she had recourse to her uncle with childlike entreaties. The pocket-money he was wont to give her, as an incentive to study, she gladly disposed of for such charitable purposes. Besides, being not so well acquainted then with the fine distinctions of the Seventh Commandment, her conscience never troubled her when she carried away eatables from her grandmother's larder, to feed poor hungry

children. It was her greatest pleasure to gather a group around her and deal out her little store as far as it reached.

But in her charitable works there were even brighter manifestations of her future unbounded love for poor school-children than in her generous gifts. Although brought up in scrupulous cleanliness and naturally very sensitive in this respect, she would look for the most neglected children and take them to some obscure corner, where, unobserved, she could wash and comb them. For such deeds of love and mercy she already received the name of "school-mother" when quite a young pupil. Truly, the oft repeated counsels of her Rev. Uncle were heeded with docility by the noble-minded Josepha.

In order to check her propensity for strolling outside of home-premises, her uncle assigned her various little duties to keep her pleasantly occupied.

She was charged with the care of his ward-robe, darning and mending of his linens, toilet services, etc. For these and other little household duties, he paid her well and promptly, so that she always had quite a respectable little saving-bank. For a proper disposal of such earnings, he also gave her wise directions; but, indeed, Josepha was far too noble even to think of spending her honest earnings for nicknacks and sweet-meats. To offer assistance to poor students afforded her great pleasure; for she felt she would thus appropriate her money for the benefit of Holy Church. Many a worthy student thus obtained considerable help not only from the grave, yet generous cathedral-canon, but also from

his sprightly young niece. Once a month she was allowed to divide her savings among them, through which generosity Josepha, of course, became a general favorite.

Often they paid her homage by verses composed in her honor, which she received with simple, child-like grace, free, alike, from sentimentality and prudishness. When in her fifteenth year, she was a happy, innocent girl, without the least knowledge or apprehension of aught that appertains to immorality. The same special providence that guarded her life, also protected her purity. She rather enjoyed the lively sports of boys than the more quiet pastimes of girls. More in particular, when spending her vacations at Lauingen with her numerous relatives, was she the life of the merry crowd. In her great-grandfather's fields, they loved to play the part of soldiers, Josepha, the officer's granddaughter, acting as general. Indeed, to take the command and enforce discipline, was an innate trait of her character. Though we shall see that the little general, in after years, fulfilled her office, as superioress of a religious community, with great reluctance, often expressing her repugnance and weariness, still all must admit she was specially endowed with talent for ruling. Rarely do we meet with a person at the same time so much loved and feared by her subjects as Mother Caroline, but happily love was always uppermost in the hearts of all.

In his unceasing efforts to cultivate a taste for simplicity, frugality and self-denial in his pupil, the faithful educator only on one occasion was unsuccessful. Large hats were worn by young girls,

and these large hats, of course, required ribbons to correspond. Josepha, too, wished to have wide satin ribbon for her large hat. Father Friess, considering this too expensive, required her to trim it with a cheaper quality of half-silk ribbon. She was obliged to submit, but she never wore the hat; it was doomed to mingle with cast-away society in her grandmother's attic. Her judicious master said nothing, but quietly awaited an opportunity to have her renew the old acquaintance.

At length, after five long years, the desired occasion presented itself. Previous to Sister Caroline's departure for America, he paid her a farewell visit. On learning that the Sisters would not travel in their religious habit, but wear secular clothing, he dryly remarked: "Oh! if that be the case, Sister Caroline can wear the hat that Miss Josepha rejected some years ago." He hit the mark; but on the subsequent fate of the hat, history is silent.

Father Friess, above all, considered it his duty to subdue the passion of anger and the stubbornness of his gifted niece; otherwise, he had every reason to fear that these strong propensities would lead to her ruin. This was not an easy task, however, and not unfrequently the rod played an important role in the proceedings. Josepha, at times, yielded to her temper so far as to tear sheets of paper into shreds, or she would proceed to the kitchen and violently knock about the cooking utensils, to cool her angry mood. It is true, she did take pains to subdue her passion, but it is chiefly owing to her uncle and — his rod — that she learned to control herself so well. After an outburst of anger or a fit

of stubbornness, he subjected her to a systematic course of reformatory punishment. A *pretty* birch-rod—so Mother Caroline called it, even in her last days—had its appointed, though somewhat hidden place in the sitting-room. When a penal process became necessary, the first quiet command of her uncle was to get the rod and soak it. That this was not very speedily done may be imagined. But still more time was required in taking the next step, which was to beg His Reverence to apply it. Too well she knew her request would be fully granted, and the rod would do its service until she spoke the conciliating word: “Uncle, I beg your pardon.” Even in this she was dilatory, although her loving grandmother implored and conjured her to yield at once, it was not until she felt the smart of the rod too keenly, that her proud spirit would bend and allow her to utter the words for which her stern uncle was waiting. Verily, the training of such a child was a task as interesting as it was difficult. No wonder that Mother Caroline was enthusiastic in her life-long gratitude towards her Rev. Uncle. Only an extraordinary master could succeed in educating such a child.

After her first Holy Communion, Father Friess took an ever increasing interest in the readings of his beloved niece. She was not allowed any other books than those he appointed. It is true, well meaning students, at times, managed to supply her with others, on the sly, but they were always really good books. She began her course of reading with the beautiful tales of Canon Schmid, whose three nieces were, in course of time, to be numbered among

her most faithful Sisters. Annegarn's general history was highly interesting to her growing mind as also a comprehensive natural history. She loved, in particular, to read good poems and biographies of great men and women. Her uncle, moreover, required her daily to devote a short, but stated time to spiritual reading. She was especially fond of St. Francis de Sales' *Philothea*. Among the books in her grandmother's library, she availed herself of Instructions on the Gospels, Cochem's Explanations of the Holy Mass, and the History of the Passion. A treatise on purgatory with drastic engravings representing the sufferings of the poor souls, she could not endure, because her pious grandmother would sometimes make use of it, when she had been very mischievous, for the purpose of scaring her into good behavior. Her Rev. Uncle, well knowing her excitable disposition, made choice of such reading matter for Josepha as would best develop her understanding. If he perceived that any readings excited her imagination too much, cost her tears or loss of sleep, she was obliged to give up the book. For the same reason, he would not permit her, for a time, to read the History of the Passion, nor even to perform the Way of the Cross. That Josepha might derive lasting benefit from the books she read, her uncle would make them the subject of pleasant conversation and require an accurate account of each. In regard to spiritual reading, however, he never made any direct inquiry as to the matter, but rather desired to know what application she had made. "A propos," he would unexpectedly exclaim: "What profit have you

derived from your spiritual reading to-day? What have you put into practice?" She was also required to give an account of the sermons she had heard. If she knew nothing to relate, she was deprived of meat at dinner. But what she would have enjoyed above all else, was the privilege denied her, that is *to preach*. She really considered it a misfortune to be a girl, because she could not become a great preacher like her uncle. As His Reverence always carefully prepared his sermons, declaiming them aloud, she overheard him and, mastering at least some parts of them, sought various opportunities for testing her oratorical powers. Finding herself alone one day in the church of St. Walburga, she quickly ascended the pulpit and, imitating her uncle's voice and gestures, preached at a great rate. No wonder that in later years her powerful words and touching exhortations so inflamed the hearts of her spiritual daughters with zeal for any labor and sacrifice required of them in their arduous vocation.

One more tragico-comical event, and we must take leave of her Rev. Uncle's highly attractive and instructive training process, in order to accompany Josepha to the convent.

Good Friday had come, Josepha being about fifteen years old. She had heard that many pious citizens of Eichstaedt spent the whole of that mournful day in church without eating or drinking. Here was an example of piety worthy of her imitation! Late in the evening, she retired to rest, fatigued and hungry. But oh! the pangs of poor nature! Sleep would not come to her relief. Dreadful was the gnawing of hunger; she could endure it no

longer.—Where to find milk and cream, bread and pastry, she knew very well—*had known* too well, at times.—She could help herself in the dark.—With great speed she reaches the store-room, and now, what a treat! But alas! in her haste, she is not aware of the noise she has made, startling her uncle, grandmother and the servant. Delicious are the morsels she is consuming; and now she is just about taking another draught out of the milk-bowl, when oh, horror! it suddenly becomes bright as day. Three light-bearing figures appear upon the scene. “A pretty affair this,” cries her uncle, “to fast by day and feast at night!” A moment’s consternation—and His Reverence, heartily laughing, tells the mortified culprit to finish her meal. This time no punishment followed; the affair was too comical.

CHAPTER VIII.

Choosing a Religious Order.—Resolves upon Entering the Congregation of the School Sisters of Notre Dame.

While Father Friess was taking pains to form Josepha’s character, it daily became more obvious that she was destined for the religious state. Firm in her resolution to consecrate herself to God, she never wavered in her determination to leave the world, with all the bright prospects it naturally held out to her lively spirit and cultivated taste. But which convent was she to enter? She loved the Benedictine nuns with all the ardor of her grateful heart. Had she not been their pupil for a period of five years? They surely were willing to receive the gifted niece of the highly respected

cathedral canon. The tricks she had so often played them were certainly all forgiven. But her uncle was convinced that her exceedingly lively disposition was not adapted to a strictly cloistered life; and Bishop Reisach, who took a fatherly interest in Josepha—as he did ever after in Mother Caroline—entertained the same opinion, feeling assured that her constitution would not stand such confinement. As she always had a warm heart for the poor and afflicted, some of her friends thought she would make a good Sister of Charity; but Josepha did not consider herself able to take care of the sick and suffering. The very sight of bodily pain had a stupefying effect upon her strong and tender feelings. In this perplexity Bishop Reisach became an instrument in the hands of Divine Providence, to bring matters to a happy issue. It was then six years since the saintly Bishop Wittmann and Father Job had re-established the Congregation of Poor School Sisters of Notre Dame, chiefly destined for parochial schools. Josepha had never heard of these Sisters, but the assurance given her by her enlightened directors that her disposition and education best qualified her for a teaching order whose sphere of labor extended beyond the cloister-walls, was sufficient for her who only sought to accomplish the will of God. By this decision she abided, and that with a firmness that was soon to be strongly tested.

Although her connection with her parents was limited almost entirely to her annual visits during school vacations, she would, after all, not enter the convent without obtaining their consent and

blessing. She met with little opposition on the part of her father ; but her mother declared she would never consent, nor give her any dowery ; indeed, she would disinherit her. Josepha was not dismayed, but soon contrived a plan, which not only proved her vocation genuine, but also gave evidence of the progress she had made in self-denial. Her last vacation had come, which she again spent at Lauingen. Without consulting any one, she went to the office of the country-justice one day and requested him to give her a poverty certificate, that she might be received into the convent without a dowery. The justice, who was a friend of the family, regarded her with a puzzled look of surprise and simply replied, "I must speak with your father first, Miss Friess. There is no mortgage on his estate." Soon afterwards she ascertained that her father and her Rev. Uncle had agreed upon giving her a dowery. That the tender love of her grandmother provided her with the best of outfit, requires no mention.— In the summer of 1840 she paid a farewell visit to her relations and friends. Many would not believe that the sprightly young girl who enjoyed life so well could take such a step ; while others, more intimately acquainted with Josepha, recognized the finger of God in directing this choice. In the meantime, Josepha was confirmed in her purpose to join the School Sisters of Notre Dame, by reading the little book of Father Job, on the spirit and object of this new community. This little work she highly prized all her life-time and unceasingly commended it to the Sisters' careful perusal.

Her farewell to Donauwoerth well merits particular

mention ; for here it was that her cradle stood, when she was brought to German soil ; and here she had received so many lasting impressions of her happy childhood. When she arrived, the Benedictine Abbot Celestine lay in state — a corpse. This religious, a tall, majestic man, had taken a lively interest in the little “French girl.” Many a time had he led her by the hand through the large convent-garden, amusing himself with her droll remarks and childish pranks, or gratifying the naive questioner by explaining the antique paintings in the long corridors and, above all, by paying due regard to her love of “goodies.” — Fervently, Josepha prayed for the repose of the departed and attended the funeral service. Bishop Reisach himself delivered the sermon, deeply affecting all present. “Even now,” said Mother Caroline, “it seems to me I hear his voice resounding in my ears, as, amid tears and sobs, he thus addressed the deceased : “When a forsaken youth, O my good Father, you wrapped me in the mantle of your charity, during the cold winter of tribulation, and brought me to Rome.” Josepha, being well acquainted with the history of Count Reisach and his family, in his early years, was particularly moved and edified at this noble expression of gratitude on the part of the Bishop she so highly revered.—She, certainly, could not fail to take leave of her first teachers in Donauwoerth—the aged Pater Narcissus and the worthy old chanter. These good men wept with joy on learning her intention, blessed her again and again and admonished her to persevere. They, moreover, gave her many a wholesome

advice; among the rest, she never forgot the injunction of the venerable chanter to rouse herself from drowsiness at prayer and meditation by rubbing her eye-lids well with spittle. This he declared—speaking from experience, no doubt—would keep her wide awake and as spry as a rabbit. There was one person, however, in this quaint old town, from whom the young aspirant to religious perfection received no friendly welcome. This was the respectable house-keeper of the aged Pater Narcissus. She had not been particularly fond of little Josepha in former years, because the kind-hearted Father had been too lavish in supplying the little one with good things from her larder. But her dislike for the mischievous child reached its climax, when she looked up wonderingly to the worthy dame one day and naively sputtered out: “Do you know what?—you have bulb-eyes.” Now, on learning Josepha’s intention of becoming a Sister, she paid her a compliment, in turn, after so long a period, by saying: “*You* are going to enter a convent? Are you, then, converted?” Whether the roguish sinner felt great remorse of conscience, we are unable to say.

CHAPTER IX.

Departure from Eichstaedt.—At the Tomb of Bishop Wittmann.—Entrance into the Convent.

At length, the time arrived for Josepha to leave her happy home and set out on her journey to Neunburg vorm Wald, the cradle of the newly re-established Congregation of the School Sisters. It was the eve of St. Michael’s, the nameday of her

Rev. Uncle. He and grandmother Friess accompanied Josepha in a chaise which they had engaged for the entire journey, and reached Ratisbonne in the evening. The next morning, Father Friess took his niece to the magnificent cathedral of that city, and, leading her to the tomb of the saintly Bishop Wittmann, said in a voice tremulous with emotion: "My child, I shall now say Holy Mass for you. Do you stay here and pray for the spirit of the sainted founder." And Josepha *did* pray with such fervor and recollection, that her uncle, on his return, had to call her away from the sacred place. Our travelers spent two days in Ratisbonne, visiting their friends, among them, the family of Herrn Eduard von Schenk, president of the royal cabinet. His daughters were very intimate with Josepha, having formed her acquaintance at Eichstädt, when visiting their uncle, a cathedral canon. One of them Amanda von Schenk, on bidding adieu to Josepha, promised soon to follow her to the School Sisters. She became a Dominican Nun, instead, some time later, but died soon afterwards.

October 1st, the little party left Ratisbonne, and arrived at Neunburg vorm Wald in the afternoon between three and four o'clock. They received a very cordial welcome at the house of the Rev. Dean Kaess, friend of Father Friess, where a hospitable repast was served them.

Towards evening Josepha's faithful guardians conducted her to the little convent, where she was kindly welcomed by Mother Theresa and Rev. Father Siegert. She was sixteen years, one month and ten days old, probably one of the youngest and cer-

tainly the most promising of all that ever had been received.

From the turmoil of the French Metropolis—from the quietude of three little Bavarian towns—we behold the young virgin enter the silent little cloister at Neunburg. Truly, those invisible and visible angels that have so faithfully watched over her interior and exterior life in the days of her childhood and youth, now lead her within these poor convent walls, to join a congregation, whose support and glory, particularly in the New World, Divine Providence has destined her to become.

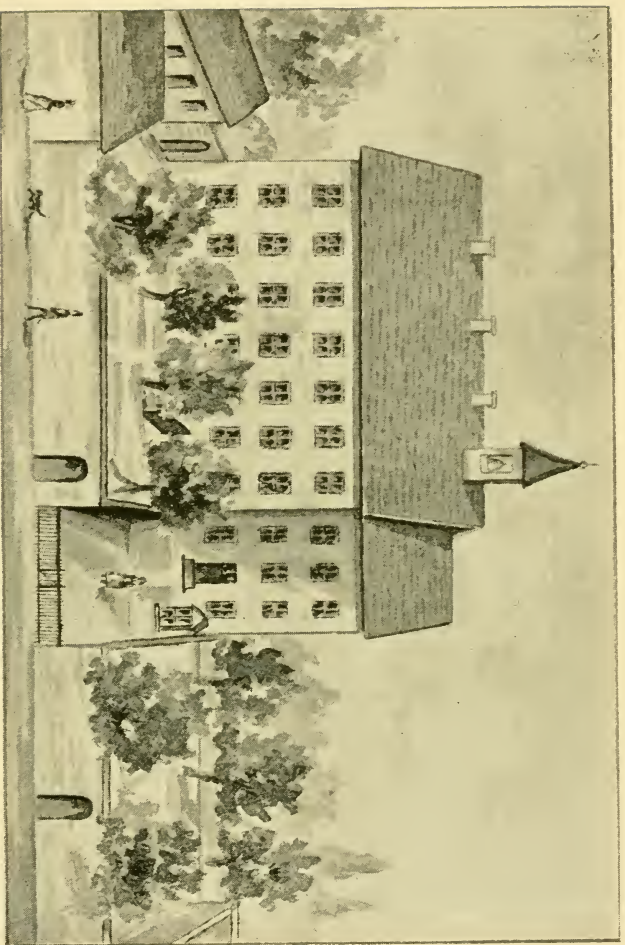
PART SECOND.

From her Entrance into the Convent to her Departure for America. 1840—1847.

CHAPTER I.

The Candidate.

We now find Josepha at Neunburg vorm Wald, a candidate in the first little convent of the poor School Sisters. Poor, indeed, was the little convent! The sixteen candidates had but one room serving the double purpose of study hall and refectory, besides this a common dormitory. Even the chapel was poor; its greatest treasure was the crucifix beneath which the saintly Bishop Wittmann died, exclaiming: "I will die beneath the cross." When, in 1847, the Sisters departed for America, Sister Caroline begged most earnestly to take this crucifix with her, but her request could not be granted. For the first month, the new candidate kept very quiet, which was, by no means, an easy task—because so unnatural to her disposition. Still the reason of her reserve was altogether in accordance with her firm, determined character. "No one shall know me," said she to herself, "in case I do not remain." This period of self-imposed silence being over, her natural vivacity asserted its rights all the more forcibly. "Now it is settled; I will remain" and with all the energy of her soul, she embraced the religious life.



Neunburg vorm Wald (Bavaria).

The School Sisters' First Convent. which Mother Caroline entered as a Candidate, October 1st. 1840.

Her previous education enabled her to pursue her studies with facility and success. On passing the prescribed state examination Oct. 6., 1841, her certificate signed by the Royal Committee of Examiners reads: "No. 1—Excellent." Her principal instructor was the Rev. Matthias Siegert whom the saintly Bishop Wittmann had appointed, on his deathbed, to be the spiritual guide and director of the Congregation.

Excellent school-man that he was, he took special interest in the thorough training of the promising candidate, employing her, at the same time, in teaching others. Although Josepha was determined to acquire the spirit of religious poverty, she found it a very difficult task. There, for instance, was the convent table. From early childhood she had been accustomed to plain, substantial food, such as becomes a Christian household; but the meals were well prepared and tastily served. Besides, her taste for dainties had been largely cultivated by her over-tender grandmother, whose favorite the lively child had ever been.—And now the bill of fare in the poor little convent at Neunburg!—consisting chiefly of watersoup, breadsoup, milksoup, with about the same variety that our brave soldiers' daily menu afforded during the Civil War. Breakfast; pork, beans, molasses. Dinner; beans, pork, molasses. Supper; molasses, beans, pork.—Meat was served but once a day—and then in quantities scarcely sufficient to keep alive a faint remembrance of the flesh pots of Egypt. One day, Josepha's portion was unusually small. She looked for it very carefully—turned it about on her plate—stuck her fork into

it—and, in a trice, it had gone the way of all flesh. The feat, however, was not performed fast enough to escape the notice of Sister Bernarda, the directress. “Miss Josepha,” said the Sister, after dinner—“I did not expect such rudeness of you!” “O Sister” she replied, “the piece was really too small to be cut any more.” Butter, tea and coffee were luxuries not to be thought of; and anything in the line of dainties, out of question. Josepha’s seat-mate was the candidate, Miss Catharine, our present Ven. Senior Sister, Mary Edmunda. Although her parents were well off, she had not been reared so tenderly as Josepha; besides, she belonged to the number of those devout souls that season what is unpalatable with spicy proverbs and pious phrases. Seeing that Josepha did not relish the poor fare, plying her spoon very slowly through the insipid broth, and making a few halts before it reached her mouth, Catharine was wont to nudge her with her elbow, saying: “For the love of God, Josepha, for the love of God”, or, “Josepha, our dear Lord drank vinegar and gall.” The soup was swallowed, of course, but at the expense of both. Josepha’s naturally weak stomach was impaired for life; and what were the fruits of Catharine’s pious exhortations, but the pointed jokes and mischievous tricks of her companion, which she daily had to pocket? Sister Edmunda sends the following lamentation: “Josepha was in perpetual motion; French blood circulated in her veins; she was full of youthful glee and girlish tricks, took the greatest delight in teasing others; myself, “stupid Katy”, especially, she singled out for the butt of her endless pranks and

jokes ; she called me preacher, and made all sorts of game of me. Seated between two such tricksters, —Josepha Friess on one side, Josepha Zimmermann on the other, I had an excellent opportunity of practicing patience the live-long day." An edifying example, indeed, of imperturbable good humor, in spite of such miserable fare ! Of course, the Superiors, Mother Theresa, in particular, were so considerate as to make some little exceptions in Josepha's favor. Very soon it became manifest how much our good Katie loved her tormenter ; for Katie it was, who brought her the better prepared soup from the kitchen, without ever betraying the secret of her commission.

Bed and board were equally poor. The greatest cleanliness prevailed throughout the convent, but comfort was a thing unknown.

The various domestic employments proved another difficulty to our young candidate. She had not been accustomed to hard work, and now she was obliged to split kindling-wood, carry water, dig in the garden, haul manure on the wheel-barrow, scrub floors, etc. Although tall and stately, she possessed but little physical strength, besides, she was very awkward in such things ; hence her companions were not at all anxious to claim her as helpmate, when any wearisome work was to be done. Her superiors soon perceived that Josepha might be more profitably employed in teaching and directing others in their studies. With all the strictness of convent discipline, the superiors combined that one quality so necessary for the heads of religious communities—discretion.

The hardest thing for Josepha, was conventual confinement. Think of the gay, light-hearted creature, whose exuberant vivacity gave her uncle so much trouble in her childhood! Only four years ago, when about to be sent to boarding school, she exclaimed: "I will not go: I will not be deprived of my liberty,—confined like a captive!" Now she is caged in the narrow, lonely little cloister at Neunburg!

Josepha, it is true, experienced greater happiness now than ever before, being able to cry out with the Psalmist: "One thing have I asked of the Lord, this will I seek, that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life." Ps. 26, 4. Keenly, nevertheless, this blithesome child of nature felt the restriction and solitude of the quiet cloister. In this respect, also, her prudent, thoughtful superiors found means of relief. Whenever the weather permitted, the candidates took a walk to the neighboring woods, where they studied, botanized, and gathered teas and herbs for medicinal and culinary purposes. What Josepha enjoyed most, and what was really indispensable for her well-being, was the liberty to frolic and skip about, laugh and sing to her heart's content. Good Sister Edmunda gives us an interesting description of these woodland excursions.

"In our little cloister," she writes, "it was very quiet, but, when we were taking our walks, noisy mirth prevailed. Unknown to the others, Sister Cæcilia and myself had been appointed monitors, but we never reported. "It is best," said we, "to let them have all the fun they want here in the

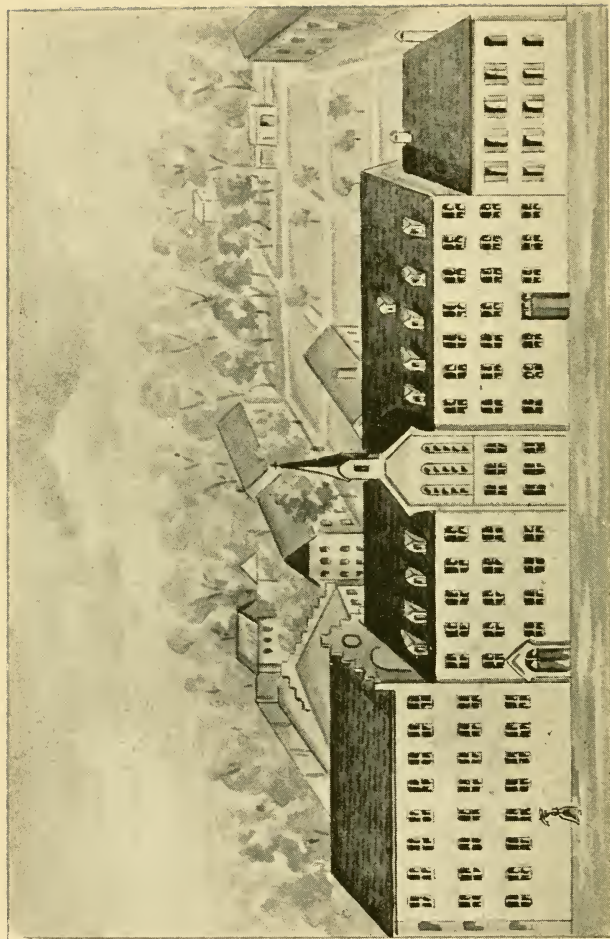
woods; then, it will not be so hard for them to keep silence in the convent. Poor things! they are like caged birds—with this difference, however, that their captivity is voluntary.” It was no easy task to prevail upon the jovial party to return; for they always thought the signal was given too soon. These excursions were enlivened by many a real “college trick,” in which Josepha generally figured as leader. Not a berry, not a nut escaped her searching eye. On cold days, our walk was limited to the graveyard, where we recited five Pater and Ave, and then each sought a secluded spot to study her lessons. Reverence for this sacred place kept our lively birds from mischief here. One day the sexton having dug out the skeleton of an infant, our brave Josepha asked him for a small bone which she reverently wore as a relic. Few and far between were the holidays, which we usually spent with the Sisters at Schwartzhofen. We started early in the morning and made our trip of six miles on foot. Father Siegert and Mother Theresa took a carriage; Josepha, being a poor pedestrian, was allowed to ride with them—a privilege for which none of us envied her.”

The best religious spirit prevailed in the little convent at Neunburg. All were one heart and soul. The spiritual exercises were performed with zeal and alacrity. No lengthy instructions were given, however, on the religious life. “Be good,” was the brief, impressive exhortation of the gentle, pious Mother Theresa.

Josepha daily, more and more, became the favorite of the entire house. The superiors were not

slow to realize what a treasure the young congregation had found in her. The Sisters and the younger inmates of the house were delighted with a companion whose cheerful disposition diffused life and sunshine in their circle. True, her innate ruling spirit, as yet not sufficiently regulated, now and then gave umbrage to one or the other, for a moment, still all were cordially devoted to her. Gradually, her health which, in spite of rosy cheeks and fine physique, had never been very robust, began to cause serious apprehensions. She was sent to Wolfrathshausen for recuperation;—there she was made to try the milk-cure.

Meanwhile, the time drew near when Josepha hoped to receive the holy habit. Not receiving the expected summons, she begged the superioress at Wolfrathshausen to send her to the Motherhouse. The kind Sister, finally, yielded to her entreaties, and, on the feast of the Guardian Angels, late in the evening when the Convent gates were about to be locked, Josepha stood before the door. Father Siegert opened it and, in his wonted brisk way, exclaimed. “Well, well! but you waited until the last moment! Your Guardian Angel must have brought you. Make haste, get your supper and then come at once to begin your retreat.” It was ascertained, afterwards, that the letter which was to call Josepha for reception, had been miscarried.



The "Au" Convent, near Munich,

in which Mother Caroline received the Religious Habit, September 8th, 1842.

CHAPTER II.

The Novice.

The feast of the Nativity of our Blessed Lady, Sept. 8th, 1842, was the joyful day on which Josepha, with seven companions, received the religious habit, and entered the Novitiate of the Poor School Sisters of Notre Dame. Sister Edmunda, who was one of the seven, has given the writer an account of that memorable event. Often did the young novice exclaim in the joy of her heart, "Oh! this is the happiest day of my life!" "It seems" writes Sr. Edmunda, "the future Mother Caroline then had a foretaste of the great joy she was to prepare so many chosen young virgins, from year to year, by giving them the religious habit."

Josepha received the name Mary Caroline, in honor of the Rt. Rev. Bishop and, later, Cardinal August von Reisach.

As Bishop of Eichstaedt, this renowned prelate, had learned to know and esteem Josepha Friess. Combining solidity and firmness of character with his uncommonly lively and ardent temperament, he beheld his counterpart in Josepha, at least, in some measure. Having spent nearly a year in his episcopal residence, he had occasion to observe her closely; besides, he was her confessor and spiritual director. It was his keen eye, that foresaw the good she would accomplish in the new congregation of which she was sure to become a prominent member. Later, when Archbishop of Munich and Cardinal, he ever continued to take a fatherly interest in Mother Caroline.

The name Caroline also drew upon the young novice the favor of King Louis I. of Bavaria. His Majesty visiting the Motherhouse one day, Sister Caroline was summoned with the community, to pay her respects. "Your name is Caroline?" said the king with evident pleasure. "Caroline, ah! that is the name of my mother and my sister." We shall see in the course of this narrative that the royal favor also brought the congregation royal gifts.

Remarkable and really providential was the circumstance that, on the very day of Sister Caroline's reception, an American Bishop, whose name however is forgotten, called at the convent to obtain Sisters for his diocese. The eight novices, in their bridal wreaths, were presented; but the time for planting a branch of the Order in America had not yet arrived.

Previous to this reception of novices, preparations had been made to establish the Motherhouse in Munich, instead of Neunburg. In 1841 a house was first opened in the "Au" (meadow) outside the city-limits, then in 1843 the present Motherhouse was permanently established in the city. In the "Au" convent, novice Caroline, who had spent some time there, when a candidate, was chiefly charged with the direction of the boarding school, as was also the case afterwards in the city. Her pupils were warmly attached to her, and best success attended her labors; but not so favorable was the state of her health. Her good grandmother paid her a visit and brought her a trunk full of useful articles, among the rest, a stocking filled with silver crown-pieces. Her superiors full of

anxiety on account of her failing health, again sent her to the country, this time to Kreisbach, where she was entrusted to the care of the enlightened and saintly Sister Xaveria. She received but slight benefit, however; for in the following two years her condition was still precarious.

When at the "Au" convent, she was to take charge of one of the city schools; but her French origin proved a strong barrier. The Rev. Pastor in charge of the school was a fierce enemy of the French. Having served as a brave soldier in the liberty campaigns, he had learnt to know all the calamity Napoleon brought upon the beautiful land of Bavaria. Even now, as a priest, he had not yet stripped off all his military brusqueness. No sooner had he been informed that his new teacher was of half French blood than his own began to boil. One day he questioned her as to the place of her birth. Scarcely had she uttered the word "Paris," in reply, when, with an outburst of indignation, he called her a stupid Frenchman,—and her term of teaching at his school was ended.

Oct. 16th, 1843 the Motherhouse in Munich was solemnly opened. The edifice was a venerable old cloister of the Poor Clares, built in the 13th century, and just repaired for its new occupants. Novice Mary Caroline was transferred to this convent, to become the directress of the boarding-pupils, besides teaching a class in one of the city schools. Here the state of her health became more critical than ever before. Her dyspepsia was greatly aggravated and symptoms of consumption began to show themselves. No effort was spared to restore

the patient. She was kindly allowed to accompany Mother Theresa on her journeys in the interests of the Congregation. As Queen Theresa, with her court-ladies, occasionally paid the School Sisters a visit, King Louis also heard of Sister Caroline's illness, and, at once, sent his own physician to treat her. This was the renowned Doctor von Ringseis, who perceived, at a glance, that over-work was breaking down her constitution. He, accordingly, gave her strict orders only to teach school half a day. Besides this alleviation, the practical, royal physician prescribed a rather singular course of treatment. After school hours in the morning, his patient was required to spend a considerable part of the afternoon in quite unusual quarters—the cow-stable! The famous doctor felt sure the exhalations of the place, would produce a very beneficial effect upon her lungs. In this he was not deceived; the symptoms of consumption disappeared, but all the more troublesome became her dyspepsia. Every remedy appearing ineffectual to restore health to the novice so dear to her superiors, Mother Theresa concluded to take her to a priest by the name of Handwerker, who was said to perform miraculous cures. He had, indeed, some years previous cured the Venerable Superioress herself of the same malignant malady. This good priest gave Sister Caroline the assurance that she would not succumb to her disease, as she was destined for something higher. With the good advice never to partake of any food without blessing it he dismissed his patient.

Mother Caroline, in recurring to this event, often

remarked that she really had little faith in the miraculous powers of the Reverend gentleman, whereby she manifested a particular trait of character, to which she remained faithful all her life. Mother Caroline had a strong, lively faith. Every revealed truth, every doctrine of Holy Church had become, as it were, part of her nature. She lived in and for God. Her faith in Jesus Christ, her devotion to Him in His bitter passion and death, and in the Most Holy Sacrament, was deep and fervent. Childlike and tender was also her veneration of our Blessed Lady and all the dear Saints of God ; quite a number of them she daily invoked, with unwavering confidence. Her compassion for the poor souls manifested itself in devout prayers and generous offerings in their behalf. Full of zeal for the propagation of the faith she aided every kind of missionary work by liberal donations, even at the cost of many a sacrifice. In short, she was a person of solid virtue, hence a declared enemy of all affected piety, excessive credulity, singularity, fantastic and sentimental devotion, never tolerating anything of the kind in her subjects. It was her constant endeavor to have her spiritual daughters act upon principles of faith and reason enlightened by religious instruction, so as not to be drifted about by the fluctuations of the imagination and feelings. She insisted upon a clear, determined and resolute mode of proceeding in all the exercises of virtue and religion.

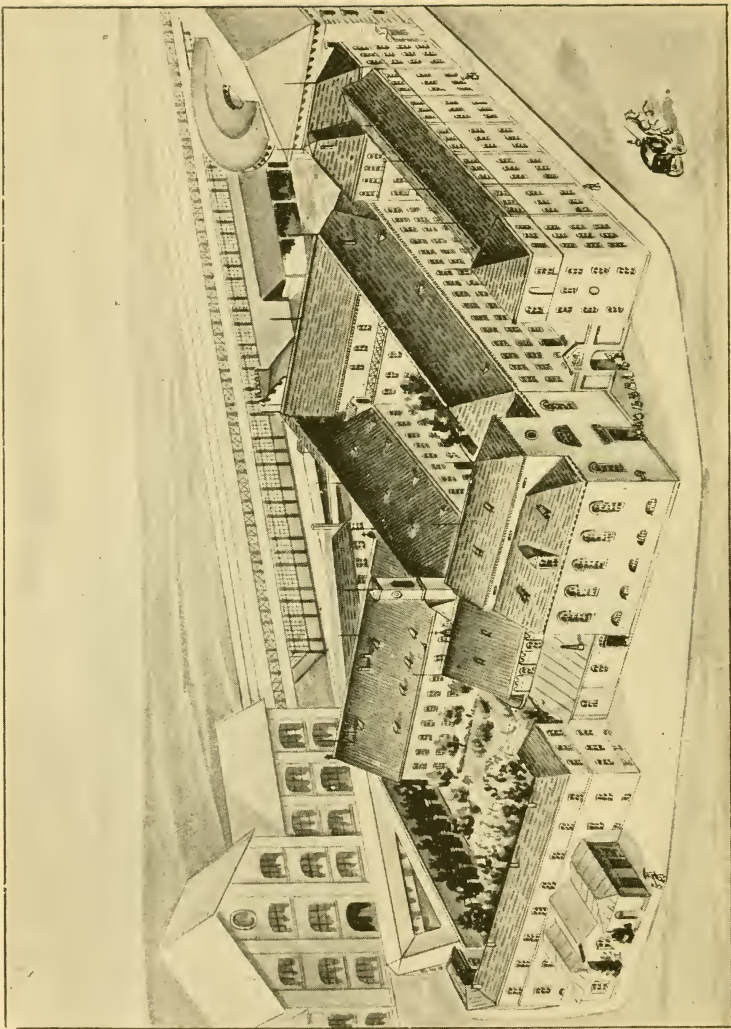
The years 1844 and '45 were replete with sufferings for the young novice. She was always ailing, and her condition became so precarious, that Father

Siegert frankly told her, "Sister Caroline you must die." "But I do not intend to" was her determined reply.

As might be expected, a novice of such resolute character, with so clear a conviction of her religious vocation, was not much troubled with homesickness, doubts and difficulties concerning the choice she had made. Through one storm she was obliged to pass, however. Her health, as we know, was very poor, and she was taxed with work beyond her strength, yet she could not think of obtaining relief, on account of the limited number of Sisters. It seemed impossible to continue her laborious career. On the point of giving up, she made her complaint to Father Siegert. "But, indeed, I applied to the right one," said Mother Caroline, laughing heartily. "He gave me a good scolding, and the storm was over."

During her interior struggle, she often had a momentary thought of becoming a Carmelite; but never did she falter in her resolve to consecrate herself entirely to God. "And how could it have been possible?" she exclaimed, when making this statement, "I loved God with my whole heart; I could not do otherwise. Had I not been told a hundred times in my earliest childhood: "My child, you must love the good God dearly!"

Her courage and obedience were put to a singular test on a certain occasion during her novitiate. Queen Theresa, the great benefactress of the School Sisters, lay dangerously ill. As a Prussian princess, she had been reared in the Protestant faith. Her desire of embracing the true religion was, alas!



Chief Motherhouse in Munich,
from which Mother Caroline departed for America. June 18th, 1847.

frustrated ; but even on her deathbed she declared her will to die as a Catholic. Prayers were said in the Motherhouse for the royal patient by day and night. During the hour appointed for Sister Caroline and a companion, the midnight silence was suddenly disturbed by a strange, weird noise in a room adjoining the chapel. Both shuddered, and the next moment her terrified companion fled from her post of duty. Her first impulse was to follow ; but, ashamed of her cowardice, she instantly reassured herself and persevered in prayer. No harm could befall her, she thought, while fulfilling her duty, even though the unearthly noise should be a manifestation of the departed queen. She had been sent to pray, and to run away would be against obedience. The whole ghost-like occurrence had a rather ludicrous issue ; for the nocturnal visitor proved to be no other than the convent cat.

CHAPTER III.

The Sister.

In the meantime, the health of the young novice had so far improved that she could be admitted to her religious profession, having attained her twenty-second year, the age required by the Bavarian government. This great happiness she enjoyed on the feast of St. Theresa, Oct. 15th, 1845. There were five novices who celebrated their nuptials with the Divine Spouse on this blessed day. They called themselves the Five Wounds, and proposed to cast lots, in order to determine to which each of the Sacred Wounds should belong for special veneration.

Sister Caroline drew the wound of the Sacred Heart, much to the chagrin of the pious Sister Edmunda, who, besides her disappointment, had also to endure the quizzing of her fortunate rival; be it said to her credit, however, this quizzing had lost much of its former mischief.

Sister Caroline had not received much spiritual direction in the years of her candidature and novitiate, as she candidly told Father Siegert when agitated by a little storm. But had not her exemplary home-training been a sort of novitiate? And had not our Lord himself been her guide, granting her the special grace ever to maintain her cheerful spirit in all her infirmities and afflictions? A soul that stands the test of sufferings, comes forth from the ordeal purified and fortified, even though she receive but little direction from human guides.

After her profession, Sister Caroline, as before, was chiefly engaged in the boarding-school attached to the Motherhouse, which institution was almost entirely under her charge. On receiving the congratulations of her pupils, some of these little misses naively remarked: "What a pity, Sister Caroline wears the black veil now! Of course, she is handsome, after all; but the white veil made her look so much prettier."

The writer regrets his inability to furnish particulars which might serve as characteristic features of Sister Caroline in her capacity of boarding-school directress.

One little occurrence related by Ven. Mother Theophila gives evidence of her tact and winning

kindness in directing her pupils. One day she found one of them bathed in tears. "What troubles you, my child?" inquired Sister Caroline in a sympathizing tone. "O dear Sister," answered the child, "I should like so much to join the confraternity of the Precious Blood, but I have not the admission fee." "Such tears I love to dry," was Sister Caroline's reply,—and her joyful pupil was admitted to the confraternity.

On account of her refined manners and adroitness in managing external affairs, and, particularly, for the benefit of her health, Mother Theresa often had young Sister Caroline accompany her on her journeys in the interests of the Order. On one of these occasions, their way led to the beautiful Rheinpfalz, where King Louis desired the Sisters to open a school in a thriving little town called Weingarten. The two religious were kindly received by the Bishop of Speier and invited to lodge in his residence. They also paid their respects to the presiding officer of the place. As the Dominican Sisters were well represented in this district, the king's offer was respectfully declined. Twelve years later, Mother Caroline, in a letter to the king from Milwaukee, cleverly reminded him of the kind offer he had then made the Congregation, begging him now to extend his favor towards establishing a convent at Elm Grove, Wis., instead of that which kind consideration for another Order would not permit Mother Theresa to open at Weingarten. Generously, the king complied, sending a donation from his own private purse.

As to the rest, the year 1846 passed quietly,

amid incessant labor in the institute and school-room. Gradually the memorable year 1847 drew near, in which a new, important era was to open for the zealous Sister Caroline. Seven years had not yet elapsed, and the child of her providential educator's anxious care and joyous hope began her eventful missionary career in America.

PART THIRD.

Sister Caroline Departs for America (1847). Receives her Appointment as Mother Vicar (1850).

CHAPTER I.

Preparations for the Journey to America.

Five years had elapsed since that auspicious day on which an American bishop had unexpectedly called at the "Au" convent. The youthful Sister Caroline, who had received the religious habit on that same beautiful feast of our Lady's Nativity, now ranked among the most promising School Sisters. Up to this period (1847) the congregation had established twenty-four houses in Europe. The good spirit of the religious and the success of their labors, had obtained general favor in Southern Europe and spread their name across the ocean. In 1832 the Redemptorist Fathers had begun their missionary work in the young Church of America, particularly among the German Catholics of the United States. These zealous missionaries saw the necessity of parochial schools, as the only efficient means of preserving the Faith among the German immigrants. But where were they to find suitable teachers for these schools?

As most of the Fathers had come from the southern part of Germany, especially from Bavaria, it is not surprising that they turned their attention to this young congregation in their native land. Thus they became chosen instruments in the hands of God, to introduce the School Sisters into America at a time when their services were most

needed, on account of the great scarcity of German teachers. The good Fathers had houses of their Order not only in Baltimore, New York, Philadelphia and other large cities, but they had also taken charge of a mission in the wilds of Pennsylvania. This was a settlement in Elk County, called St. Mary's. Three wealthy gentlemen had purchased the land for the purpose of forming a purely German Catholic Colony. Unfortunately, they had not made a good selection of soil. The poor colony could not thrive, in fact, the impoverished state to which it was soon reduced, obliged many of the disappointed immigrants to abandon the settlement. At the instance of the Redemptorist Fathers, one of the three gentlemen was sent to Bavaria by the Rt. Rev. Michael O'Connor, first bishop of Pittsburg, to obtain School Sisters for the colony. Being a nobleman, well acquainted with the royal court, as also with the Most Rev. Archbishop of Munich, Count Reisach, he found it no difficult matter to interest these illustrious parties in St. Mary's Colony. Thus, too, he gained his cause with the superiors of the School Sisters. King Louis, however, made it a condition that none but volunteers among the Sisters should be sent on this foreign mission. It was deemed proper, moreover, that most of these volunteers should be elderly and experienced Sisters. Mother Theresa, herself, desired to conduct them to their new field of labor, taking with her a traveling companion, who, after the lapse of a year, was to accompany her on her return voyage to Europe.

The missionaries were to be only such as volun-

teered to remain for life. There were four who applied:—Sisters M. Seraphina, M. Magdalena, M. Barbara and, as the Benjamin of the party, M. Caroline, not yet twenty three years of age. This choice on the part of the young Sister, so resolute and courageous, does not appear surprising, and truly, if we look back upon her blessed career in America, we must behold the finger of God in her choice. Her fatherly friend and guide, Archbishop Reisach, was greatly rejoiced, when informed of her determination. With his penetrating eye and warm heart, he always took an active interest in the young Church of America, encouraging able priests, such as the late Archbishop Heiss, to devote themselves to the American missions. In regard to his youthful protégée, this enlightened prelate felt convinced that a field of labor would be open to Sister Caroline for which Divine Providence had fully prepared her.

Her good and pious Uncle, too, was pleased with the magnanimous resolve of his niece. He earnestly remonstrated, however, treating her project with an air of diffidence, as though he considered it a momentary impulse of her ardent nature, or ascribed it to pride and levity. “What you wish to undertake in America,” said His Reverence, “you can do as well here. To serve your God and Savior in laboring for the salvation of children, you need not go to a foreign country. Do not be so visionary.”

Her affectionate grandmother was spared the pain of separation, for she had died shortly after her visit to her loved one in 1844.

Meanwhile, preparations were actively made for the departure of the first School Sisters to America, in which even King Louis took an active part. His Majesty generously made the missionaries many presents, among the rest, a purse of several thousand florins. The court chaplain, Rev. Ferdinand Mueller, contributed valuable and durable articles for the Sisters' chapel in the New World. The wealthy relatives of Sister Seraphina, Baroness von Pronath, donated costly dress-goods in silk and damask, of which chasubles were to be made. The King also sent Dr. Ringseis to give them sanitary prescriptions and a traveling apothecary for their sea voyage. All the Bavarian consuls through whose districts the travelers were to pass, received instructions to show greatest attention to these beloved "children of the fatherland". The royal chaplain provided them with a consecrated altar-stone, which he entrusted to the special care of Mother Caroline. Heavy as the stone was, it scarcely ever passed out of her hands, and at night she placed it under her pillow. Even during the last days of her illness, Mother Caroline was concerned for this stone, begging the narrator, on Good Friday, to look after it in the high altar of the convent chapel. As it had been removed from the old altar to the new, she was anxious lest some of the relics might have been disturbed. Gratefully did she prize a chalice, richly embossed with silver, in the Roman style, which was also a present from the revered court chaplain. It is the so-called "Sunday chalice" of the Motherhouse. A very small monstrance, at present the

reliquary enshrining a particle of the holy cross, was equally dear to Mother Caroline, for it was the gift of the same generous benefactor, and, besides, the lamented Dr. Salzmann had often used it for Corpus Christi processions on his numerous country-missions or collection-tours in the early hard times of Wisconsin. Religious reverence and grateful piety were traits deeply stamped on the noble character of our sainted Mother.

CHAPTER II.

Sister Caroline's Departure for America.—Painful Leave-taking from her Mother.

At length, the time appointed for the departure of the brave volunteers from their happy convent home at Munich arrived. This ever memorable day was June 18, 1847. On the day previous, Sister Caroline was made the central figure of a farewell scene, which King Louis, shortly after engaged an able artist to reproduce in a beautiful oil painting still preserved, it is said, in one of the Munich art-galleries. This scene was the Sisters' farewell to their boarding pupils and school children, the fair young Sister Caroline forming the central figure in a group of children warmly attached to her.

From Munich, the Sisters traveled to Bremen, where they were to board the new steamer "Washington," the first time bound for America. With pleasurable emotion, Mother Caroline ever cherished the name of the steamer in which she first sped across the briny waters to the New World.

Having left Munich at four o'clock A. M., June 18, the little party proceeded as far as Eichstaedt, where a short stop was made, chiefly through regard for Sister Caroline's relatives. Thus far, the good and faithful Father Siegert accompanied the travelers, deeply regretting that he could not himself become a zealous missionary in the new world, as Archbishop Reisach would not consent to his departure. During their short stay at Eichstaedt, the Sisters were the guests of the Benedictine Nuns at the convent of St. Walburga.

Great was the joy of these good religious once again to behold their former pupil in the courageous missionary, Sister Caroline, and greater still, the joy of the latter, in calling to mind the sweet memories of those five happy years, during which she had been the fond object of her devoted teachers' hopes and cares. Every nook of those pleasant cloister shades in which she had enjoyed so many a sport and played so many a trick, was revisited. The following day all received Holy Communion at the tomb of St. Walburga, that heroic virgin who, through love of Jesus, had left everything dear—her happy home and native land—to expose herself to the dangers of a long sea voyage, in the same holy cause to which these missionaries were devoted. Their pleasant stay with the Benedictines became very painful in the end by the necessary exchange of the religious habit for secular dress, to be worn on their voyage. Painful, too, was their adieu to Father Siegert, who now returned to Munich. Sister Caroline was particularly devoted to this worthy priest. She not only revered him

for his talents and virtues, but a lasting debt of gratitude endeared him to her memory. Father Siegert had, by no means, shown her too much tenderness and spoiled her; the solidity of his character was proof against aught of the kind. But, with a just estimation of her uncommon endowments, he had always taken a particular interest in her welfare. Ofttimes, in later years, did Mother Caroline give expression to her gratitude in speaking of this zealous Spiritual Director of the School Sisters, who died in the year 1879. With enthusiasm she was wont to recount his merits to the narrator, in defending the Sisters' rights, "with the courage of a lion", especially when there was any trouble with the government.

Painful in the extreme, was Sister Caroline's separation from her relatives. Her parents, her sisters Adolphina and little Walburga, but seven years old; her brothers Frederic and George, came to the convent with their Rev. Uncle, to bid farewell. All would have transpired without sensation, had not the strange deportment of her mother given rise to a most painful scene, which can only be explained as a violent conflict of feelings. Mrs. Friess, as we know, had never given her consent to Josepha's entering a convent, and much more was she opposed to her going to America; still she came to Eichstaedt to see her daughter once more. Her maternal love, however, triumphed not so far as to soften her heart altogether. She spoke not a word to her child, who knelt at her feet, bathed in tears. Resisting all her tender pleadings, she gave

her no blessing—no embrace, no parting kiss. Was this speechless sorrow? was it wounded pride?—Be that as it may, mother and daughter, who had long been separated in a manner really singular, yet clearly providential, never ceased to love each other. Even on her death-bed, thirteen years later, the dying mother declared that Josepha was her pride and consolation. When, in 1885, Mother Caroline once more met her brothers and sisters in Europe, her undying affection for her mother again and again prompted her to speak of the dear departed, inducing her younger sisters and brothers to relate the circumstances of her last illness and death, for which she had prepared like a devout Christian.—

Bidding adieu to the kind Benedictines, who, amid well-wishes and the promise of prayers, also donated a good supply of the miraculous oil of St. Walburga, the Sisters, now attired in the garb of seculars, pursued their route from Eichstaedt, through Bamberg, Leipzig, Altenburg and Hannover, to Bremen, where they arrived June 24, feast of St. John the Baptist.

“On the same day”, as we read in Mother Seraphina’s account of the voyage,” “we embarked in a steamer on the Weser and steered into the North Sea, where we soon found ourselves on board the grand American Steamer, Washington, starting on our ocean trip. On the third day, we were in the English Channel, and obliged to land at Southampton, because our new steam-ship, about to cross the Atlantic for the first time, required some repair of machinery.”

This caused a long and tedious delay in the strange British Seaport. Not till the 12th of July, after a stay of fifteen days, could the steamer launch out once more. Our lively Sister Caroline did her utmost to beguile the weary hours for herself and companions. Not to lose time, she studied English, also homeopathy which she had begun at home. Meanwhile, Mother Theresa accompanied by the gentleman above mentioned, whom Bishop O'Connor had sent to Europe for the Sisters, made a trip to London, where, in course of time, School Sisters also established several houses. Sister Seraphina, the ever active, busy little mother of after years, felt this weariness more than all the rest. To employ herself, somehow, she packed and repacked their traveling effects, one way to-day and another to-morrow. One day, the before mentioned silk garments came to hand. Wearing secular dress, as it was, she thought she might as well don the old-time finery once again and see how those stylish lady-suits would become her. Quick, as she always was, she suited her actions to her thoughts, and soon found herself gracefully promenading up and down the room in her fancy costume—whether before or behind the mirror, history does not inform us.—Suddenly, the door opens, and Mother Theresa, just returned from London, appears on the scene.—It was fortunate for the fine little lady that her serious Mother Superior had, by no means, lost all taste for the comic, and suspected the roguish Sister Caroline as the chief promoter of this momentary revival of vanities long since abjured.

Finally, on the 12th of July, the Washington steamed out of port; but alas! the joy of our travelers was of short duration; for already during the first night, orders were given to return to Southampton. Danger threatened anew. A mixture of lime with the coal was injuring the boiler-grates. Only on the third day of this new delay—July 15th, after a fresh supply of better coal had been laid in, the steamer once again launched out into the deep. Henceforth, the voyage was prosperous; but our travelers did not escape that most distressing concomitant of those who ride upon the rolling billows—sea-sickness. Mother Theresa and her youthful attendant, Sister Emmanuela, were the chief sufferers.

CHAPTER III.

Arrival in America.—The First Sacrifice.—Death of Sister Emmanuela, Attendant of Mother Theresa.

On the feast of St. Ignatius, July 31st, 1847, the first School Sisters of Notre Dame landed in New York. It was towards noon. The Bavarian Consul received them with every mark of respect and paid them the kindest attention. As soon as possible, they repaired to the church of the Redemptorist Fathers on Third street, to offer most fervent thanksgiving for the Divine Protection on their journey. The next morning, they enjoyed the happiness of assisting at Holy Mass and receiving the Sacraments. The Rev. Father Rumppler was then Superior of this mission. On meeting the new-comers, he addressed Sister Caroline in

these forcible terms: "You, young Sister, remain with God, the holy and the just. You are here in Sodom and Gomorrah."

The reception of the School Sisters in New York was, by no means, encouraging. Reports given them of St. Mary's, the place of their destination, were, in particular, very unfavorable. The colony was not only said to be extremely poor, as yet, but without better prospects for the future. The Sisters were even advised to return to Europe. But, truly, no God-confiding Mother Theresa, nor heroic Sister Caroline could have been among them, in that case. After a short repose, as far as the excessive heat allowed, the party journeyed onward to Philadelphia. Instead of directly proceeding to St. Mary's from this city, it was deemed advisable first to go to Baltimore, where Mother Theresa hoped to receive reliable information as to the condition of the colony. In this she did not succeed, however; indeed, the good Mother was rather confirmed in her opinion that there was something wrong, of which she was studiously kept ignorant. As the narrator's intention is simply to write a modest sketch of Mother Caroline's life and character, it does not seem proper to enter into any particulars on this subject; suffice it to say, that Mother Theresa, with all the quiet firmness of her character, insisted on going to St. Mary's, in spite of her own misgivings and the dissuasions of others, rather intimated than expressed. She met with disappointment, it is true, but through no fault of her own and absolutely none on the part of the Redemptorist Fathers. Where the fault lay, belongs not to this narration.

But sadder than all the difficulties and anxieties attending this first journey of the School Sisters in America, was one affliction that rendered it ever painfully memorable. This was the death of Sister Emmanuela—still a novice. The young Sister had received an excellent education, and bade fair to become a most promising member of the Congregation. After her sufferings on the ocean, the oppressive heat of New York brought on a malignant dysentery. Somewhat restored, she arrived at Baltimore, where she had a relapse so severe that she received the last Sacraments. Mother Theresa, about to proceed on the journey to St. Mary's, had intended to leave her in Baltimore in charge of a Sister; her physician, however, declared her sufficiently restored to join the party, without danger. Alas! he was greatly deceived. At first all appeared favorable, as long as they could travel by railway; but when the jostling of the stage-coach began, the little strength of the poor young Sister was soon exhausted. Sister Caroline constantly supported the loved sufferer in her arms. When the stage, finally, halted before the hotel in Harrisburg, between six and seven o'clock, P. M., life was well-nigh extinct. The Sister was icy-cold—bathed in the sweat of death—unconscious. A priest was hastily summoned but, before he arrived, she had breathed her last. Her corpse was laid out at the hotel, as well as circumstances permitted. "The dear departed", as is stated in the account of the journey, "who wept so bitterly on exchanging her garments at Eichstaedt, was the first again to be vested in the holy habit. Sorrowfully, we followed

her remains to their final resting place, which sad duty, circumstances rendered all the more painful. Truly, no one can form any idea of all that we suffered in passing through the public streets of that non-Catholic place, in our worn traveling suits, exposed to the gaze of a curious crowd." Amid sobs and tears, our dying Mother Caroline still spoke of the dear, young Sister Emmanuela's death under these painful circumstances. For her, in particular, it was rendered memorable in a truly appalling manner. While none of the mourning party allowed themselves any repose in that night of deepest sorrow, Sister Caroline had obtained permission to watch or, rather, to pray and weep by the corpse all night. The hands of the departed were folded on her breast, clasping her crucifix. Suddenly, in the dead silence of the night, they slipped apart, and one arm sank slowly down by her side. It required all the courage of a Sister Caroline not to shriek aloud. With loving reverence she replaced the arm and folded her hands as before, regaining sufficient composure to continue her prayers. On account of the great heat, the interment had to take place on the following morning. It was during these funeral services that the School Sisters had the first experience of the sympathy shown by Americans to those in affliction. In church and in the grave-yard, the kind attendance of the public, even of the town and state officials, was very consoling to these bereaved foreigners.

"Thus deprived of one dear traveling companion," the account continues, "we again set out,

in the name of God, to pursue our journey. After three days, we found ourselves in the outskirts of a primeval forest of Pennsylvania, still infested with rattle-snakes, bears and wolves. The roads were almost impassable, on account of the deep mud, huge stones, up-rooted and decaying trunks of trees. For two days we struggled onward through this gloomy wilderness, in open wagons, rough boards for our seats, exposed to the most unmerciful jolting, to storms, pouring rain and every imaginable inconvenience that we had never before experienced."

As far as Youngstown, they had been riding on a canal-boat, at a snail's pace; and more endurable were the hum and bites of swarming mosquitoes than the vulgar talk and manners of the rude passengers. At Youngstown, they engaged an emigrant-wagon which was, of course, a new torture for the exhausted travelers; but, after all, there was some comfort in that miserable, jolting vehicle. Would it not bring them to St. Mary's? The shades of evening were gathering when the driver apprised them of their near approach to the place of destination. With a sigh of grateful relief, Mother Theresa gave orders to alight from the wagon, and, retiring a short distance into the woods, they had the long-desired gratification once again to vest themselves in their religious habit. All felt the solemnity of the occasion. They were about to enter St. Mary's, their first home in the New World, and that on Mary's greatest feast—her glorious Assumption. During the day, they had sought to compensate for Divine Service, so sadly

missed, by prayers and hymns, as far as their great fatigue and depression of spirits would allow. Now, they joyfully blessed their Heavenly Protectress for their safe arrival. Having resumed their seats in the emigrant-wagon, again clad in the cherished livery of St. Mary's daughters, joy of heart and cheerfulness of spirit gained the ascendancy over their sorrows and sufferings of the last days. Late in the evening, toward nine o'clock, they reached St. Mary's—"Marytown".

CHAPTER IV.

St. Mary's—Sister Caroline Opens the First School of the Sisters in America.

But where was the town? "It required some time," says the written account, "before we could persuade ourselves that this was really our destination. We saw no regularly built houses, nor paved streets; naught but stumps of trees lined our way on either side. But there could be no mistake about the place; the poor colonists came from every direction to extend us a most joyful, hearty welcome, invoking blessings upon us. We soon reached our poor little frame house, where we were kindly received by the Redemptorist Fathers, and then conducted to the church close by, to receive the Benediction of the Most Holy Sacrament. Fervently we returned thanks for our safe arrival, after our long and wearisome journey, and recommended ourselves to the protection of our Heavenly Mother."—

And now Sister Caroline was really in America

—on her first mission in the wild woods of Pennsylvania. Truly, a smaller beginning of a grand career could hardly be imagined! After enjoying a little rest and fitting up their wretched dwelling, as well as circumstances allowed, the Sisters spent three days in retreat, to renew themselves in spirit, and then began their missionary duties. Sister Caroline had the honor to be the very first School Sister engaged in an American school. She took charge of the school hitherto taught by the very competent Redemptorist Brother Xavier. The school-house was a miserable log-cabin; the children, pitiably poor and needy. In tattered clothing—hunger and want stamped upon their features, they sat before their stately teacher. What a change! She, the highly educated directress of a boarding school in a royal city of Europe—now teaching in a back-wood log-house. Her noble heart thought not of this change, but of the poor children, extending them her motherly care and affection. Whatever her own poverty allowed her to dispose of, in the line of food and clothing, she eagerly gave her poor pupils. They were good and grateful children, whose tender hearts were quickly won by their loving teacher. In the poor little convent, Sister Caroline shared all the bitter poverty of her companions. It took a fortnight to bring flour from the nearest mill; hence it was not a rare occurrence to be out of bread. Sometimes, indeed, cucumbers were the only eatables to be had—and these without pepper and salt. Although the kind Redemptorist Fathers were always ready to lend assistance, the Sisters

often had not wherewith to satisfy their hunger. Sister Mary (Barbara) fell dangerously ill. This season of want was not, however, to be of long duration for Sister Caroline. As soon as Mother Theresa clearly understood the state of affairs, she began to look about for a more suitable place to establish a motherhouse. With the aid of the saintly Father Neumann, this was found in Baltimore, adjoining the church of St. James, which belonged to the Redemptorists. September 29th, Mother Theresa left St. Mary's, with Sister Caroline and Sister Magdalena, and reached Baltimore on the 4th of October. Sisters Seraphina and Mary remained at St. Mary's.

On the 3rd of November following, Sister Caroline took charge of St. Alphonsus' School at a considerable distance from St. James', where she was stationed. St. Michael's, another parochial school of the Redemptorists, was also conducted by Sisters from St. James' convent. On taking charge of these schools, Mother Theresa at once wrote to Munich for another band of missionaries, which arrived at Baltimore on the feast of the Annunciation, 1848. Of these eleven Sisters, only three are still among the living,—Ven. Mother Theophila, Ven. Sisters Edmunda and Zita.

In the beginning of April, Sister Caroline held the first public examination at St. Alphonsus' School and, shortly after, undertook a long journey with Mother Theresa, in order to visit places from which proposals had come for establishing branch-houses. Father Neumann, who was soon to become a man of Providence for the rising Congregation in

America and, more in particular, in behalf of Mother Caroline, conducted the travelers on this interesting, yet wearisome visitation tour, of which the chronicle in the Milwaukee Motherhouse gives the following account:—"The travelers first proceeded to Pittsburg, where, in compliance with the Rt. Rev. Bishop's desire, an agreement was made to establish a branch-house. The plans for a school-building and Sisters' dwelling were drawn up, and St. Michael's Day, 1848, appointed for the opening. From Pittsburg, they directed their course, by way of Detroit, to Milwaukee. In the absence of the Rt. Rev. Bishop, who had left for Europe in February, nothing definite could, however, be determined, in regard to introducing the School Sisters into his diocese.

In all the dangers and hardships of this journey, by land and water, Father Neumann showed himself a true friend and protector. He employed every opportunity to teach Sister Caroline English, and found her a very docile, attentive pupil. As a most efficient means of learning to speak the language, he recommended humility, in not mind-ing to be laughed at, when making mistakes. One day the boat on which they were, proceeded very slowly, on account of low water. Father Neumann, seated on deck, had fallen asleep. Some mischievous boys, meanwhile amused themselves by making crosses with chalk on the back of his coat. Ven. Sister Caroline only noticed this when the boys were through, and begged the good Father, on his awaking, to allow her to brush them off. "It is not necessary," he coolly replied, "they will rub

off themselves by and by." For several years, Father Neumann was confessor and spiritual director of the School Sisters, and he ever remained their enlightened counselor, till his accession to the episcopal see of Philadelphia. The religious spirit had become a second nature to him, and, like our founder, Bishop Wittmann, he well knew how to foster it in others. Truly, this man served as an instrument in the hands of Divine Providence, to establish and propagate the Order of School Sisters in the United States. Justly may we revere him as our founder in America."

When the first steps were taken in the process of his beatification, no one was more rejoiced than Mother Caroline. Eagerly she obeyed the summons to Philadelphia, to give her testimony before the Committee of Investigation. She loved to speak of the opportunity thus afforded her of expressing her gratitude and veneration for the saintly man, though, of course, strictly guarding secrecy concerning the proceedings.

In the latter part of June, Mother Theresa and Sister Caroline returned to Baltimore; but the Sisters' joy at this reunion was to be of short duration. Mother Theresa received a letter informing her that her presence was required in Munich. Before leaving America, she appointed Mother Seraphina Superioress, as was due her rank. Sister Caroline, however, received the important charge of managing all external affairs,—superintending schools already established, opening new schools, in course of time etc. By this arrangement Mother Theresa proved the great confidence

she placed in Sister Caroline, as well as the correctness of her judgment.

CHAPTER V.

Sister Caroline Establishing Schools.

At the time of Mother Theresa's return to Europe, our Congregation had four schools in America; one at St. Mary's, three at Baltimore,—St. James', St. Alphonsus' and St. Michael's. In quick succession, schools were next opened at Pittsburg, Philadelphia and Buffalo. For all these important missions, the School Sisters owe a lasting debt to the Redemptorist Fathers, more especially to the saintly Bishop Neumann; but the success of the pioneer Sisters in charge of these schools, was chiefly due to the intelligent management of Sister Caroline.

September 21st, 1848, she opened St. Peter's School in Philadelphia, where she remained for a time actively engaged in teaching. At that period, the old City of Brotherly Love was, by no means, a model in regard to morals. On the contrary, corruption was so general, even among the young, that an innocent child was a rather rare exception. Mother Caroline and the Sisters united their efforts with those of the zealous Redemptorists, to rescue these poor children from the dangers besetting them on every side.

The excitement against Catholics in those "Knownothing" years was so great that the Sisters could not wear their religious habit, and, even in their modest citizen dress, they were occasionally

ridiculed and pelted with mud. It was, doubtless, on account of this general moral depravity that a certain eccentric devotee deemed it her duty to put the fair, young Sister Caroline on her guard. The pious soul might have saved herself the trouble, however, considering the good Sister's innate love of purity and her utter detestation of everything low and vulgar. Suddenly opening the school-room door, she would cry out: "Sister Caroline, Sister Caroline, take care! Even the cedars of Lebanon have fallen." One day Mother Caroline nearly became the victim of a neighbor woman's jealousy. Just as she was coming from her school-room to the Sisters' house, she suddenly heard a loud cry on the street. Glancing out of the window, she beheld a good woman of the neighborhood, falling to the ground, with a gaping wound in her head, close by the Sisters' garden-gate. A wildly excited woman, who had inflicted this bleeding wound, hastily ran away from the spot, when she saw what she had done. Sister Caroline soon ascertained that she, herself, had unconsciously been the cause of this cruel deed. The poor victim had heard that her suspicious neighbor intended to inflict an injury on the good Sister, because she foolishly imagined her husband to be in love with the unsuspecting "Nun" who knew neither the one nor the other. Seeking to warn and defend Sister Caroline, the good neighbor had herself fallen a victim to this infuriated woman. With such surroundings and amid such depravity, we may imagine how many difficulties and anxieties attended the office of the first Superioress at Phila-

delphia. Her prudence and courage well fitted her, however, for the difficult position. The gradual but thorough change wrought among the Philadelphians, is a living proof of the blessings attending the zealous labors of the Redemptorist Fathers, and those of the School Sisters, in the spirit of their first Superioress. During her stay in Philadelphia, Mother Caroline again narrowly escaped from imminent danger of death. Passion Week, in 1849, had come, and the Sisters had to prepare the Holy Sepulchre, and also to make wreaths for the children that were to receive their first Holy Communion on Low Sunday. They were obliged to devote a part of the night to this task. Once Sister Caroline was at work much later than all the rest. As it was very cold, she had made a good fire. By and by, weary eyes refuse their service.—She suddenly awakes, and it is high time, indeed; for a burning coal, falling out of the stove, has set her habit on fire. A moment more, and she would have been enveloped in flames.

September 29, 1848, the school of St. Philomena's Parish, in Pittsburg, was opened, according to the agreement made with Mother Theresa, previous to her departure. In this city, Sister Caroline had the consolation to find a much better state of things than in Philadelphia. Children were well-behaved and of good morals. She soon had the happiness to receive candidates from the best families of the congregation, some of whom still number among the most faithful and worthy members of our community.

On the feast of St. Joseph, 1849, St. Mary's

School in the Redemptorists' parish, Buffalo, N. Y. was opened. Here the people were very good, but rather rude and uncouth. As Mother Caroline, with all her refinement, had a relish for everything odd and comical, she cherished many a pleasant reminiscence of the good, simple - hearted Buffalonians.

Already in 1849, the Sisters left their first little convent at St. Mary's, Pa. In spite of the disappointment they had met with, in spite of the great want they constantly endured, they would have remained in their first poor house, if the Redemptorist Fathers had not given up their mission. When they left, Sister Seraphina, the Superioress, thought the Sisters could stay no longer. Although fully justified in leaving, they incurred the displeasure of the Bishop of Pittsburg, who, in his anger, reproached them with having deceived him. Only through the tact of Sister Caroline, the young Congregation succeeded in regaining the favor of the great Bishop O'Connor, its first and ever faithful patron in America. Having heard of the Bishop's displeasure, her heart was rather heavy, when she called to pay him her respects, on her next visit to Pittsburg.

It is true, Father Seelos, a Redemptorist whom the Bishop very highly esteemed, had assured her that all would pass well ; but when she knelt before the Bishop, he poured forth a volley of forcible words over her lowly bowed head. In a medley of German and English, the excited Prelate gave her a severe lecture for leaving St. Mary's so suddenly, without consulting him. He, himself, had invited

the Sisters into his diocese! He had promised the German colonists German Sisters. And now he, their Bishop, must appear a deceiver in their eyes. With perfect composure Sister Caroline listened to the lengthy harangue, and uttered not a word in reply. At its conclusion, however, she respectfully lifted up her dark, expressive eyes, and in the calmest manner thus addressed him: "Right Reverend Father, for all you have said, I am not to blame. I did not remove the Sisters from St. Mary's. I was not even aware of their intention to leave. I beg your pardon for those who have caused you this displeasure." In an instant, the Bishop was changed. The imposing calmness of the young religious moved him, and, from that time forth, the learned and zealous first Bishop of Pittsburg was one of the most faithful friends of the School Sisters, particularly, of Mother Caroline.

Although the people of Pittsburg were kindly disposed toward the Sisters, they had to struggle with bitter want and privation. At times, they were even obliged to go to school without any other breakfast than bread and water. In spite of this poverty, the generous Sister Caroline was anxious to prepare some little Christmas gifts for the poor children. To accomplish this, she had to sacrifice her night's rest; yes, she scarcely undressed for nearly a week, in order to find the necessary time for this work of love. The result was such drowsiness in school, that she could hardly be on her feet. Some naughty children, noticing this, made fun of her. She smiled and said within herself: "Yes, dear children, if you only knew that this is all on your account."

In the meantime, things began to take a course that was to exercise a decisive influence over the future prosperity of the School Sisters and the whole career of Mother Caroline.

CHAPTER VI.

Sister Caroline's First Voyage to Europe in the Interests of the American Missions.

The Episcopal See of Milwaukee was established in 1844, with Rt. Rev. J. M. Henni, as first Bishop. To open Catholic Schools, was a chief concern of this apostolic man. No sooner had he heard of the arrival of School Sisters in America than he resolved, not only to secure some of these religious for his diocese, but, moreover, to induce them to establish a motherhouse in Milwaukee. Bishop Henni foresaw that the West, especially Wisconsin, would become the center of attraction for the German population of this country. Hence, he delayed not to enter into an agreement with Mother Theresa. When on his journey to Europe in 1848, he purposely traveled by way of Baltimore, to confer with the Venerable Superioress, personally, on this subject. The latter was evidently in favor of the project, as she soon afterwards traveled to Milwaukee, with Sister Caroline, as before stated. During the Bishop's sojourn in Europe, Mother Theresa returned to Munich, whereupon the Rt. Rev. Prelate not only urged his case with her and Father Siegert, but even with the School Sisters' royal patron, King Louis I. of Bavaria. His

Majesty was very favorably impressed with the energy and apostolic zeal of the American Bishop. "You must have School Sisters—children of my kingdom," he said to the Bishop; "I will furnish the means to establish their first convent in your episcopal see." Hereupon, Mother Theresa sent orders to Baltimore to open a house in Milwaukee, and appointed Sister Caroline Superior of the West.

But Divine Providence ordained that Sister Caroline should again cross the wide ocean, before entering upon her new career of labor, as Superior of the West. It was daily becoming more evident that an important question, upon which the prosperity of our congregation in America depended, must be decided. This was the Enclosure, which, although only the episcopal, was, nevertheless, very strict—too strict, indeed, for our country. According to their Holy Rule, the Sisters could not satisfy all the claims upon their personal presence with their pupils in school and in church. Without some modification on this point, our Congregation could not spread sufficiently, to meet the demands of a population so rapidly increasing. To build a parish church, school-house and Sisters' dwelling, in such connection that the teaching Sisters could attend to all their duties, without leaving the enclosure, would have proved an impossibility, in most cases. The Redemptorists, particularly such enlightened men as the Rev. Father Neumann and Helmprecht, often remonstrated with the Sisters, urging them to effect a mitigation of their enclosure, in order to adapt themselves to the peculiar circumstances of this

new country, and thus engage in the great work of Christian education without too much restraint. Mother Theresa, Sister Seraphina and others were on the strict side of the question, choosing rather to forego the founding of new missions than to avail themselves of such modification. Sister Caroline, however, with her naturally keen perception, had long since considered it necessary, and the experience she made on her visitation journeys served, more and more, to confirm her in this opinion. She resolutely acted upon this conviction, yet not without conscientiously obtaining advice and direction, in particular, from the saintly Father Neumann. As this difference of opinion ever grew wider even in the community, Mother Seraphina, the Superioress, concluded to send Sister Caroline to Munich, in order to bring the matter to a termination. All was to proceed silently and secretly, without even apprising Mother Theresa of the undertaking. With the courage and obedience of a soldier, Sister Caroline was ready to set out on the voyage all alone. Embarking on the 31st of July, 1850, the third anniversary of that auspicious day when she had landed in New York, she reached Munich on the 15th of August. Truly a remarkable coincidence, on this same glorious feast she had made her entry into the poor, little convent of St. Mary's three years ago. How different now the emotions of her throbbing heart, as she stands at the portal of the Mother-house in Munich!

CHAPTER VII.

In Munich.—Received with Mistrust.—Honored with the Appointment of Mother-Vicar on Returning to America.

When the unexpected visitor crossed the convent threshold in the secular dress she had again been obliged to wear, the first impression was that she had run away from America. Father Siegert was the first to reassure himself after his great surprise, but not before he had given her a good scolding for daring to undertake so long a journey all alone. But it required quite a time till matters were satisfactorily explained to Mother Theresa, who, meanwhile, treated Sister Caroline more like a guest than a daughter of the house. A room was assigned her outside of community apartments, and the Sisters were greatly restricted in their intercourse with her. It was not considered advisable to increase the enthusiasm with which many of the Sisters regarded the courageous missionary from America, and, moreover, fears were entertained that Sister Caroline would have too much to say on the enclosure question and thus disturb the minds of the European Sisters about this important matter. Little did they know Sister Caroline's prudence and firmness of character. If there ever was a person discreet enough to know to whom, when and where to speak of any serious matter, it was Mother Caroline. Notwithstanding her lively disposition and her extraordinary powers of conversation, she was not a talker.

She clearly understood and deeply felt her embarrassing situation in the Munich Mother-

house, but this did not disturb her cheerfulness. It often occurred that Sisters wished to come into her room, but she declined, playfully saying: "Sister, no admittance, except for a florin." In discussing the enclosure, Mother Theresa showed herself rather unyielding. But Father Siegert advocated the opinion of Sister Caroline, whom he esteemed so highly; and still more decidedly did Archbishop Reisach adopt her views. It was clear to him that too strict an enclosure would be an unnecessary and dangerous draw-back to the spread and prosperity of our Congregation in America. Uncle Friess entertained the same opinion. The consequence was that Sister Caroline carried her point. It was, moreover, conclusively decided to establish a motherhouse in Milwaukee. Thus the negotiations of the courageous and obedient Sister were brought to a most successful issue; but they were to effect still more than she had anticipated, not to say desired. Her Superiors deemed proper to give Sister Caroline full charge of the American branch of our Congregation. She remonstrated earnestly and honestly, all the more so, as it was rather a delicate matter to go to Munich as delegate and return to America in the capacity of a Superior. This surely might not receive a favorable interpretation; but Sister Caroline had to bow submission. A decree of her Superiors, appointing her Mother-Vicar in America, for time indefinite, was ratified by Archbishop Reisach, October 10th, 1850. His Grace often called to see his former protégée, during her stay in Munich, favoring her with his solid instructions

and wise counsels. The time required for settling this important matter seemed much too long for his energetic nature, and when, at last, all was concluded, the Prelate exclaimed: "But now make haste to get back to America, or you will stay here altogether."

Nearly three months had Sister Caroline spent in Munich, when she set out on her journey, henceforth bearing the honorable name of Mother Caroline.

The King being absent from the royal city, she could not see him; but she was to experience His Majesty's favor on her return to America. The first day of her journey was rendered very painful by a sad disappointment. It had been agreed upon that her parents and other relations would meet her at a certain railway station, where the train daily made long stops. She was especially anxious to see her loved mother once more. The train had been delayed, however, on account of bad weather, so that the usual stop could not be made. As it drew up to the station, our traveler saw the carriage with her dearly loved ones approaching and she knew, at once, that a farewell wave of hand and kerchief must suffice for a mutual farewell greeting. This was more than her strong heart could bear. Yearningly her tear-dimmed eyes turned towards the carriage, till it faded from view. Her parents and her uncle, she was never more to see on earth. Her mother died in 1860; her uncle, in 1869, and her father, in 1875.

She had two traveling companions; Miss Willinger from Baltimore, who had accompanied

Mother Theresa to Munich two years before and Miss Casanova from Switzerland, a niece of Bishop Henni, who was to become his house-keeper. By the end of October, the travelers reached Baltimore, Mother Caroline in a certain sense of the word, in strictest incognito; for she was firmly resolved not to announce her appointment to any one. Indeed, she had been tempted more than once to throw the document into the Ocean, so little pleasure did it give her. Whether intentionally or by mistake, no written announcement of Mother Caroline's appointment had been made to the Sisters in America. Mother Theresa had simply handed her the document and a letter to Sister Seraphina, hitherto her Superior, in which she was informed that Sister Caroline, with several other Sisters, was to proceed to the West and open a motherhouse in Milwaukee. For a person of her keen perception and delicacy of feeling, this was really an awkward position and one that easily might have been spared her. She, however, remained perfectly silent on the subject and took the necessary measures for her removal to Milwaukee, leaving it to the authorities in Munich to apprise the community of the charge she had received.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Journey to Milwaukee.

November 21st, Feast of the Presentation of the Blessed Virgin, Mother Caroline started on her journey to Milwaukee. She left Baltimore in the company of Miss Casanova and a candidate,

Theresa Scholl, who, in after years, died of yellow fever in New Orleans, as Sister Clara, most dear to Mother Caroline. Stopping over at Pittsburg, she took Sisters M. Emmanuela and M. Aloysia Schmid and Sister M. Zita Wittmann with her. The trip to Milwaukee was very slow and wearisome, alternating with stage and railway. Leaving Pittsburg, December 3rd, feast of St. Francis Xavier, the travelers did not reach Detroit before the 7th. A certain Mrs. Scheer, with whom Mother Caroline had obtained lodging before, when traveling with Mother Theresa, again extended the weary party kindest hospitality. Early next morning all repaired to St. Mary's Church, to receive the Sacraments on the great feast of the Immaculate Conception. As the house of Mrs. Scheer was at a considerable distance from the church, they did not return for their breakfast, but remained in church, to assist at High Mass, in order to indemnify themselves for the Masses they had missed on the way.

From Detroit, our travelers proceeded on their way to Chicago, by stage, and thence to Milwaukee. The passengers they met with, in this vehicle, were not a very select party. Some of the men began to ridicule the Sisters on account of their black apparel and sneeringly inquired whether they had all lost their husbands, as they were dressed in mourning. To the great joy of Mother Caroline, Sister Emmanuela's prompt repartee silenced them. "One man died for us all" she replied, "for whom we mourn. We all belong to the same family."

Between Chicago and Milwaukee, the stage

suddenly broke down, in the middle of the night, depositing the passengers on the road. When the Sisters had extricated themselves from the snow, they beheld a light in the distance, toward which they eagerly turned their steps and gained admission to a poor hut, where they found shelter from the severe cold.

At dawn, they continued their journey on a large sleigh. It required no less than two days and three nights from Chicago to Milwaukee, which city they reached early in the morning of December 15th, Ember Saturday.

They at once repaired to the Bishop's residence, not finding him at home, however, as he was just saying Mass in the chapel of the Sisters of Charity. The good Bishop was highly rejoiced on hearing of their arrival and sent them word to come to the hospital. Here, they found him at breakfast, of which he kindly invited them to partake. They gratefully accepted the offer, but only took a cup of black coffee and a cracker, as it was a fast-day.

PART FOURTH.

From Her Arrival in Milwaukee to Her Happy
Death. 1850—1892.

CHAPTER I.

Small Beginnings under Great Difficulties. — Mother Caroline Receives her First Candidate in the West.

We now behold Mother Caroline at the head of her little community in Milwaukee. For more than forty years, this beautiful city on Lake Michigan was to be her home, or rather, the headquarters of her unceasing activity—fraught with heaviest cares for herself, but brightest blessings for others.

Who would have dreamed, at her arrival, that only ten years later, from the woodland hill at the north-east end of the City, a convent would tower aloft, for many years to be the largest and stateliest edifice of this flourishing lake-port? Who would have dreamed that, ere long, hundreds, yes, thousands of pupils, young maidens from all parts of the country, would flock to St. Mary's on the Hill, there to receive a thorough Christian education, or to devote themselves forever to the service of God in the religious state?

Who would have dreamed that from St. Mary's on the Hill, vast numbers of consecrated virgins would go forth in all directions, with apostolic zeal, to teach and train the young,—with a mother's love, to provide for the orphan,—to give to the world a bright example of every Christian



First House of the School Sisters in Milwaukee,
into which Mother Caroline moved. December 15th. 1850.

virtue? And yet, through the ever active mind and hand of Mother Caroline, all this became a most consoling and astonishing reality.—When the angel of death summoned our Mother to her eternal reward—St. Mary's on the Hill was the central point of deepest mourning for more than two thousand Sisters, scattered over seventeen states and thirty dioceses of the country. Their affliction was shared by upwards of seventy thousand school-children and orphans, thousands of families, hundreds of priests and many bishops, who all knew and felt that from the Convent-hill in Milwaukee, a soul had passed away whom multitudes gratefully revere as their noble benefactress.

The very day of her arrival in Milwaukee, Mother Caroline began her work, without delay. The Sisters of Charity had kindly offered the newcomers lodging, until their own house would be sufficiently furnished. This hospitality Mother Caroline gratefully accepted for her fatigued companions, while she herself, with good Sister Zita and the Candidate, repaired to the house, which the Bishop had purchased with King Louis' donation. Their baggage having arrived, they commenced to unpack, and to fit up their new home as well as circumstances allowed. After building a hearth-fire, they availed themselves of the provisions left over from their journey, to cook their first meal. Busy work had sharpened their appetite to such a degree, that the supply fell short of the demand. The first two nights, Mother Caroline and her two companions were obliged to sleep on the floor, utilizing bundles of clothing for

pillows. The third day, Monday, the most necessary furniture was procured, and the work of getting things into shape progressed rapidly. By Christmas Eve, the house was in running order,—and its first inmates had the happiness of celebrating this joyful feast together, in their new home. Having only worn the habit and cincture until now, they were heartily glad when again fully robed in their religious dress. Still greater was their joy when, on that same day, the Bishop blessed their little chapel, (one of the rooms set apart for the purpose) transforming it into another Bethlehem for the Divine Infant. Mother Caroline had spared no pains to furnish and decorate it becomingly, and when, on Christmas morning, the kind prelate celebrated his second Mass in this neat, little chapel, no happier souls could be found in all Milwaukee than Mother Caroline and her little community.

Never before, did they sing the sweet Christmas hymns of their fatherland with more heartfelt joy. After divine service, Mother Caroline officially announced her appointment as Superioress of the School Sisters in America, with the title of Vicaria Generalis; then, indeed, their happiness was complete. All hastened to the chapel to pour forth their joy and gratitude in a heart-felt *Te Deum*. Having faithfully guarded the secret of her appointment up to this time, Mother Caroline deemed it her duty to make the announcement to her ecclesiastical superior, the Rt. Rev. Bishop, who charged her also to acquaint the Sisters. On this occasion, Mother Caroline manifested a trait

of character which she possessed in a remarkable degree and which accounts for the unlimited confidence the Sisters were wont to place in her. Notwithstanding her sincere, upright disposition and the frankness with which she expressed her opinions, Mother Caroline was silent as the grave, where prudence and charity required it. She was in no wise, inclined to be talkative or to make indiscreet communications. In this regard, too, our noble Mother combined with all the depth and tenderness of her feelings, the most admirable firmness of character. How often the Sisters were heard to say: "What we tell Mother, abides with her."

The beginnings in Milwaukee were hardships and privations. What Mother felt most keenly, was to see her Sisters suffering, during the severe winter, from want of food and fuel. Their room was so poorly heated, at times, that they would stand close by the dimly-burning fire, first to warm themselves in front, and then turn about, at the playful command of their courageous leader, to let their freezing backs enjoy the same comfort. Their board was no less meager; meat and bread were often consumed a long time before bills were paid.

Patiently they endured these privations, without complaint. Their holy rule had not accustomed them to begging,—much less their former mode of life. The outer world had not the remotest idea of the Sisters' extreme poverty. Their kind patron, Bishop Henni himself was in needy circumstances.

During this period of greatest want, Mother Caroline received her first candidate, Catharine Flasch, our present Sister M. Laurentia. Having,

for some time, entertained the desire of entering a convent, Bishop Henni prevailed upon her to await the School Sisters' arrival. December 30th, 1850, this good daughter of a thriving farmer presented herself to her new Mother, with a few lines of recommendation from the Bishop.

One of her first acts was to rip a seam of her dress and draw forth twenty-five dollars in gold. Bravely she then began to labor and to suffer with the little religious family. A part of her money, Mother Caroline spent for warm blankets to make the new-comer comfortable. "Nevertheless," says Sister Laurentia, many a night my feet were painfully cramped with cold, and I had to rub them well, to give them a little warmth. Ofttimes we rose hungry from the table; but, she adds, "those were precious times; we were so happy."—

A few days later, came the second candidate, Margaret Fuhrmann, choir-singer at St. Mary's Church. She became the very efficient Sister M. Borgia, whose death at Manitowoc, Wis., in 1880, Mother Caroline greatly lamented. Of the other candidates who entered soon after, several returned to the world, unable to endure the poverty of the new congregation. Even to our courageous Catharine, hardships seemed almost intolerable. Her parents were well-to-do people, for those pioneer days. To suffer from hunger was something altogether new to her. No wonder she stepped up to Mother Caroline one day, asking leave to go home. At first, Mother thought she, too, intended to leave, and told her to go in God's name. She *did go*, but, in a few days, back she came,—

not alone, however. A farmer's wagon followed, with flour, eggs, hams, vegetables,—a whole load of provisions, and fifty dollars in cash, besides. According to another version, which Sr. Laurentia, however, declares a poetical fiction, Catharine sat triumphant on the heavily loaded wagon. After a short interval, her parents brought a slaughtered ox and several barrels of pickled pork, which supplied the wants of the community, at least, for a time. Relieved of this care, Mother Caroline had to contend with others, just as pressing. Purchases were to be made; alterations became necessary in the house; a new wing was to be added,—and where were the funds? Reared in good circumstances at home—and never charged with financial affairs in the convent, she found the straits in money matters exceedingly difficult.

Her first Three Kings-Day in Milwaukee, found her in great embarrassment. A carpenter had come, for the third time, to present his bill. What was to be done, as she had but a few cents in her table drawer? The man grew troublesome and, declaring he would not go unpaid, remained seated in the parlor. Our distressed Mother retired to her room, cast herself upon her knees, and, with a boldness inspired by confidence, cried out: “O holy Three Kings, you must supply me with the necessary money!” Once more she opened her table drawer and, behold, a twenty dollar gold-piece met her eager gaze!

“I am positive,” she remarked to the narrator, (April 21st, 1892) “the money was not previously in the drawer.” Considering how free Mother

Caroline was from all credulity, we can hardly do otherwise than attribute a miraculous character to this incident. Be that as it may, she ever afterward had recourse to the Three Kings in her pecuniary difficulties. In subsequent years, her embarrassments, in this regard, were never again so trying, although up to the sixties she had hard work to make ends meet. Her success was due, in a great measure, to the kind assistance of her faithful friend and patron, Bishop Henni. Although he had no money, he had credit, of which he often availed himself in Mother Caroline's favor, especially at Mitchell's bank. He also sought to interest the clergy in behalf of the community. With his refined taste, he insisted more and more on beautifying the parish churches and the altars. Consequently, the pastors applied to the Sisters for artificial flowers, vestments, altar-linens, banners, etc. Though small the profit derived from this source, it proved quite a help. Now it was that Mother's manifold accomplishments served her a good turn. Whenever time permitted, she was engaged in tapestry work, making flowers and other church ornaments. First attempts were even made at painting altar-pieces and other religious pictures. Thus she laid the foundation of the Sisters' proficiency in these branches, which, in the course of time, enabled them to open a department, in connection with the convent, that, without boasting, may be called an art-school.

About this time, some of the clergy began to deposit their scanty savings with Mother Caroline. The same was done by many of the thrifty German

housewives, who would sooner entrust their hard-earned pennies to her keeping than to the insecure banks of those days. All this facilitated the necessary purchase of property and the continued erection of the Motherhouse from 1851 to 1867. The confidence with which Mother Caroline inspired all that dealt with her, ever proved her best resource.

CHAPTER II.

Opening of our First School in Wisconsin.—Mother Caroline Teacher at St. Mary's.

January 2nd, 1851, our first school was opened in Wisconsin, under the auspices of the Rt. Rev. Bishop Henni. This was St. Mary's Parochial School in the city of Milwaukee. The Rev. Pastor, Dr. Salzmann, in his own warm-hearted, enthusiastic manner, had announced the Sisters to his congregation, more especially congratulating the children on the advantages thus offered them. Never having seen a Sister, they were full of expectation. One of them, our present Sister M. Chrysologa, Superior of St. Libory's Mission, St. Louis, has given the narrator some interesting accounts, here subjoined:—

“Dr. Salzmann, introduced our new teacher, whose large rosary cross, as it swung by her side, was the first thing to attract our attention. With timid, silent wonder we regarded the stately Sister, as, bright and smiling, she stood before us. Perceiving our curiosity, she presently remarked: “Yes, dear children, take a good look at me, with eyes and mouth open.” Somewhat abashed, the elder pupils cast down their eyes; but the little

ones persisted in scrutinizing their first School Sister, in her black robe with wide sleeves, her strange head-dress and large rosary cross. We were soon at ease, however, for scarcely had Dr. Salzmann withdrawn, when our friendly teacher aroused us from our dumb surprise, and actively began our school-exercises. Naive questions and answers gave evidence how well teacher and pupils understood each other. A new era had begun for these happy school-girls; they were learning, and scarcely knew how; they were simply carried by the zeal of their teacher. Her method was thorough and practical, so well adapted to the capacity of her pupils, that it seemed an easy task for her to teach three grades, then crowded into one room, always keeping those who were not engaged at recitation profitably employed in performing their respective tasks. To enforce discipline among the lively Wisconsin children, was a task that gave Mother Caroline little trouble; for she thoroughly understood the art. She inflicted no corporal chastisement, never touched a child; but always maintained a certain dignified reserve. Her stately demeanor and dark, penetrating eyes were sufficient to insure order. If there ever was any want of attention, her one word, "Silence!" resounding like a peal of thunder, produced such an effect that her pupils scarcely ventured to look up. The kind, warm-hearted teacher herself, at times, interrupted the deep silence, by softly singing :

"Quiet, quiet, still as mice!
Children, that is very nice;
For your teacher wills it so,
And you must obey, you know."

Among the many pretty school-songs Mother Caroline taught us, she was especially fond of this :

'Neath the foliage, dense and green,
Hide the grapes their purple sheen.
Bending lowly in the field,
Golden ears their treasures yield.—
Here the emblem we may view
Of a Christian's virtue true :
Hiding from all show that's vain,
Humble souls have richest gain.

The pious hymn, "Jesus, for Thee I live," Mother Caroline taught us to sing with all the fervor of her heart. She would generally intone it after the opening school-prayer, or after the hour-prayer, and the visible emotion with which she sang, made a lasting impression upon our young hearts.

The first hymns she taught us were: "Jesus, friend of children ; Infant Jesus, come to me ; Hail, Mary, fairest lily ; Hail, sweet Mother, dearest Lady", etc., etc.

The month of May, 1851, afforded Mother Caroline a most favorable opportunity for teaching us to venerate our Heavenly Queen. Her clear, penetrating voice rang out in our gloomy school-building, filling it with an air of joyous devotion. Our Blessed Lady must have rejoiced to hear those fervent strains of praise. We, children, were so enthusiastic, that those whose homes were at a considerable distance, would remain in the school-house without supper, to attend May devotion at 7½ o'clock.

The boarders and candidates also came from the convent, as the little community then had no

chaplain.—It was thus Mother Caroline knew how to combine the most winning kindness with becoming strictness, and the natural result was, that the warm young hearts of her pupils clung to her like tender vines around the hardy trunk, She was humble and condescending without, however, compromising her authority. If, at times, a thoughtless girl passed her without bowing or greeting, she would remind her at once ; but timid children she encouraged with a friendly nod and smile.

One day Mother Caroline told us her father, whom she called Peter, was beatified—a saint in Heaven (alluding to Blessed P. Fourrier). We exchanged looks of astonishment, and regarded our teacher with reverence. At home, we related what we had heard ; but our parents, who then knew very little about the Sisters, could give us no explanation. We began to venerate the Sisters and feel ourselves happy in their presence.

Looming up in the distance, as it were, the bright mirror of the present began to reflect scenes of coming years. Playing the role of Sisters became the chief amusement of St. Mary's pupils. Convent schools were built of desks and benches ; girls, dressed like Sisters, were teaching their classes ; the superioress called, to supervise and examine, to award prizes or punishments.—With visible pleasure Mother Caroline observed the girls in their amusements and even encouraged them with pleasant suggestions. On one of these occasions she sent me, (unknown to the performers) to notify the Rev. Dr. Salzmann that several strange Sisters had come, requesting him to call and see them.

The good Father, taking the message literally, came in haste, and now their fun was at its height. While thus watching us closely, Mother Caroline drew her conclusions, and soon discovered two little Margarets seated at the same desk, who, she felt assured, were to belong to her—and they did belong to her in the persons of Ven. Sisters M. Boniface and M. Chrysologa. They were Mother Caroline's first Milwaukee pupils that entered our congregation.

The energetic teacher showed great tact in removing many an obstacle in her way. A damp and gloomy class-room, with the most scanty furniture, she converted into a pleasant apartment, well fitted out, by having a dark corner partitioned off, to serve as a little dressing-room for the Sisters. This was a very necessary accommodation ; for, at that time, they could not even cross the street in their religious dress. Here, too, they partook of their meager dinner of soup and vegetables brought from the convent in a tin pail and many a hungry little mouse claimed the share of an uninvited guest. At noon-time Mother Caroline staid with us, while the other Sisters were at dinner, and took her portion later. She generally said her office during this interval, walking up and down in our midst, while we were eating our luncheon. Occasionally she would hold out her apron saying : "Give me something, too." Gladly we gave her anything we had with us: bread, cakes, apples, dough-nuts etc., without any further thought than to bring more the next time. I afterwards learned that our dear Mother took these eatables home for

her Sisters, lest there should be nothing provided for supper. Even we, school-girls, were deeply impressed with her spirit of poverty and self-denial, so many examples of which we beheld later on, when Sisters, during her long career.

At the close of the scholastic year 1851, Mother Caroline held her first examination and distribution of premiums in the presence of the Rt. Rev. Bishop, several priests, and as many others as could be accommodated in our school apartments. Her deportment was natural and serious, without embarrassment or diffidence. She did not seat her pupils according to their standing in class, so as not to discourage the weaker, and to excite emulation among them all. The first premium, a large prayer-book in red binding, she laid upon a table, where it was visible to all the pupils.

We fixed our eyes upon the beautiful book, and the attraction it offered showed the cleverness of our teacher. Fortunately, one of the two Margarets won the prize, and several years later brought the coveted book with her to the convent. Thus far Sister Chrysologa.

Mother Caroline was a model school-teacher, eminently qualified for instructing and training children. As she herself had been a child—naïve, natural, ingenuous—in the full sense of the word, she thoroughly understood the nature of children; moreover, the genuine pedagogical education she had received from her uncle, as also from Father Siegert, later on, gave her the unerring tact and efficiency of an enlightened educator.

It was, above all, her ardent, faith-inspired love

of children that gained their hearts and exercised an irresistible influence over their affections. Through loving kindness and quiet, gentle firmness, she easily effected what others could not accomplish with severity and punishments. Already in 1847, when the Sisters had taken charge of St. Alphonsus' School in Baltimore, "It was Sister Caroline," as Sister Josephine informs us, "who especially attracted the pupils. Our hearts were thrilled with joy as often as the announcement was made, 'Sister Caroline is here.' At each visit, she taught us a new song, expressing her pleasure with our efforts and the progress we had made in our studies. At the close of school in 1850, Sister Caroline, attended our examination, which was held July 19th. My father having been buried the day previous, I was dressed in mourning. Some of the pupils' parents had sent dinner for Sister Caroline and our teachers. Our good Mother, noticing that I could not eat, sought to cheer me, giving me a rosary formed of raisins and little cakes. Not until then did she take her own dinner. Thus did Mother Caroline unconsciously attract young girls and inspire them with the wish to become Sisters. Among the first pupils at St. Alphonsus' School no fewer than nine became members of our congregation.'"

CHAPTER III.

Uncommon Difficulties in Milwaukee.—Mother Caroline Equal to the Occasion.

Difficulties were soon to arise in Milwaukee, within and without the Motherhouse, which, next to the divine protection, demanded all the courage and prudence of a Mother Caroline, to ward off their dangerous influences from the young sisterhood. Had the little community been in charge of a superior easily confused and intimidated, we may well believe, it would have been disbanded.—Milwaukee was at that time a veritable nest of free-thinkers. The so-called Forty-eighters fairly reveled in their impieties. Everything sacred and religious was shamefully ridiculed in their meetings, processions and, especially, their scurrilous pamphlets. Dr. Salzmann, who courageously attacked them, with glowing eloquence, from the pulpit of St. Mary's Church, was a special object of their hatred and blasphemous tactics. St. Mary's Convent on the Hill, steadily increasing its dimensions, also provoked their spleen, and, more in particular, the Venerable Superioress who was daily rising in the esteem of all well-disposed persons, both within and without the City. Their bitter animosity is obvious from the fact that, in 1854, when the plan was drawn for the new convent chapel on Knapp Street, Bishop Henni advised Mother Caroline not to have large church-windows, but two rows of ordinary windows, one above the other, as if in two stories. This precaution he considered necessary for the safety of the building,

because there was reason to fear it would be bombarded by the radicals, if it had the appearance of a church. Whenever they could offer the convent any insult, they would spare no pains to do so. Their noisy parades, amid shouts of obscene language and vile scoffs, would often arouse the poor inmates from their nightly repose. Some of their ribaldry was too mean and low even to allow of any mention. The following will suffice to give some idea of their vulgar abuse: One day, they led a cow about in riotous procession, and, halting below the convent windows, one of the sacriligious ruffians baptized the beast with mock solemnity, amid the boisterous jeers of the crowd. Three times little foundlings were laid on the convent door-steps. Two finely clad gentlemen called one day and desired to see the Superioress in the parlor. Mother Caroline answered their call behind the grate. With an air of refined courtesy, they began to order altar-cloths and other articles for church service. But one of them soon betrayed himself by inquiring how much the *silk* for the altar-cloths would cost; besides, Mother Caroline noticed while the one was seeking to engage her attention, the other was slyly making attempts at drawing. She at once perceived the design of these pamphlet agents, and dismissed them in a manner which frustrated every hope of obtaining a caricature for their filthy journals. In spite of all these molestations, Mother Caroline succeeded in quieting the fears of her community and maintaining peaceful order. Besides her courage and firmness, she possessed two other happy qualities

which gave her perfect control over the hearts and minds of her subjects. These were her solid, enlightened piety and her imperturbable cheerfulness. Free from all morbid and affected forms of piety, Mother Caroline was a woman of prayer, particularly of meditation, mental prayer. Great was her devotion to the Most Holy Sacrament, to the Passion of Christ and to our Blessed Lady; and zealously she fostered these devotions in the hearts of the young. In those early years, she usually came to the Novitiate two or three times a week, at 7½ P. M., to hold conferences with her beloved novices, instructing them in mental prayer, making meditations with them, or requiring them to make such aloud, etc. She also conducted the same exercises with the candidates. Mother Caroline would not tolerate any long, sad faces. She herself was so cheerful, always ready to pass a pleasant joke, relate an amusing anecdote or make some humorous remark, that, even in her latest years, she was wont to say: "Oh! I, in my old age, can make more fun than fifty of our young folks." When all were full of life and glee, particularly the young candidates, she was highly pleased.

One of those who entered the convent at an early date, writes as follows: Mother Caroline was delighted when we were cheerful; she even took part in our merry-making. When we had disguised ourselves during the Carnival Days, and I played the role of Mother Caroline, giving her orders and treating her as *my subject*, she enjoyed the joke, especially, when I succeeded in imitating her manners. In the course of the day, Bishop Henni

called. Mother instructed the portress to announce the illustrious visitor to me, the quasi-superior. After paying my respects to the prelate, I addressed her as Sister Caroline, requesting her to entertain His Lordship in my name, and assuring her I would be pleased with anything she might do for him. "Bravo! bravo!" cried our good Mother, heartily applauding and, turning to the Bishop, who also enjoyed the joke, she remarked: "We must let these young folks have their fun."

All these happy qualities which enabled her to win the hearts of her subjects and tranquilize their minds, more especially exerted their beneficial influence in a season of trials that gave rise to still greater alarm and confusion among the inmates of St. Mary's. This visitation lasted from December 8th, feast of the Immaculate Conception, 1854, to February 2nd, Candlemas-Day, 1855. There were maleficent, ghostlike manifestations in the house, of which the convent chronicle gives the following account:—"Four years the Sisters had cheerfully endured the privations and hardships of poverty, drawing down the blessing of God upon their labors, when their courage and constancy were to be sorely tried by affliction of quite a peculiar nature. On the beautiful feast of the Immaculate Conception, 1854, that memorable year in which it was declared a dogma of faith by Pius IX., this mysterious visitation began. Our Rev. Chaplain, Antony Urbanek, a devout servant of Mary, closed the solemnity of the day with special evening devotions. But, it appears, the old serpent, whose head had been crushed anew, as it were, on this

day of Mary's triumph, sought to vent his fury upon this new institute devoted to the special veneration of the Immaculate Virgin. At the conclusion of the solemnity, when the candidates retired for the night, they found their beds wet. On other evenings grooves formed in their paillasses or pillows, were filled with water; night-caps, too, were filled and standing up with their contents, while nothing else was wet. In the wardrobes, ordure of animals was found mixed with hair, and so offensive was the odor of the clothing they contained, that it could not be worn. Putrid water often trickled down from the ceiling upon the sleeping candidates. Sometimes a call-bell in the apartments below was violently rung during the night, or a hand-bell, in the room, moved up and down.

At other times, things lying upon the table flew about the room. Frequently the candidates received a violent box on the ear from an invisible hand, and similar treatment was inflicted on the house-dog, which caused him to run away whining and howling. New garments were often found torn into shreds, scarcely an inch in width, and wound up in a mass.

Five loaves of kneaded dough, disappearing from the bakery, were afterwards found swimming in the cistern. One morning, when the Rev. Chaplain was about to begin Holy Mass, the wax candles vanished from the altar. They were found burning, standing upright in the frozen pit of the closet, several feet below the seat.

In the kitchen, too, strange things happened.

The general consternation increased from day to day. Father Urbanek had recourse to prayer and benedictions, in order to protect the candidates from these evil assaults; but when there was a cessation in one place, new visitations began in another. One day, when Bishop Henni called at the convent, a bundle of clothing torn to shreds was brought to him for inspection. The pious and enlightened prelate exclaimed: "Truly, the evil spirit seeks to destroy your candidature. Take heed, lest there be among your own number some medium through which he is at work. This really proved to be the case. A candidate, among whose relatives there were many free-masons, was to have wedded one of these. She, however, entered the convent, and, it appears, her rejected suitor succeeded in turning the powers of evil against the community.

It was singular that the filthy water trickling from the dormitory ceiling upon the beds of other candidates, never reached her own, nor was she molested in anyway, while others were with her. Sudden indisposition often obliged her to leave the oratory during night-prayer, or she fell into a swoon, requiring assistance to reach the sleeping apartments. On such evenings there was always some evil done. The unfortunate girl herself complained of certain abuses she suffered from the evil one, even alleging that she saw him; but this was always when alone. Finally, the Rt. Rev. Bishop gave orders to dismiss her, whereupon tranquillity, peace and joy again prevailed in the convent sphere. The happy day on which this was effected was a feast of our Blessed Mother—Candlemas.

On her homeward journey, the free-mason suitor of the dismissed candidate unexpectedly came to meet her, and, joyfully embracing her, exclaimed: "Now, I have you again!" Such was the case, indeed; for not long afterwards they were married, but their union was a very unhappy one, as she herself informed the Sisters."

It was really necessary to have a person like Mother Caroline at the head of the community in these troublous times, more in particular, as Rev. Father Urbanek, though pious, learned and faithful, was not the man to extend any special help, on account of his nervous temperament. Bishop Henni, however, offered Mother Caroline his efficient aid. Under his prudent direction, she succeeded so well in quieting and reassuring the candidates, that none of them left the convent, although many a one declared she could endure these molestations no longer.

Not long after this visitation, other mysterious manifestations began to agitate the religious, though not in so terrifying a manner; they rather exercised a beneficial influence.

In the year 1856, shortly after the upper oratory had been blessed, choir-prayer was heard, in the midnight hours, before the altar on which the Most Holy Sacrament reposed. On high festivals, particularly during the octave of All Saints, this was a regular occurrence. In responsive choirs, sweet, soft voices recited anthems of praise to the Most Holy Sacrament and the Immaculate Virgin, or devout prayers for the poor souls. These were so distinct and audible, that there could be no

delusion. Mother Caroline often made investigations to ascertain whether all the inmates of the house were in bed, and found no one missing. But there was something so awe-inspiring in those unearthly strains that not even she ventured to enter the oratory. All was, otherwise, quiet—nothing heard but prayer. This continued for several years.

Fear gradually subsided and gave way to confidence; for Bishop Henni and Mother Caroline succeeded in convincing the Sisters that no evil powers could be engaged in these devout and soul-stirring prayers. In the course of time, Sisters were wont simply to say: "The poor souls are praying again." "And," said Mother Caroline in making these statements, "they endeavored all the more to be good and dutiful." She herself regarded these mysterious occurrences as an exhortation to continual prayer before the Most Holy Sacrament. In fact, it gave rise to her idea of establishing the Perpetual Adoration, which, from that time forth, was the one ardent desire of her heart—ever more fondly cherished. To realize it, in some degree, she appointed hours of private devotion, for one or more Sisters, which, in course of time, became an uninterrupted adoration of the Most Holy Sacrament, at least, during the day-time. It was, with the hope of fully carrying out her design, that she built a convent at Hokah, Minn. in 1867. When, however, it became evident that the place was not adapted to this purpose, she, by no means, abandoned her project. As proof of this, stands the Chapel of Perpetual Adoration in the Mother-

house, just completed before her death. In this beautiful chapel, the crowning point of all her undertakings, we behold the result of that mysterious choir-prayer in the oratory,—as Mother Caroline herself assured the narrator.

CHAPTER IV.

Founding of the Motherhouse, Day-School, St. Mary's Institute, and the Aspirants' Department.—Mother Caroline in Relation to Institutes and Parochial Schools.—She Gives her Congregation the Character of a Missionary Order. Schools for Boys.

When Mother Caroline came to Milwaukee, Rt. Rev. Rishop Henni had purchased a dwelling for the Sisters, on the corner of Milwaukee and Knapp Streets, with the money donated by King Louis of Bavaria. This was the two-story house of a Protestant minister. It was well built for that period, but it was only 36x32 feet in dimension. Its principal ornaments—though of a rather doubtful nature—consisted of four chimneys, one at each corner; hence it was known as “The House with Four Chimneys.” The ground occupied two lots, accordingly, but one twelfth of the present tract on which the Motherhouse is built. The beautiful hill was still quite wild, dotted by a little house here and there. On the south side—Knapp Street—stood two handsome brickhouses. As the Bishop urged Mother Caroline to open a select school, she felt obliged, notwithstanding her poverty, to build an addition to the convent on Knapp Street. In



The Motherhouse in Milwaukee,
as far as completed, by Mother Caroline, in 1862 (Southwest view).

these apartments the highly cultured Sister Emmanuela opened a day-school. The most prominent citizens; as, the Juneaus, Johnsons, Furlongs, Hathaways, Baasens, Greulichs, Hoffmanns, etc. sent their daughters.

The question where to establish the Motherhouse had not, as yet, been decided. Bishop Henni proposed the purchase of a farm at St. Francis' Station, or a place near his cemetery on the present Grand Avenue; but Mother Caroline had a great preference for the hill on which the little convent stood, fondly calling it St. Mary's Hill. The question was necessarily referred to the Generalate in Munich, which was very dilatory, however, in granting a decision, in fact, never did give any definite answer. Our energetic Mother was, consequently, obliged to act upon her own responsibility in this matter. The community was steadily growing, the day-school progressing, with an increase of attendance; more and more applications were made to receive boarding-pupils. Thus it became necessary, in 1852, to build a new addition to that of 1851, as Mother had begun to admit boarders in the fall of this year. One little house after the other was purchased, till, toward the opening of 1855, the half block from Milwaukee Street to the east-side alley belonged to the Sisters—unpaid, however.

Finally, the two brick-houses above mentioned were offered for sale. Mother Caroline was anxious to obtain them, for she clearly saw that half a block would not answer her purpose. She applied to Munich for the required permission, but again

she was obliged to anticipate the reply. The Bishop, to whom she referred the matter, encouraged her to proceed in her undertaking, telling her that officers in the time of war are often obliged to act without awaiting the command of their general. But how was she to raise the large sum of \$11,000 required for the purchase, without adding to the large debt already contracted? Unexpectedly, assistance was offered by the Betzolt family, whose three daughters had already been entrusted to Mother Caroline. These were our present Sister M. Boniface, Superior of St. Mary's Institute at Quincy; Sister M. Cunigunda, directress of the aspirants in the motherhouse, and the deceased Sister M. Gisela, who were followed, some time later, by their elder Sister, M. Barbara. Mr. Betzolt placed at Mother's disposal the sum realized by the sale of his city property, amounting to \$11,000! Thus was she enabled to purchase the two brick-houses and utilize them, in part, for the boarding pupils, whose number was steadily increasing. When further additions were made to the convent building, these houses were torn down and the material used. Mother Caroline did not secure the entire block before 1870. In 1861, '62 and '64 the work of extending the Motherhouse was carried on most actively, under the supervision of Rev. Father Krautbauer, who was as fond of building as he was schooled in the art.

In the boarding-school, composed of pupils of different religious persuasions, as is almost necessarily the case in this country, our far-seeing Mother formed a separate department of only

Catholic pupils, among whose number some of our most competent Sisters received their education. These young girls attended class with the other boarders, but they were inured to a plainer and simpler mode of life, taking part, moreover, in certain religious exercises adapted to their age and position in the house. Mother Caroline bestowed her special care upon them, receiving many a one gratis, if specially talented and virtuous.

When, in 1886, want of room in the Convent rendered it necessary to discontinue the boarding-school, this department was retained. Already in 1853 six, among thirty-three boarding-pupils, belonged to this class.

"In 1854," as one of them writes," we received the name of aspirants, which made us feel quite important. After our little plays, in the presence of the community, we would seat ourselves at Mother's feet, and great was our joy to receive her tokens of maternal affection, together with the sweet-meats she was wont to give us. When she was about to withdraw, we would cling to her arms, till she reached the cloister-door, saying, "No farther now, until you have grown up." With a reverent kiss of her hand, we bade her good night, eagerly looking forward to that happy time. In those pleasant years, Rev. Mother and Ven. Sister Emmanuela often were engaged at embroidering sacred vestments, banners, etc. in our apartments. When there was an unusual pressure of work, we were allowed to stand beside their large frames, splitting silk and crewel for them, threading their needles, etc. What a pleasure for us! and

how we teased Rev. dear Mother for the candidate's bonnet! Many a good admonition we would receive on these occasions, and many a maternal chiding for our mischievous tricks. Oh! those delightful days of yore!"

In the course of years, Mother Caroline also established boarding-schools in Baltimore, Govans-town, Quincy, Prairie du Chien, Washington Heights, Chatawa, Marinette, etc. She considered these institutions a necessity, and justly so. The reputation of a teaching order demands them, more especially in this country. As she never did things by halves, she was determined to have them thoroughly equipped and flourishing. It was not her wish, however, to open many institutes; hence she refused numerous applications of this kind, no matter how advantageous the offer might be. She thought these establishments required too many subjects that might be more profitably employed for the general benefit of Catholic youth in parochial schools. On every occasion, she most emphatically declared parochial schools and orphan asylums to be the providential sphere of a School Sister's vocation; that not to act upon this principle were to deviate from the spirit of their blessed founders and the special duty assigned them by Divine Providence. For this reason she was most willing to take charge of parochial schools and orphanages, as far as the number of subjects at her disposal warranted. As the School Sisters were the first German religious in this country, and the Redemptorist Fathers gave them charge of the parochial schools in their large congregations,

they, of course, in subsequent years, had the largest city-schools, especially in the East. From this circumstance, some took occasion to censure Mother Caroline, as though she cared nothing for smaller, poorer missions, being too proud or avaricious to take charge of such. To think or speak thus of Mother Caroline, was really doing her an injustice. A number of small branch-houses annually received their sustenance and cash from the Motherhouse. The narrator does not believe that Mother Caroline ever gave up a single school for want of sufficient salary, unless she was clearly convinced that just claims of the Sisters were withheld through ill will. To place all her Sisters in charge of large schools, would have been an easy matter for her, so numerous were the applications made; but, besides the larger and more profitable schools in charge of the Sisters, she wished to have a number of the poorer and smaller, and this, by no means, to keep up appearances, but simply to remain faithful to the spirit of the founders of her congregation. Indeed, Mother Caroline was little subject to the weakness of concerning herself about appearances and the opinion of others.

A pastor desirous of obtaining Sisters, not being acquainted with Mother Caroline, consulted the Sister Superior of a neighboring mission as to what he should write to the Rev. Mother, in order to secure a speedy compliance with his request. "Oh!" said the Sister, "just tell our Mother your children are poor and greatly neglected, then you will most easily succeed."—On another occasion,

when Sisters, destined for a poor mission, first entered the wretched building that served as a church, the priest with deep emotion cried out from the altar: "A thousand thanks to Thee, O Lord, for sending our children Sisters who have not disdained our poor and abject colony." This was in 1878. Within late years, Mother Caroline took charge of several schools, from which she could scarcely expect even what was most necessary for the support of the Sisters. In 1886 she accepted an exceedingly poor mission on the simple condition that the congregation would have a well dug near the Sisters' house, lest they would have to go too far, to get water. The same year, she took charge of an Indian mission, when there was no prospect of getting any support from the government, although such was obtained later. Had this not been the case, however, she would have been just as well pleased to leave the Sisters in charge of the school.

How noble and unselfish her motives were, in seeking to render her community beneficial to the greatest number of souls possible, is evident, moreover, from the measures she took to constitute it a missionary order.

Notwithstanding her half French origin, Mother Caroline was a genuine German. Her education was thoroughly Teutonic. Her first Sister-companions were Germans. Called to America by German religious, the Sisters were chiefly destined for the education of German children in the New World. But all these considerations could not render her narrow-minded, with a leaning to

nationalism. She surveyed the new field before her and understood the labor it required. It was not vain ambition to become the foundress of a religious society, numbering hundreds—yes, over two thousand members—that prompted her to open our convent portals to young girls of different nationalities; no, it was tender love and compassion for so many neglected children. One of her first Sisters in Milwaukee was a half-breed Indian. To all, without distinction—Irish, French and Bohemian Sisters, she was the same loving, faithful mother.

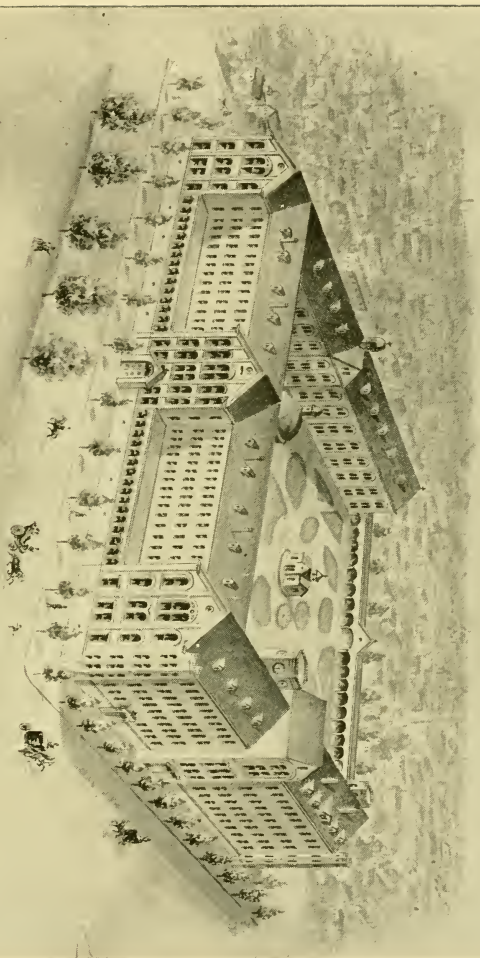
When, in the sixties, thousands of persecuted Poles began to flock to America, they soon found in Mother Caroline a truly noble friend. Well-behaved, talented girls of this nation were received and educated gratis, to take charge of Polish schools established chiefly in Milwaukee and Chicago. While these people were struggling with poverty, in the beginning, Mother Caroline was not at all concerned for any remuneration of the services rendered them. Her sole desire was to lend assistance where it was most needed. She had, indeed, the satisfaction to receive a really enthusiastic veneration from the noble-minded Poles—the clergy, as well as the laity—in return for her charity and generosity. Mother Caroline was one of those noble souls that desire to become all to all, through the holiest of motives, to gain souls for Christ.—For this reason she was willing also to take charge of boys' schools, from the beginning. She saw the indispensable necessity of thus extending the sphere of her community's

labor, if thousands upon thousands of boys were not to be deprived of Christian education in a country where, even to the present day, there is no organized body of Catholic male teachers. But she would not have her Sisters place any obstacles in the way of secular teachers; on the contrary, she exerted all her influence with bishops and priests to engage them, at least, in the higher classes of boys.

CHAPTER V.

Faithful Assistance.—Father Urbanek.—Father Krautbauer.—Dr. Salzmann and Others.

As before stated, Mother Caroline, during the fifties had many difficulties to contend with, from sources without and within the Motherhouse, that served as severest tests of her ability, prudence and constancy. Her extraordinary qualities, as we have seen, were fully equal to these trying difficulties; but truth and justice—not to say Mother Caroline's own gratitude—prompt us, also to state that she was favored with kindest assistance of most efficient men. First of all, and under all circumstances, Bishop Henni was her fatherly friend and counsellor. In his unassuming, pleasant way, he always claimed to have been the first chaplain of Notre Dame Convent. His unceasing love and fatherly interest in the community, of course, won for him the undying gratitude and deepest veneration of our noble-minded Mother. Gratitude was ever one of the most beautiful traits of her character.



The Milwaukee Motherhouse, 1892.

Up to March 1st, 1851, the Rt. Rev. Bishop personally performed all priestly functions in the poor little convent-chapel, as far as possible. But it was his constant solicitude to provide the Sisters with an able spiritual director. His efforts met with success in securing the services of Rev. Father Urbanek, a very learned and pious priest. He was also a virtuoso in music and a composer of great merit. As is generally the case with genuine musicians, Father Urbanek was very nervous and excitable. In his theological views, he inclined to rigorism. To get along with him, was not an easy matter ; but our prudent and clever-minded Mother succeeded admirably. She only regarded the great ability and holy zeal of this servant of God, well knowing how to yield, and to accommodate herself to his views, if even a little storm did arise, now and then. As she herself had a cultivated taste for music, she made it her concern to have several young Sisters thoroughly instructed by Father Urbanek in this fine art. Thus she laid the foundation, for time to come, of the School Sisters' now generally acknowledged competency as music-teachers. The fine compositions of this zealous instructor,—for instance, his sequences for Easter and Pentecost, his Latin and German hymns, were so highly valued by Mother Caroline that they shall forever occupy a prominent place in the School Sisters' repertory,—they will continue to live among the traditions left by Mother Caroline. His priestly zeal and strict ascetic tendency were of great service to our Mother in directing young religious. If occasionally, his ardor inflicted a

wound upon some weak soul, she knew how to apply a healing balm, without, however, detracting from the priest's authority. She employed every means to encourage these young religious in their struggle to attain the ideals he proposed.

To mediate, appease, prop the bruised reed—encourage and cheer,—were admirable endowments of Mother Caroline. Every Sister found a strong support in her, without being spoiled or pampered, however. She was a mother as good and kind as she was prudent and firm.

Father Urbanek's successor was Rev. Fr. Xavier Krautbauer, a practical man in every respect, of noblest disposition. His assistance was valuable to Rev. Mother, especially in extending the Motherhouse-buildings. As practical schoolman and catechist, he rendered distinguished service. His candid, upright mind, honest and trusty character, could but exert a most beneficial influence in forming the character of the young. His cheerful and amiable deportment won for him the general love and respect of the convent-pupils. He was quick-tempered, it is true, but his anger only lasted a moment; in fact, he could not be angry with any one, and no one could be angry with him. Mother Caroline thoroughly understood his character; and it is difficult to say which was greater, her grateful veneration for the good Father, afterwards Bishop of Green Bay, or his faithful devotedness to the School Sisters, more especially the Lady Superior, as he was wont to call her.

Besides these excellent men, who, in virtue of their office, rendered Mother Caroline the most

efficacious assistance, there were others upon whose kindly aid she could rely under all circumstances, and whom she ever held in grateful remembrance. She had the good fortune to number the most distinguished priests of Wisconsin among her faithful friends—men who took the deepest interest in this courageous and sorely-tried Superioress. Chief among them, was the never-to-be-forgotten Dr. Salzmann, of whom she still spoke in her last illness, styling him, “The best man in the world.” A letter to Rev. Jos. Rainer, Rector of the Salesianum, when in 1876 he wrote his model biography, “Dr. Salzmann’s Life and Labor,” is not only a testimonial of the Doctor’s friendship for Mother Caroline, but the noblest expression of her gratitude in return. “Since 1850,” writes Mother Caroline, “I have known Dr. Salzmann as friend and patron of the School Sisters. While teaching at St. Mary’s School, I first learned to know and esteem him as a friend of children and an excellent catechist. Although a learned theologian, he knew how to adapt himself, with admirable patience and condescension, to the capacity of little ones, so that even the dullest among them could understand his explanation of Christian doctrine. His benevolence and kindness of heart, I experienced on different occasions. As every beginning is difficult we, too, had to struggle with great poverty when establishing our home in Milwaukee. On the Eve of All Saints, 1851, it happened that our shopper asked me in his presence what to get for the kitchen. I was obliged to say: “We must be content with bread and

potatoes to-morrow ; for there is no money in the house." 'No ; that will not do,' quickly protested Dr. Salzmänn. 'On the feast of All Saints you must have meat,' and he generously handed me a dollar out of his own slender purse, which I could not refuse.

During our first years at Milwaukee, he was our ordinary confessor. Our convent festivities were often enhanced by his presence and his inspired sermons ; and when the first School Sister died, he delivered a funeral sermon in the graveyard, so impressive, that, forthwith, two young maidens, abandoned the world and begged admission into our Order. I also witnessed his great frugality and humility. On returning from his laborious missionary journeys or business enterprises, hungry and exhausted, he would modestly beg for a little refreshment and cheerfully content himself with a meager repast. Even bread-crumbs he prized as a gift of God, not to be wasted. Through Dr. Salzmänn's influence, we obtained Rev. Father Urbanek, as our Spiritual Director ; and when, in 1858, this good Father lost his life by the explosion of the steamer "Pennsylvania," Dr. Salzmänn hastened to the convent, like a consoling angel, to pray and weep for his departed friend at the foot of the tabernacle,—to comfort the Sisters and to exhort them to be resigned to the holy will of God. Even myself, sorely tried and afflicted, he encouraged and cheered, bidding me to adore the designs of Providence in preserving me for continued labor in the interests of our congregation, while the pious Father Urbanek, so well prepared for death, was summoned to his eternal reward.

In this bereavement, the Rev. Rector Heiss and Dr. Salzmann endeavored to send us spiritual succor from the seminary. Desirous of obtaining Rev. Father Krautbauer as our chaplain, we had long importuned the Rt. Rev. Bishop Timon of Buffalo, but in vain. Again Dr. Salzmann was our friend in need, generously traveling to Buffalo, to plead our cause with the Bishop, which he did so perseveringly that the favor was, finally, granted, and Rev. F. X. Krautbauer became our Spiritual Father. Oh! that our amiable friend and patron were still among the living! But his labor of love and zeal for the glory of God is accomplished. May he rest in peace, enjoying the eternal bliss of Heaven!"

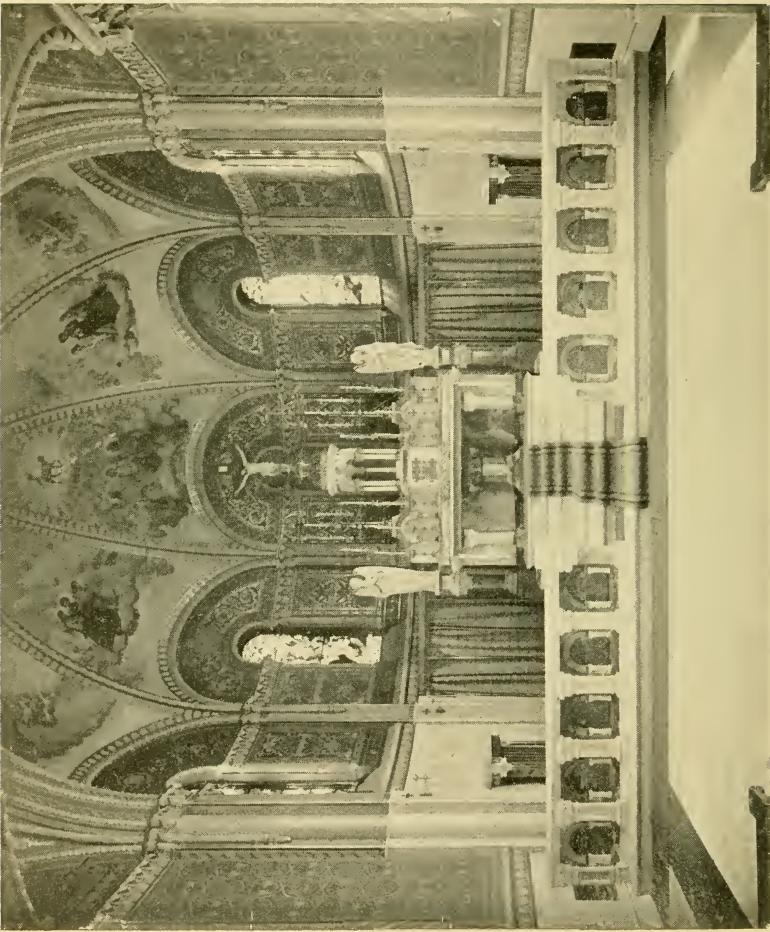
Together with Dr. Salzmann, others here deserve mention, especially the first rector of the Salesianum, the late Most Rev. Michael Heiss, Archbishop of Milwaukee,—Father Stanislaus Lalumiere, S. J.,—Father Fabian, pioneer of the Capuchin Order in Wisconsin, the Very Rev. Fathers Francis Haas, Bonaventure Frey, Anthony Rottensteiner. In other parts of the country there were also numbers to whom Mother Caroline was gratefully devoted;—The Rt. Rev. Boniface Wimmer, Arch-abbot of St. Vincent's, Pa.,—the saintly Redemptorist Jno. Nep. Neumann,—Rev. Fathers Helmprecht, Anwander, Seelos, Ruland, Mueller, Hespelein, Holzer, Schauer, Loewekamp and others of the same congregation; among the Franciscans, especially the able school-man, Father Mauritius Klostermann, and the learned and pious Father Innocent Wappelhorst.

Nor should the renowned Jesuit missionary, Rev. F. X. Weninger, be forgotten, who, on his missions, more than once exerted his influence in behalf of the School Sisters, and scarcely ever passed through Milwaukee without paying a visit to Mother Caroline.

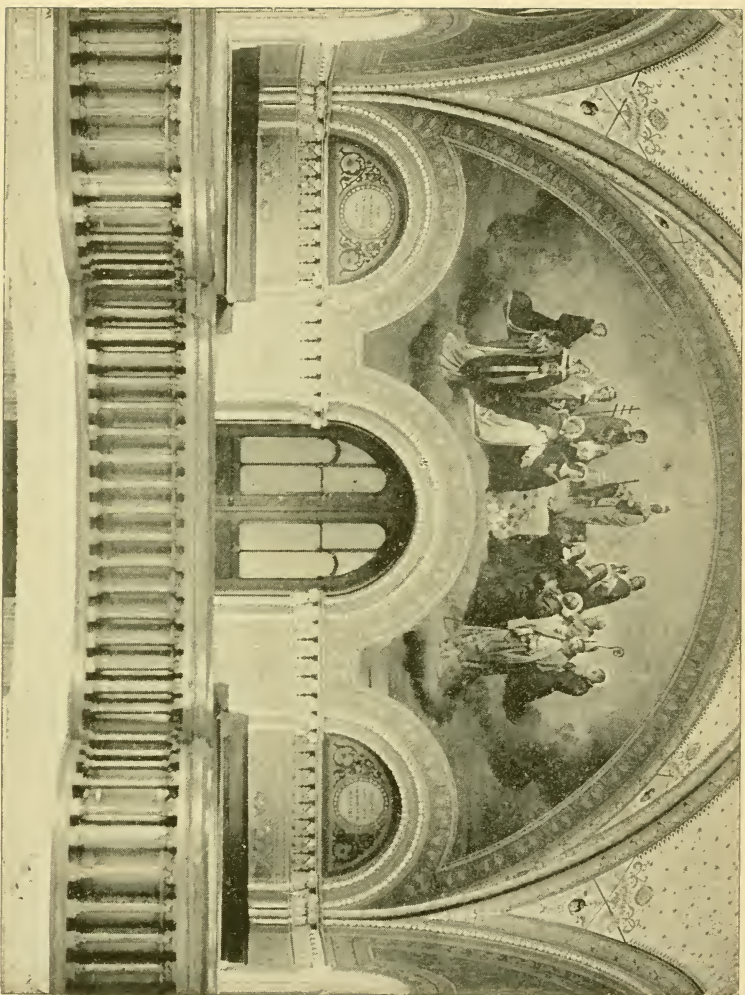
CHAPTER VI.

The Motherhouse Chapel.—Chapel of Perpetual Adoration.—Mother Caroline's Zeal for the House of God.

A very joyful event for Mother Caroline and her growing community was the completion of the Convent Chapel and its solemn dedication, Oct. 2nd, 1855, by Rt. Rev. Bishop Henni. In her tender devotion to the holy angels, she had requested the Bishop to perform this ceremony on the feast of The Holy Guardian Angels, and to give the chapel the name, "St. Mary's of the Holy Angels." Her wish was fulfilled. As all the religious Receptions and Professions were to be held in this Chapel, it was especially dear to Mother Caroline. The more her means allowed it, the more richly did she adorn this cherished sanctuary from year to year; but not before the eighties, could she succeed in thoroughly renovating the interior of the building. This she did with so much zeal and at such expense, that the sacred place, though not of any considerable architectural beauty, was rendered one of the most pleasing and attractive chapels in this country. Ingenious as her mind ever was in designing devotion-inspiring decorations, she heeded not the criticism of too much crowding,



Sanctuary of the Adoration Chapel, built by Mother Caroline.



Gallery Front of the Adoration Chapel.



occasionally uttered by those of plainer taste. The chief ornaments consist of the fourteen stations of the Way of the Cross, along the lower range of the walls ; above these, the mysteries of the Holy Rosary painted on panels by the Sisters ; statues of patron saints, especially those representing the different nationalities of which the Order is composed, standing beneath rich canopies between the windows ; a beautiful gallery front with paintings of St. Cecilia, St. Gregory the Great, and David, the royal psalmist.

The walls and ceiling are inlaid with the finest kinds of wood. The little altar on the Gospel side displays a mounted picture of the Perpetual Succor, serving, at the same time, as a pedestal for the beautiful statue of the Sacred Heart. On the Epistle side, a statue of St. Joseph, surmounting a picture of St. Theresa, so highly venerated by Mother Caroline, invites to devotion. But the chief object of her zeal was the sanctuary. She spared no expense in its ornamentations : the floor, inlaid with wood mosaics ; costly relief-work surmounting the two side doors ; beautiful paintings, in particular, the magnificent picture above the rich altar, built in correct artistic style. She expended over \$15,000 in this renovation of the ConventChapel.—Her zeal was not confined to the Motherhouse, however ; she was equally concerned for our institutes and other branch-houses in which we have chapels of our own, always requiring the Sisters to furnish and trim them as beautifully as possible.

Even during the last weeks of her life she was

greatly concerned for the building of a chapel at Govanstown near Baltimore, Md. In our institute there, the Sisters had, indeed, appropriated some of the finest apartments to chapel purposes, and furnished them in a very creditable manner; but, after all, they were ordinary rooms. At the farewell visit of Ven. Mothers Theophila and Clara, the dying Commissary General gave orders that a beautiful chapel should be built without delay. When, in the course of a few weeks, the plans for the building arrived, she inspected them with the greatest interest, and dictated further orders with her wonted clearness and precision.

Our sainted Mother was, indeed, possessed of true zeal for the house of God. Through love for the Most Holy Sacrament and veneration for our Blessed Lady, she was prepared for any sacrifice. Her maternal affection for the Sisters, moreover, had a great share in this solicitude for their convent chapels.

She required the Sisters to have plain houses and tolerated no furniture inconsistent with religious simplicity and poverty, excepting, at the most, those apartments accessible to externs; as, the reception rooms, study and exhibition halls etc., in order to comply with the requirements of society. But it was always her will that the dwelling of our Savior should be rendered dear and attractive to the Sisters even by its external beauty.

"I know not how it comes," remarked Mother Caroline during her last illness," my thoughts are always in the chapel, not in the oratory. As the

Blessed Sacrament was not only kept in the chapel, but also in the oratory, where she had usually received Holy Communion with the Sisters and joined in the devotions of the community, it was quite clear to us why, after all, her spirit rather wandered to the chapel, from her couch of pain, and loved to dwell there. It was the memory of the holy scenes witnessed in that chapel and the solemn events there celebrated, that drew her so forcibly. For thirty-seven years the Receptions and Professions of her spiritual daughters had been held there. For thirty-seven years, hundreds and hundreds of them had assembled there to engage in the exercises of the annual retreat, thus to renew and fortify themselves in spirit for the laborious duties of their vocation. Hundreds of times had she gone forth from that chapel, usually surrounded by a great number of the community, after imploring grace and strength for her distant and wearisome visitation-journeys; and just as often had she, on her return, directed her first steps toward this cherished sanctuary, to offer a fervent prayer of thanksgiving, in the midst of her Sisters. Heaven alone has numbered the long, silent hours she spent in this chapel, kneeling in her little corner, not unfrequently till late at night. No wonder that during her illness her spirit, by day and night, still lingered in that sacred place, so vastly important to herself and her community.

The Chapel of Perpetual Adoration, Mother Caroline was not to see in its completion. This was, indeed, a painful disappointment for her, but she bore it with cheerful resignation. "I shall soon

behold something more beautiful than your pet," she remarked one day to the narrator, with a pleasant smile.

While she was away on her last visitation to New Orleans, he had had the beautiful communion-railing put up, hoping to surprise her on her return; but, alas! it was too late. A dream she related one morning, gives evidence of her longing to see this dear chapel once more. "The Sisters had brought me as far as the Mater Dolorosa Chapel. I had merely some wrappings about me, as I could not be fully dressed. While stopping here, we suddenly heard approaching steps and voices. You (the narrator) and a few other gentlemen were about to enter the chapel. "O Sisters," said I, "hide me in the confessional; for I am not fully dressed." They complied, and there I was seated in the confessional! Presently you advanced toward me, and—oh! such a fright! I awoke—and that was the end of my visit to the Adoration Chapel."

Although she had several years previous, given over the charge of completing the Chapel to the narrator, she continued to take the most active interest in all that pertained to it. The cherished wish of her life was fulfilled—her heart's prayer, answered. Friends that loved and revered her, had taken pleasure in offering contributions—large and small—toward erecting the expensive building. Thus it was rendered, on the one hand, a token of veneration for the dear departed, and, on the other, her gift of thanksgiving for all the blessings received during her life. Besides the

spiritual temple of her religious congregation, the Adoration Chapel shall forever stand, as we hope, a beautiful monument to her own pious zeal and the veneration of those whose names are registered among the benefactors of the Chapel. The donations she received amounted to more than forty-thousand dollars. With this sum it was completed and paid. If, nevertheless, the narrator destines the net profits of this book for the Adoration Chapel, he does so with the intention of furnishing the sacred edifice with a number of articles still wanting and which should be of a quality worthy of this lovely shrine and its sublime purpose. Charitable gifts for its further adornment will be gratefully accepted as tributes to the memory of Mother Caroline.

A few remarks on the chief motives that actuated Mother Caroline in the erection of the Adoration Chapel, may not be inconsistent with the character of this book. Love to the Sacred Heart of Jesus in the Most Holy Sacrament of the Altar, gratitude to God for the rich blessings attending her life of labors, prayer—unceasing prayer, to invoke the Divine Mercy,—these were pre-eminently her motives in desiring to have a Chapel of Perpetual Adoration. But there were others, besides, equally holy and, at the same time, practical :

A motherhouse is chiefly the home of the youngest and the eldest members of a religious congregation. The candidates and novices are to be initiated in the exercise and spirit of prayer, especially in the love and adoration of the Divine Spouse to whom they desire to consecrate themselves. Among the elder Sisters, the number of

those is ever increasing who, broken down beneath the burden and labor of the day, should find a good home in the Motherhouse, there to end their religious life in a pious and holy manner. To accomplish this, no better opportunity could be offered them than the adoration of their Divine Spouse in the mystery of His infinite love. What could render the years of old age and infirmity sweeter, more meritorious and, at the same time, more serviceable to their community, with its innumerable wants, than this same perpetual adoration? Mother Caroline, moreover, expected the Adoration Chapel to become a strong bond of love and union for all the members of our widely scattered congregation. The motherhouse of a religious order must be dearly loved and cherished by all its members—must be the center strongly attracting the eyes and hearts of all. Furthermore, if a religious order, having the growth and extent of our institute, in the course of years, requires subdivision into more and more provinces, the demand for a central point of union becomes all the greater. It was this idea that prompted Mother Caroline to interest all the Sisters of the West and East, North and South, in the erection of this Chapel. She regarded it a favorable circumstance that the corner-stone was laid on the feast of St. Ignatius Loyola, 1887, when representatives of the whole congregation were present. The fact of all the Sisters taking part, individually, in the purchase of the Monstrance, she regarded as a pledge of their zealous participation in the adoration itself. The same high signification she attached to all the

Sisters' individual contribution towards furnishing the wax candles necessary for the uninterrupted exposition of the Blessed Sacrament. As late as June 8th, 1892, only six weeks before her death, she uttered the wish or, I might say, made the appointment to have only one Adoration Chapel in the entire congregation, because, apart from the great difficulty attending such an undertaking, the *one chapel* ought to be and remain the common good of all.

The worldly ambitious raise monuments grand
To their own name and honor, for ages to stand ;
But what is the grandeur here crumbling to dust,
Compared with the glory that crowneth the just?
This thought is suggested as oft as we view
Our dear Mother Caroline's monument true—
The Chapel she built in our loved convent-sphere,
In answer to prayer of many a year.
She had yearned for this beautiful shrine more and more,
The sweet Heart of Jesus fore'er to adore ;
And when 'twas complete, in the light of God's sun,
She felt that the prize in her race she had won.
This joy of her spirit dispelling death's gloom,
She smiled "Nunc dimittis" and sank to the tomb.

The Chapel's exterior, so modest and plain,
Denounces all show that is earthly and vain.
It hideth within all its beauty and worth,
More precious than riches and gems of this earth.
We enter its portals—behold the life-dream
Of our dear sainted Mother in fair visions beam.
In symmetry, graces of Art here combine
With Religion's chaste symbols of perfect design.
From firm, solid flooring of pure marble white
And finer wainscoting of polish most bright,
We lift our eyes upward to high frescoed walls,
And witness the beauty that over them falls,
Like radiance from Heaven on souls strong in love
As the jasper-built walls of those mansions above.

The high, vaulted ceiling, in heaven's own blue,
Its star-spangled brightness unfoldeth to view
O'er the nave of the chapel, where angels display
The symbols of love on Redemption's great day.
And oh! the grand vision revealed to the eye
Above the arched sanctuary, lifts us on high
To the throne of the Lamb, all resplendent with light,
Surrounded by angels in clouds tinted bright.
Aye, do we not hear them those golden harps play,
As they chant "Sanctus, Sanctus," in strains that convey
"Benediction and power and glory for aye
To the Lamb on the throne"?—Ah! we know He is there
On our altar of exquisite beauty most rare.
It is wrought of fine marble from Italy and France
And most brilliant onyx from Mexican sands.
That pillar triune which the throne-room upholds
The grandest of themes to Christ's spouses unfolds:
'Tis faith, hope and love that so sweetly unite,
To bear the soul upward to regions of light,
And fit her, the God of her heart to enshrine
In closest of union and love all divine.
'Tis faith, hope and love that inflame the desire
Herself to consume in a mystical fire,
As victim to Jesus, the Lamb that was slain,
To atone for our guilt and our ransom to gain.
His Sacrifice daily is offered anew,
Till time be no more, and the Lamb we shall view
In the Deity's glory, here faintly fore-shown
By the brilliance surrounding the Sacrament Throne.
Its cupola, bright as the radiance of morn,
By pillars of rich alabaster is borne,
And the canopy, sparkling like crown of pure gold,
Doth shelter a monstrance of beauty untold.
'Twas an off'ring of love on the bright Jubilee
Of our dear sainted Mother—alas! 'twas to be
The vigil of that endless feast-day above,
Where, unveiled, she beholdeth the God of her love.
But here let us tarry, our voices to blend
In fervent thanksgivings that ever ascend

From hearts of adorers before this sweet shrine,
Espoused to their Jesus, the Bridegroom Divine.
Oh! be it their prayer, while time onward rolls,
That the Chapel remain the pure joy of our souls,
The magnet, to draw them to Jesus' sweet Heart,
'Mong those who have chosen, indeed, the best part.
May it stand as a fortress, where refuge we find
From foes that assail us with forces combined;
Stand, as our light-house, to guide us aright
On life's stormy sea, in the soul's earthly night;
Stand, as our monitor, friendly, yet stern,
To warn us, that ne'er from the path we may turn
That our dear sainted Mother courageously trod—
The Way of the Cross, which alone leads to God;
Stand, as our treasury, whence to obtain
The riches of grace and our heavenly gain;
Stand, as the sun in the rose-tinted sky,
To cheer, when the evening of life draweth nigh.
Oh! then, in its turret Saint Carolus' bell
Will solemnly toll a sweet, hopeful farewell!

CHAPTER VII.

Mother Caroline's Unremitting Labors and their Blessed Results.

When, in 1850, Mother Caroline arrived in Milwaukee, the congregation of School Sisters had six houses; three in Baltimore, one in Pittsburg, Philadelphia and Buffalo,—total number of inmates, forty; viz.: 16 Sisters, 8 novices and 16 candidates,—having in charge about 1000 pupils. According to the catalogue of 1891, the Sisters, at the time of Mother Caroline's death, numbered over 2000; their pupils in the parochial schools nearly 70,000; orphans under their charge, 1500. A striking proof, indeed, of the blessings attending the labors

of the dear departed. It is true, in America numbers increase with great rapidity, owing to immigration and the new settlements constantly made. Generally speaking, it is an exaggeration to ascribe the growth of a congregation, diocese or religious association to the personal merits of any individual. Far be it from us, to enhance the merits of one by detracting from those of many. We merely adduce the above figures, to give our readers an idea of the labor and care devolving upon her who had the superior charge. Only three small parties of Sisters were sent from the Munich Motherhouse during the very first years of the Congregation in America, before Mother Caroline had received her appointment. Hence, she was charged with the training of nearly all the Sisters and the proper disposal of them in the missionary work of the Order. Up to 1876, this task was entirely in her own hands. Through her efforts, a motherhouse was then established in Baltimore, so that candidates and novices in the East can receive their religious training in that province, as also the Sisters, their appointments and direction. In consequence of this division, her immediate labor was somewhat diminished, but not her cares, as the entire responsibility still weighed upon her. Nor did the amendment of the constitutions of the Order, in 1880, effect any change in regard to her charge and position. The principal article of amendment is the canonical election of provincials, as well for the Western, as for the Eastern Province; but, according to the same modification, Mother Caroline was elected Commissary General

of the entire Congregation in America. Hence, we may truthfully say, till the time of her happy death, a period of about forty-two years—she exercised chief authority in governing and directing her great religious family. Moreover, the geographical area over which the congregation was spread must be taken into consideration. In view of our country's wide expanse and the great size of its individual states, a numeration of those in which Mother Caroline founded branch-houses, will suffice to give some idea of her extraordinary labor. Sisters of our congregation conduct schools in the following states, which we give in chronological order; that is, according to the time in which the respective missions were founded:—Maryland, Pennsylvania, New York, Wisconsin, Louisiana, Missouri, Illinois, Kentucky, New Jersey, Iowa, Indiana, Minnesota, Michigan, Mississippi, Alabama, Massachusetts,—also in Canada.—For more than thirty years the sphere of the Sisters' labor has extended from the Atlantic Ocean to the Mississippi River, from the Gulf of Mexico to Lake Michigan,—a distance of about 1200 miles in both directions. With the exception of a few houses founded within the past ten years, Mother Caroline often visited everyone of our missions. The journeys she was, consequently, obliged to undertake, merit a separate chapter, especially, as many of them were attended with great hardships, some of them even threatening her life with immediate dangers, from which she narrowly escaped and not without the visible protection of Heaven.—In order to maintain an intimate union with the Sisters in

all these houses, Mother Caroline continually kept up an active correspondence. All the local superiors were required to write every month, the rest of the Sisters on suitable occasions. Each and every one of them had the liberty to write to her at any time. Every letter received prompt attention. She had extensive business correspondence, besides, with bishops and priests, etc; and for all this she employed but one secretary.

It is not surprising, therefore, that she was nearly always at her writing desk, till, as she would say, her fingers cracked and her head burned. A trait of her character before mentioned in the account of her early youth, essentially contributed toward keeping her thus ever busily engaged; she had no hobby. She devoted her time solely to the affairs of the Order. A recreation trip was ever out of question. On her journeys, she only visited the Sisters' dwellings, their schools and the respective churches; mayhap, also the bishop's residence, and, if required, that of the pastor. Sight-seeing in any of our cities had no charm for her. Now and then, the Sisters had recourse to some artifice, taking her on a round-about way through some of the finer parts of a city, in order to show her something new or grand.

She was familiar with no other places, all over the country she loved so well, than those to which duty called her. Even in Milwaukee, more especially dear to her, she scarcely knew any of the streets by name, and never saw the interior of any building, without really having occasion to enter. All her time and attention belonged to the Order.

It would be very interesting to give an account, in detail, of all the missions she founded in so many parts of the country. This would be entering into a history of the Order, however,—a pleasure which the writer must forego. His present task is to delineate a life-picture of the dear departed—a faithful sketch of her character, in which it is not necessary to enter into all the details of her laborious career.

But one prominent feature may not be overlooked. Mother Caroline well understood how to impart her own industrious habits and untiring zeal to her community. Eager, cheerful and self-sacrificing application to duties assigned, she required of all. A sleepy, sluggish, mechanical way of doing things, she abhorred from her soul. With kind, maternal solicitude, she showed her consideration for ailing Sisters. Willingly she afforded them rest and recreation during the vacations, even, though considerable expense was incurred in taking a trip to some other convenient house of the Order. But great zeal in the discharge of duties, she expected from all her spiritual daughters, desiring her community to be an army of faithful laborers,—and, be it said to the Sisters' honor—such it is. If we take into consideration, moreover, that the best of motives actuated Mother Caroline in her own labors and those she assigned her Sisters, it does not appear surprising that the blessing of God rested upon them.

Mother Caroline was no money-maker; and, by no means, did she hold those local superiors in highest estimation who sent the most money to the

Motherhouse. Again and again she exhorted superiors to provide well for their subjects, taking heed not to become stingy, while in duty bound carefully to manage their household and keep their accounts.

In regard to herself, she would often jokingly say she was particularly fond of little *green pictures*. She *was* fond of them, it is true, but only to make use of them for the glory of God, in promoting good works by liberal contributions—more liberal, forsooth, than anyone, except the narrator, probably knows. Indeed, it was well for her that she was not free to act upon the impulse of her generous heart in such matters,—her vow of poverty and the consciousness of her responsibility serving to keep her within proper bounds.

The external blessings that attended her unceasing labors, were not her only recompense; much greater were the interior spiritual favors she enjoyed. Was it not an unspeakable blessing that, in spite of her generous—and the writer, speaking from inmost conviction, may add—exaggerated avowal of her failings, she could exclaim with greatest confidence, “I meant well” and, with admirable tranquillity of mind, so hopefully go forth to meet her God and Judge?

As to her community, we must admit, it is not without defects and faults; not all its members are equally good and dutiful. Among them, too, there have been some that proved unfaithful, yet, God be praised, but few.

It is generally acknowledged, however, that a good spirit prevails among the School Sisters—

Fidelity to Vocation.—Besides the hope of her own eternal reward, the conviction Mother Caroline had gained of her Sisters' fidelity to their vocation, filled her with sweetest consolation. With grateful recognition, she often spoke of this, and on her death-bed she wrote to the Mother Superior General in Munich, assuring her that she can trust the Sisters in America—that they are faithful.

CHAPTER VIII.

Wearisome and Dangerous Travels.—The Catastrophe on the Mississippi, June 13th, 1858.

The first branch-house founded by Mother Caroline outside the city of Milwaukee, was that of Mount Carmel, Fond du Lac Co., now generally known by the name of Mt. Calvary. Rev. Casper Rehrl, a pious and truly apostolic missionary, had built a little church on this beautiful hill in the backwoods, around which pioneer settlers formed one of the first congregations in Wisconsin. In compliance with his earnest solicitations to obtain Sisters for his mission, Mother Caroline made a trip to Mt. Carmel—a trip, indeed—such as were made in those early days,—on foot or in rough wagons usually drawn by oxen, over stumps and stones, through marshy wilds,—just as chances offered. For want of Sisters, as well as money, Mother Caroline was generally obliged to travel all alone; but she never lacked courage. Hardships seemed to have a charm for her zealous missionary spirit; but this trip almost proved disastrous. It was the eve of Corpus Christi, and she hoped to

reach Mount Carmel before night. At a certain station, she engaged a sort of emigrant wagon, canvas-covered, to protect the traveler from the heat of the sun. The afternoon was very warm, and, riding westward, the blazing sun shone directly into the face of the driver, while Mother Caroline, seated further back, was well screened. Guileless as a child and always full of kind consideration for others, she invited the farmer to seat himself near her. But she soon had reason to regret her kindness; for he was a bad man. No sooner did she perceive this than she threw her satchel out of the wagon, and, with one bound, she too, was out on the road. In a voice of thunder, she lectured the driver and bade him be gone. Fortunately spying a log cabin, in the distance, she wearily plodded on, under the protection of her guardian angel, and reached it in safety. The rude dwelling belonged to a virtuous young couple, who at once offered her hospitality. As it had grown too late to think of reaching Mt. Carmel before dark, Mother Caroline gratefully accepted the invitation to remain in their cabin over night. She soon felt quite at home with these good people. A storm arose during the night, and the rain trickling down through the roof, showed her that it was not quite water-proof. She enjoyed the fun, opened her large umbrella over her bed, and relieved her kind hosts of their embarrassment by her pleasant jokes. At day-break the obliging farmer set out for Mt. Carmel, with our traveler. They soon came to a brook so swollen by the rain, that, to cross it, was not an easy task. But the farmer was

practical, and so was the Sister. Looking for a long pole, he hung her satchel on it, and, loaning her his big boots, he waded across, holding the pole at one end. Courageously she followed, holding fast to the other, the satchel swinging between them. They reached Mt. Carmel before Divine Service began, to the great joy of the pioneer priest, who was seated on a stump, outside the parsonage, trying to give his foot-gear something of a festive appearance. Our traveler was very thankful to her faithful Raphael, and offered him a remuneration for his services; but good Mr. Dreyfuss, for such was his name, positively declined, only requesting an occasional remembrance at prayer, to obtain God's blessing for himself and wife. Grateful as Mother Caroline ever was, she frequently inquired about good Mr. Dreyfuss, who was really afterwards richly blessed by Heaven. When his guest, in course of time, became the generally revered Mother Caroline, he took great pleasure in relating this interesting adventure, and, even on his death-bed, he still ascribed the blessing bestowed upon him, to the pious prayers of the religious whom he had given lodging in his humble log-cabin.

In 1852, Mother Caroline opened the second branch-house of the West (outside Milwaukee) at Detroit, Mich., in St. Mary's Parish, attended by the Redemptorists. She again traveled alone with barely enough money to pay her fare, and not a cent over for hack or omnibus. On her way from the landing to St. Mary's Church, she met the venerable Bishop Lefevre. This aged missionary, who for many years had carried the sacred vessels

etc. for the altar on his back, accosted her in a friendly manner, saying: "Well, Sister, why don't you take a cab?—God bless you!"—and passed on. Our good Mother, setting down her heavy satchel and panting with exhaustion, reverently returned his greeting, but thought within herself: "If only the good Bishop would add twenty-five cents to his blessing, so that I could take a cab."

The numerous journeys she had to undertake during the fifties, were generally attended with extraordinary hardships. As she was enlarging the Motherhouse, she was obliged to reckon every cent, and, as is ever the case with noble-minded persons, it was in supplying her own personal wants that she was most saving. Usually procuring but second-class tickets on railroads, she was obliged to ride in crowded emigrant coaches. Some of the conductors, would occasionally take her into those of the first class; but, at change of cars, another, less obliging, would show her back to the low class again. In those years, she had to make many a trip on Lake Michigan, between Milwaukee and Sheboygan, Green Bay, Chicago, etc. Boats proceeded slowly then, and their passengers were not always of a very select class. Now and then, she was the only lady among the rough frontier men. Her noble bearing inspired them with respect, so that no one ever ventured to show her any rudeness. On one occasion only, she was in distressing danger. As there were no convents in which she could lodge, she was obliged to repair to hotels, in the choice of which her scanty purse did not allow her to be very particular. She would

lock her door at night, commending herself, with courage and confidence, to the protection of God and His holy angels, whose assistance she had so remarkably experienced from her early childhood.

One night, in a Chicago hotel, some one tried three times to force her door open. She called for help, but no one was near. Fervently invoking the divine assistance, she maintained her composure, as she was ever wont to do, even in the most trying and painful circumstances. Writing her name and place of residence on a slip of paper, she carefully hid it in her bosom. "If I should be robbed and murdered," thought our good Mother, "I shall at least be identified." Fortunately, she succeeded in obtaining help, at last. If we take into consideration all the wearisome visitation-tours Mother Caroline undertook from Milwaukee to the East and the distant South, during the fifties, besides all her travels through the back-woods of the West, beset with so many hardships, which the privations of extreme poverty rendered all the more painful, we may say, without exaggeration, this courageous woman led a truly apostolic life. Only a "Mulier fortis"—a strong woman, was equal to the task.

These journeys were often attended with imminent danger of death. On her way to the East, in 1855, the train ran off the track on the so-called Horse Shoe among the Alleghany Mountains. Several coaches were precipitated down the slope, and many passengers met with a horrible death. Fortunately, the coach in which Mother Caroline was, remained on the track, but sustained a shock

so violent that she was hurled from her seat against the door, barely escaping with a bleeding wound on her head.

Several years later, near Christmas, she again encountered the greatest danger on the same route. This time the train ran into a tunnel blocked with snow-drifts, in which it stuck fast for four hours. The renowned Father Hecker, who was in the same coach with Mother Caroline, kindly offered her his services, for which she was grateful all her life.

But the most dangerous and painful disaster she ever met with, occurred in 1858 on the never-to-be forgotten 13th of June, feast of St. Antony of Padua. It was the burning of the steamer "Pennsylvania" on the lower Mississippi near Memphis. Accompanied by the Rev. Father Antony Urbanek, she was returning from a visitation to New Orleans. As steamers, at that time, often ran races, a trip on the river was very dangerous. The following account of the catastrophe was written by Mother Caroline, four days afterwards, in a circular addressed to the Sisters:—

Motherhouse, June 17th, 1858.

My dear Sisters:

My visitation journey to New Orleans, on which I set out May 28th, terminated with great afflictions. I had to take our two young Sisters, M. Patricia and Hyacintha with me, and our good Rev. Father accompanied us. We reached New Orleans with unusual speed, and on the feast of Corpus Christi at 6 A. M. we were at the Sisters' house. This unexpected meeting was a joyful

surprise for all. I had the consolation to find the Sisters all enjoying good health, excepting our dear Sister Jacobina, who is not really sick, but very delicate. We have 120 orphans in our asylum there. . Notwithstanding the great heat, they, too, are all well and in good spirits; but the Sisters have hard work to take care of them. The English, as well as the German schools, have a great increase of attendance, for which reason, I had to hasten thither with the two above named Sisters. We staid six days and suffered considerably from the heat; yet it was not as oppressive as we had expected. New Orleans is threatened with an inundation. The Mississippi has been overflowing for six weeks, and many disasters have occurred, in consequence. All the sugar and cotton plantations are submerged, so that there is no hope for any harvest. The water still continues to rise, and danger threatens more and more. Let us pray that God may avert it, for the Sisters in New Orleans are as dear to our hearts as all the rest. The poor Sisters, so far away from the Motherhouse, wept bitterly when we bade them adieu. Rev. Father assured them that nothing but sin could separate us. June 9th, at 9 P. M., we boarded the large steamer "Pennsylvania" on our homeward route. I had a girl of sixteen with me, who had begged admission into our Order, determined to accompany me. On the steamer, I met with a Sister of Charity, by the name of Mary Ellen, who was traveling to her motherhouse at Emmettsburg. She, too, had a young girl with her. Rev. Father found an agreeable traveling companion in a

French Lazarist, *De la Croix*. Our steamer, heavily loaded, made but slow headway. High water, too, may have been the cause. Our journey, however, appeared prosperous; no one apprehended any danger. Sunday morning, June 13th, feast of St. Antony, I had just risen and dressed, when there was a tremendous crash and the bolted cabin doors burst open with great force. I went to see what had happened, and found there was an explosion. My first thought was of Rev. Father. I turned to go to his state-room, but no trace of it remained. Together with many others, it had been hurled into the air—yes, a third part of the steamer had met this fate, and the sleeping passengers had been dashed—some alive, others dreadfully mangled—into the burning mass or seething water. I stood aghast, for a moment, till the fire, crackling beneath my feet, warned me to make my escape.—A negro provided me with a life-preserver and hastily told me how to help myself in the water. He also placed a strong rope in my hand, by means of which I could reach a life-boat below. I succeeded, as did also the Sister of Charity and the two young girls with us. Our boat was, however, so near the burning steamer, that we were, by no means, secure. The raging flames threatened to devour us at every moment. I had no longer a thought for this world. Recommending myself and all the dear Sisters to the mercy of God, I awaited my death. But God in his inscrutable providence, had ordained otherwise. I was spared, reaching land in safety. The rescued passengers numbered about 160, whereas there had been nearly 500 on

board. From this you see many lost their lives, among whom, alas! our good Rev. Father appears to be included. Notwithstanding all my efforts, I could, up to this time, find no trace of him,—neither among the living and wounded, nor among the dead. It was his nameday, just between five and six o'clock, when the Sisters were surely offering their prayers and Holy Communion for him.

Let us continue to pray, dear Sisters, and have prayers said for him. The prayer of innocent children is powerful with God. Request prayers also of the Rev. clergy, of all our friends and well-wishers. This is a heavy visitation from God, showing us how closely we must cling together, especially now, as the Order has lost a strong support. In prayer alone,—in faithful attachment, in deep humility, we shall besiege Heaven and obtain assistance. You will have three Holy Masses said, through grateful love for our Rev. Father, and offer all your Holy Communions and prayers, during a month, for the repose of his soul. It was very humiliating for me that the pious priest lost his life, and I was saved. God has shown me mercy. Return thanks with me. May His name be praised! I shall probably be obliged to remain in the Motherhouse for a long time, feeling assured that you will be faithful and pray for me. In this thought alone, I find consolation in my present affliction. God help us, and Mary protect us!"

Our departed Mother often recurred to this catastrophe, and always—even after the lapse of thirty years—with deepest emotion.—She was

brought, with all the rescued, to Cairo, Ill., and thence to Milwaukee, at the expense of the steamboat company. Before the Civil War, the South was prosperous and wealthy. Kind ladies offered her all that might afford her relief and comfort—among the rest, quite a donation of gold coin. She only accepted a part, which she appropriated for Holy Masses, especially for the repose of the unfortunate Father Urbanek.

Uncertain reports of the terrible disaster reached the Motherhouse. A telegram, published in the newspaper, ran thus: "Sister Mary Ellen and Sister M. Caroline saved."

Sister Chrysologa, a candidate at the time, thus describes the ensuing scene: "A priest called at the convent (Dr. Salzmann, I think) and inquired whether the Sisters had read the notice in the paper, himself having obtained no certain information. As the Sisters took no paper, I was sent to Mr. Hoeger to get one. I ran,—I scarcely know how, just as I was, in my calico dress, the Sisters anxiously awaiting my return. The report was correct; Sister Caroline was our Mother. But where was our Rev. Father? At first, we were stricken with mute sorrow—a painful, anxious suspense. All repaired to the chapel, to recite the Rosary. The Sisters were in the gallery,—the candidates and boarding pupils below. At first, we prayed loud and fervently, till some one in the gallery called out: "O Lord, grant him eternal rest." Weeping and sobbing were the response. Two priests, who had also hastened to the convent chapel, left at once,—it was too painful to witness

the scene. After the Rosary, we endeavored to console one another; for we still cherished hopes for our Father. "He must be among the rescued", we concluded, "or some news of his fate would reach us." In this suspense, a few days passed, when, unexpectedly, our dear Mother arrived—but alone. Now our tears flowed anew, but thanks be to God, we, at least, had our dear Mother, the very picture of a Mater Dolorosa. Exhausted and nervous, she was obliged to seek repose at once. A week elapsed before the candidates were allowed to see her. The Sisters having led her down to the yard and seated her in an arm-chair, we approached to greet her, one by one, and, with trembling hand, she gave us Father Urbanek's particle of the Holy Cross, to kiss, looking upon each of us with loving tenderness.

Several weeks passed before Rev. Mother was able to be about the house without assistance. By this time, quite a number of candidates were home from the missions, looking forward to their Reception. Our good Mother was importuned for the holy habit; but, with sorrowful heart, she would answer: "O dear children, we have no Spiritual Father."

This disaster was also rendered memorable to Mother Caroline, as it brought her community an increase of three members; Sister M. Antonia, at present superioress of St. Francis' School, Milwaukee, and her two sisters, M. A. de Padua and M. Antonilla. Thoughtful as she ever was, even in little things, she gave the three sisters these names, in order to perpetuate the memory of the never-to-be forgotten Father Antony Urbanek. At

the writer's request, Sister Antonia sent him a very interesting account of the catastrophe, which she witnessed at the age of eleven. The following passages give us some idea of our Mother's noble bearing at the time, and the maternal solicitude she ever afterwards extended to the three children, that lost their parents, an only brother and a sister on that woful occasion. "As we had attended the Sisters' school in New Orleans," writes Sister Antonia, "our deceased mother brought us to the convent, previous to our departure for St. Louis, to thank our teachers and bid them adieu. Mother Caroline entered the reception room, at the time, and when we were informed she would travel in the same steamer with us, our leave-taking was rendered less painful. She cheered our hearts by telling us we would also find Sisters at St. Louis.— — —On the morning of the great calamity, I perceived our dear Rev. Mother standing by my poor brother, fourteen years of age, who was scalded from head to foot. She was fanning the pitiable sufferer, and trying to console us, while she herself was a picture of sorrow. As he writhed in his agony and called for his parents, in vain, our distressed Mother prayed aloud and sighed to Heaven for his relief."—Farther on, Sister Antonia continues to relate that she and her two sisters were brought to Memphis, and the childless captain of the steamer offered to adopt the three as his children. They soon returned to New Orleans, however, where they were taken to the orphan asylum of the Sisters. Mother Caroline always extended them her maternal love, and, in

the course of years, when the three had become members of our Order, she promised Sister Antonia that, on taking the final vows, they should have a reunion in the Motherhouse. When, at length, Antonilla, the youngest, had reached the required age, our dear Mother wrote to Sr. Antonia that her wish was now fulfilled, and with gratitude, joyous yet mournful, the three professed religious and their spiritual Mother celebrated the eventful day that was to crown the rescue of 1858.

Mother Caroline always attributed her preservation to a particle of the holy Cross which she had with her. Father Urbanek had received it from Bishop Timon of Buffalo, N. Y. Though highly he prized it, he presented it to Mother Caroline one day, quite unexpectedly, telling her he was not in need of it, but it would be of great service to her and protect her from danger. Some years ago Mother Caroline presented this relic to our Institute chapel at Prairie du Chien, because, of all the chapels belonging to our congregation, this is nearest to the Mississippi. She expressed her hope to the writer that the Sisters would derive great benefit from the devout veneration of this holy particle. Truly, the Sisters at Prairie du Chien will ever cherish this pious wish of their departed Mother!

The following extract from a letter to her uncle, Sept. 8th, 1858, scarcely three months after the disaster, manifests the sublime sentiments with which Mother Caroline bore the greatest sorrow of her life, and her noble resolve to render it profitable to herself and others :—

“Many prayers must have been said for me, as the Lord has vouchsafed to visit me with afflictions, and granted me the grace to bear them with courage and resignation. Although my poor heart is oppressed with sorrows and anxieties, I am, nevertheless, in the true sense of the word, in the best of spirits, bearing in mind the great sufferings of my thorn-crowned Jesus and His sorrowful Mother. How light and insignificant are my sufferings in comparison with theirs! And how much is still wanting in my resemblance to the Divine Spouse, dyed in His precious Blood for me! Oh! this ungrateful heart of mine must be purified in the crucible of sufferings, and drawn to the Sacred Heart of Him that bled upon the Cross for me. Truly, one must feel happy in embracing the Cross, although weak human nature weeps and groans. Continue, therefore, to pray for me, dear Uncle, that, with patient endurance, I may never lay aside the scarlet robe of sufferings, but wear it with joyous, holy pride, as a true religious and spouse of the Crucified, thus to advance on the way of perfection. Then, perhaps, I too may hope for a crown of martyrdom in my holy vocation—such as Divine Providence has awarded our sainted Father Urbanek. This pious, noble priest was surely prepared for death. How remarkable! just on his nameday, the feast of St. Antony, at six A. M.—the very hour in which, for eight years, he had given the Sisters Holy Communion, he was called to his eternal home, without the Holy Sacraments or any immediate preparation. Up to this date, we have not been able to ascertain anything about our Rev.

Father. At the time of the explosion, his state-room was blown up with him and, most probably, he was torn to pieces, which sank in the water. Truly, a life-long affliction for me; but God so willed it. We have sustained a heavy, very heavy loss, in this man of God. O dear Uncle, pray very fervently that God may send us a worthy successor! My own preservation was really wonderful. My state-room was next to his. Had one more blown up, I would no longer be among the living. I had a particle of the Holy Cross with me, which Father Urbanek gave me, saying: 'You have need of it, not I.'

Willingly, would I have undergone twice as much, if only this good priest had not lost his life. In vain, I sought him among the living and the dead. My sorrow was heart-rending. The agony I endured when threatened by two raging elements—fire and water, was soothed and sweetened by the thought of *obedience*. I remained perfectly calm and conscious. It is sweet to live and to suffer in obedience. May the experience I have had never vanish from my memory, so that I may always bear this sweet yoke conscientiously. Yes, the sufferings I have endured, have taught me many a lesson, that I have promised our Lord to apply to my own poor soul, as well as to those of others. Truly, all is for the best, that our Lord sends us! Our good Father Urbanek has run his race and gained Heaven. I have obtained new light and courage to persevere in the combat.—As regards my health, I am happy to say it is pretty good, but enfeebled, especially my nerves, which sustained a severe shock.” ’

Although the circular, written but four days after the catastrophe, as also the letter to her uncle, just quoted, give evidence that her mind was clear and active, tranquil and resigned, her nervous system was terribly shattered. For almost three years, she never enjoyed a night's rest. As soon as she fell asleep from sheer exhaustion, the scene of terror again forced itself upon her excited imagination. The conflagration, the groans of the wounded and shrieks of distress, the swaying of the burning ship, her painful search for the missing Father Urbanek, the sight of the mangled, crisped and scalded corpses,—all the horrors of that calamitous day, kept her in dreadful excitement. Her greatest torment was the ever returning sensation of falling into the Mississippi. In her feverish anxiety, she tried to hold fast to one thing or another, but only to find herself deceived, waking up from her fright. Truly, nights of torture like those of her last illness. Finally, a thought suggested itself, which she could only regard as an inspiration from above. Before trying to fall asleep, she held fast to her bed-curtain, in order to steady herself when the sensation of the swaying steamer would again trouble her sleep. It really proved a successful means, for which our poor, tormented Mother was grateful as a child. Even when awake, her nerves were greatly excited. She had become subject to a certain form of clair-voyance. It often happened that she foresaw visits altogether unexpected, and even sent Sisters to the door, to receive such and such callers, of whose coming she had had no intimation what-

ever. At times she would chide Sisters for certain faults which no one had reported, and the knowledge of which she could not have obtained in any ordinary way.

With astonishment and a mysterious feeling of awe, the Sisters would often exclaim: "But how can Mother know all this?" In spite of this terrible state of nervousness, her strong spirit triumphed over her sorely stricken body. Reason and faith held imagination and feelings in due subordination.

In these severe trials, Mother Caroline found the most consoling sympathy. Such men as, Bishop Henni, Rector Heiss, Dr. Salzmann, Father La Lumiere, S. J. counseled and assisted her. In 1859 she obtained a worthy and able successor to Father Urbanek, in the person of Rev. F. X. Krautbauer.—The zeal and fidelity of the Sisters, to whom their Mother had become still dearer, on account of her rescue from immediate danger of death, had a tranquilizing and beneficial effect upon the impaired state of her health. During the three years of her nervous debility, from 1858 to 1861, she established branch-houses in twelve different places:—Elm Grove, Wis.; Sheboygan, Wis.; St. Louis, Mo. (St. Peter and Paul's Congregation); Belleville, Ill.; Washington, Mo.; Quincy, Ill.; Louisville, Ky.; Fort Madison, Ia.; Burlington, Wis.; St. Charles, Mo.; Teutopolis, Ill.; and Chicago, Ill. (St. Peter's Congregation). These undertakings demanded much of her time and care, as also many a wearisome journey. A more faint-hearted person would have shrunk from again venturing upon the dreaded Mississippi, as she

was obliged to do on some of these trips. Mother Caroline knew not fear—least of all, superstitious fear.—The opening of a mission at La Crosse in 1859 may serve to give our readers some idea of the hardships attending the establishment of these branch-houses, and the courage with which Mother Caroline proceeded, in spite of every difficulty. This mission, she very unselfishly gave over to the Franciscan Sisters in 1870, when it became desirable for them to have a parochial school at La Crosse.—Sister Josephine, who took part in the opening, when a candidate, sent the narrator an account, from which the following extract is taken: “Mother Caroline was so poor that the Rev. Pastor had to pay our traveling expenses. In the hurry of our preparations, we set out on our journey without supper and took no eatables with us. It was four o’clock, A. M., on a short winter day, when we arrived at La Crosse,—still dark night, very cold, the frozen earth slippery with ice and snow. We had to take a hack. Through the driver’s heedlessness, the wheels of our vehicle were caught in those of another passing by, and we were on the point of encountering a sad mishap. The driver scolded and cursed in a shocking manner. Mother Caroline told us to make acts of praise and adoration to the most holy Name in reparation for these blasphemies. On reaching our mission-house, we found it cold and cheerless,—even destitute of the necessities of life. Mother Caroline lent a helping hand in carrying furniture, making up beds etc. When I remonstrated, thinking it unbecoming for

her, as Mother Superior, to render such service, she only joked about it, and cheered us with amusing anecdotes."

In later years, too, between 1870 and 1880, our courageous and energetic Mother undertook many journeys attended with hardships and dangers. She had no choice of weather or season, but traveled when the interests of the Order required it. In the northern parts of Wisconsin, especially, she endured the greatest fatigues and hardships, when founding missions in the newly established diocese of Green Bay; such as, De Pere (1870), Kewaunee (1872), Oconto (1874). On her visits to each of these places, she was exposed to immediate danger of death. At Oconto she was overtaken by a violent hail-storm, without any shelter, and was so exhausted on reaching the Sisters' house, that she exclaimed: "This time I barely escaped death."

On her first journey to Canada (1871), to take charge of an orphanage and open the way for eight flourishing missions, the freight-car of the train on which she traveled caught fire, not without danger for herself and all other passengers.

In 1877, when founding a mission at Caledonia, Minn., her life was again exposed to greatest danger on the Root River. An open ferry-boat was to take her across, in a farmer's wagon. The horses, terrified at the sight of the swollen, turbulent waters, became more and more unmanageable, as the ferry approached the opposite bank, and threatened to upset her into the river. It was only through the timely aid of several strong men, who

rushed to her rescue from a brewery near by, that she was saved from a watery grave.—In looking back upon the numerous evident dangers that beset Mother Caroline's life from her earliest childhood, the thought forces itself upon us that it was the evil spirit himself who sought to destroy her precious life. The more fervent, therefore, is our thanksgiving to the holy angels who protected and saved her.

CHAPTER IX.

Mother Caroline in Her Relation to the Bishops and Priests of Our Country.

As Mother Caroline, in course of time, had her Sisters laboring in twenty-nine arch-dioceses and dioceses of our country, she stood in official and personal relation to a great many bishops and priests. During the forty and more years of her administration, she became personally acquainted with most of the bishops in our country. With grateful pleasure she often spoke of the kind and friendly attention shown her by those venerable prelates. She was especially grateful for any recognition of the Sisters' services, encouragement or aid extended them. It was her great concern to have the Sisters give satisfaction to the ordinaries in whose dioceses they were engaged.

And this was not merely the case in the beginning, when she was in need of external help, but ever afterwards, too, when the material wants of her community were no longer a subject of anxiety, and applications for Sisters became so numerous,

that she was obliged to decline many an offer of schools and missions. Ever guided by reason and faith, she was simply incapable of any low and mercenary sentiments. She appreciated the cares and labors of the Rt. Rev. Bishops in the cause of Christian education,—the sacrifices they were obliged to make, in order to meet their responsibility for the proper training of youth. She well knew how great was the consolation afforded them, when their efforts were crowned with success.—Hence her eager inquiry, on meeting with bishops: “Are you satisfied with my Sisters? Do they give you no cause for displeasure?” Every bishop could have the assurance, in case he had any complaint to make or wish to express, that the loyal superioress would give the matter full attention. Great, therefore, was the confidence that bishops generally placed in Mother Caroline. When difficulties arose, they would say: “We will leave that to Mother Caroline. Let us write to her, or await her visitation. She is a reliable woman of sound judgment. She will settle the matter satisfactorily.” Scarcely ever did a bishop come to Milwaukee without honoring Mother Caroline with a visit, even though he had no business to transact with her. All found pleasure in conversing with the noble-minded and highly cultured religious. Not unfrequently they expressed their esteem and grateful acknowledgment of services rendered them by the Sisters, in a manner which might have filled a less solid and sensible person with pride and self-conceit. Once on accompanying an aged bishop to the convent-door, she knelt

to receive his blessing. "O Mother Caroline!" exclaimed the venerable prelate, "you ought to give me your blessing", at which she and the narrator, who happened to be present, could but heartily laugh.

With all her deep esteem for bishops, she was not, however, timid and cowardly. Indeed, she was free from human respect in an uncommon degree. If ever a bishop demanded anything, even with the best intention, which was incompatible with her principles regarding the object of her congregation, its rule and constitutions, she would rather withdraw her Sisters than yield. The bishop of a flourishing diocese was very anxious to obtain Sisters. As he, however, insisted on having them teach English only, in his German parochial schools, she would not consent, but withheld her Sisters. On another occasion a bishop took the part of a certain pastor who would not have the pupils of his school attend Holy Mass on week days. Although it was a thriving school in a large city, Mother Caroline withdrew her Sisters.

Her standing with priests was excellent, also. With but few exceptions, pastors who employed School Sisters in their parishes were really enthusiastic over Mother Caroline. If she noticed that a priest was a zealous school-man, she was devoted to him with all the ardor of her soul for the good cause. When misunderstandings arose between pastors and Sisters, she was ever anxious to mediate and reconcile. She possessed the gift of discernment in a high degree, carefully considering what was essential or indifferent, really wrong and

unjust, or merely somewhat hard and indiscreet; what admitted of improvement or could not be changed; what was evidently inconsistent with the Sisters' rules and vocation, or merely annoying and disagreeable to them. In all that did not violate a correct principle or involve a danger, she was willing to make concessions. When she considered it her duty, however, she would openly and fearlessly remonstrate with priests, or remove her Sisters. She spared no pains in admonishing the Sisters to work in harmony with pastors; to respect their authority over schools; not to meddle when there were any disagreements between a pastor and his congregation; cheerfully to render any service in school and church that a pastor might reasonably expect, without counting everything too minutely, on the dollar and cent scale,—in a word, to live and labor for the interests of school and Church. She knew very well that our priests are most generally overburdened with cares and labors, wherefore, the Sisters should support their endeavors and lend them assistance. She was also aware that, in consequence of the difference in their education and early experience, pastors must have different views and demands in regard to school, divine service, trimming of altars, etc. She would, accordingly, instruct her Sisters in words few and brief: "You have simply to do what your pastor requires. He is your present superior, and not the former pastor who gave you different directions." Her generosity toward poorer and smaller congregations won for herself and Sisters the gratitude of the Rev. Pastors, which they openly

acknowledged. If she knew that a congregation was in straitened circumstances, she would ask but a very small salary for her Sisters. She was ever ready, at the Sisters' request, to furnish things wanting in a poor church, at a very low rate, or to give them as a present. Hundreds of priests revere Mother Caroline as a noble benefactress of their congregations.—There were two points, however, on which she showed herself unyielding toward Rev. Pastors: 1st, she would not allow her Sisters to take charge of mixed church-choirs, no matter how much a priest might insist upon it. She would not do so, even though she had to refuse a mission offered her, or to give up one of which the Sisters already had charge. 2nd, she maintained her liberty and independence in regard to transferring Sisters, even during the scholastic year. If she deemed it necessary to remove a Sister from a mission, or to make any change, she did so without human respect. In all such cases, she acted only upon well founded reasons, with great precaution, but firmness, not heeding the momentary displeasure of the Rev. Pastors. This, of course, gave rise to little storms occasionally; but, in nearly every case, it soon became manifest that the change was not made through caprice or love of domineering, but for the benefit of all concerned. By the frankness of her manners and the purity of her intentions, she most generally succeeded in satisfying all parties, as they were afterwards themselves obliged to acknowledge.

CHAPTER X.

Mother Caroline as Superioress and Mother.

The writer was often amused, during the past ten years, when Mother Caroline, ever and anon, expressed her wish to resign her office, that she might, at last, think of caring for herself and preparing for a happy death. He was too deeply convinced that the zealous and faithful discharge of her official duties was her best preparation for death, being that which God required of her. Especially during her last term, as commissary general, she repeatedly expressed her pleasure at the thought of her approaching release from the burden of her office. In this she was as upright and sincere as she ever was in all things. According to the amendments of the School Sisters' Constitutions, in 1880, Mother Caroline could not have been elected for another term of six years, after 1893; but the Sisters had often expressed their ardent desire to have the ecclesiastical authorities apply to the Holy See, to confirm Mother Caroline in her office for life. This desire was not merely prompted by the Sisters' grateful love and devotedness to their revered Mother; for they had the clearest conviction that she could be naught but their Superior, no matter how strong her desire to resign her office. Mother Caroline was, naturally, a superior—not merely by virtue of her office. She was made of the proper material, as we familiarly say, for a superior of the highest rank. Her tall, stately figure, and intellectual countenance,—her dark, beaming eyes, — her powerful voice,

descending as easily to deepest bass as it rose to clearest tenor,—her graceful, dignified bearing,—all betokened an extraordinary personage.

Her mental endowments were in full harmony with her imposing appearance. Her enlightened mind and correct judgment,—the gift of expressing herself briefly and to the point,—her energetic will and enterprising spirit, combined with great business tact,—all these were excellent qualifications for one in her position. Her thorough schooling and pedagogical training admirably fitted her for the education of others. With all these natural gifts, she combined genuine, solid piety. The cardinal virtues pervaded her whole being. Not to speak, in detail, of her generally acknowledged prudence and justice,—her fortitude and temperance were really wonderful. Mother Caroline was a “*Mulier fortis*”—valiant woman. Difficulties only served to steel her courage. Notwithstanding her tenderness of heart, she was a fearless soul. It really seemed impossible to disturb her composure, to dishearten or intimidate her. No matter what happened, she never lost presence of mind. On one occasion a clergyman of high standing went too far in his demands and sought to gain his point by saying in a tone of excitement: “Don’t you know that I am Father ——?” “And don’t you know that I am Mother Caroline?” was her calm rejoinder. With all her self-possession, she was free from bravado, a perfect lady in delicacy of feeling and culture of manners.—In sufferings and trials, she evinced, above all, her Christian fortitude. The grandest proof of this virtue, was her cheerful,

patient resignation during the long, weary months of her last illness, of which we shall treat in a separate chapter. For sixteen years, the narrator had occasion closely to study her interesting, great-souled character, and many were the touching proofs she gave of her wonderful fortitude. If she met with a grievous affliction, or received some sad intelligence, then, one might almost say, the child in the grave-yard of Donauwoerth was again upon the scene. (See page 28). She was sorrow-stricken, stupefied—speechless,—her dark eyes staring vaguely into the distance, until a flood of tears and a sharp cry of pain relieved her. As soon as possible, she repaired to the chapel and sent Sisters thither, to pray to the Divine Comforter in the Most Holy Sacrament. Then followed a communication to her Sisters—an earnest request of prayer—and the tranquillity of her soul was restored. Lamentations never escaped her lips, much less complaints and murmurs. Having given her feelings their first irresistible expression, she buried her sorrow in her heart, strong in faithful submission to Divine Providence and intimate union with her Heavenly Spouse. Those who were but slightly acquainted with the cheerful, noble-minded Superioress, could not have suspected the flood of sorrows that often stirred her soul to its very depths. With deepest sympathy and—the writer hesitates not to add—real veneration, he would often observe how the departed was especially cheerful just at times of her greatest interior sufferings. Naught but her solicitations for prayer and a memento at Holy Mass, could betray to friends

and visitors the weight of interior afflictions concealed beneath her lively, cheerful exterior.

Her moderation and self-control are so much the more deserving of notice as she was naturally of a very ardent temperament. In the school of her uncle and, still more so, in our Lord's own school of suffering, she had learned to control herself. If, now and then, the old fire suddenly began to break out, it was quenched just as speedily, because her mind, purified from every passion, gave it no fuel.

But that which pre-eminently made Mother Caroline an excellent superior of a religious community, was her great love for her subjects. She was more than a superior—she was a mother in the most beautiful sense of the word. Her soul was full of tender compassion. Had it not been controlled by her clear understanding,—had not her reason been guided by faith, in the light of which she sought the true welfare of her Sisters, her warm affection would have degenerated into blind maternal love. Reason and faith alone could keep her natural desire of giving others pleasure and sparing them pain, within proper bounds. As she constantly strove to subject her feelings and inclinations to reason and faith, her great heart, with its inexhaustible love, became for thousands a source of blessings, exerting an influence over the hearts of her subjects which scarcely any of them could resist, had they even tried to do so. Mother Caroline really had a fascinating power over her Sisters, attracting them like a magnet. Indeed, she often felt uneasy in this regard, and repeatedly expressed her fear that the Sisters were too much

attached to her. "For love of me," she was wont to say, "they will do anything. Oh! would they do all for the love of God!" These apprehensions resulted in much good, as she sought, on every occasion, to impress her Sisters with the necessity of doing all things with a pure intention, faithfully discharging their duties for God's sake—through love of Jesus, their Divine Spouse.

Mother Caroline loved her Sisters all; she had no favorites—no pets. Sisters in office, especially her assistants in the commissariat, enjoyed her full confidence; but never was there a sign of such intimacy as might have had the appearance of disregard for others. Her solicitude for the welfare of the Sisters extended to all their wants, spiritual and corporal. Notwithstanding her love of simplicity and poverty, she generously provided for their comfort. In regard to their dwelling, board and clothing, her chief consideration was their state of health. Strictly adhering to the spirit of Holy Rule, she scrupled not to depart from the letter and introduce such modifications as the difference of climate and general mode of living in this country require. Nor did she fear the censure of laxity. It was highly amusing to hear her relate how complaints had been lodged against her, in certain quarters, that she was too much concerned about the health of her Sisters, allowing them, in many cases, longer sleep and better food than the Rule warrants. Mother Caroline was, withal, a declared enemy of unnecessary exceptions.

But it was, above all, in promoting the spiritual welfare of her numerous religious family, that her

true maternal love manifested itself in a shining light. She clearly understood that religious who devote themselves to the work of education, necessarily bringing them in contact with seculars, are exposed to the danger of becoming superficial and tepid in the discharge of their spiritual duties. She was very anxious, therefore, to have her Sisters annually make a good spiritual retreat; for she considered it the most effectual means she could offer them for renewing themselves in spirit. As far as possible, she always sought to engage the ablest regulars to conduct these holy exercises. She prayed most fervently, had devotions held and Holy Masses said for the success of the retreat. The principal one held in the Motherhouse, was her special concern, and, while it lasted, scarcely any person had access to her, except those in retreat, to whom she devoted every leisure moment.

How earnestly she endeavored to impress her Sisters with the necessity of daily mental prayer, is evident from a letter addressed to a local Superior in 1883. "May St. Joseph obtain the grace of mental prayer for us. Our deficiency in this regard is very deplorable, for inconstancy in our good resolves is the sad consequence. We *hear* the maxims of our Lord and His holy Gospel, but we do not consider them and take them to heart; in short, we make our meditations superficially, with many distractions. The evil effects are manifest to such a degree, that there is no spirit, nor efficacy in our work,—no meekness nor humility.—You can be of great service to those intrusted to your care, by earnestly admonishing them to make their meditations well."

As numbers were great at the annual Receptions and Professions, it might have appeared as though the Milwaukee Motherhouse were a sort of sister-manufactory, in which Mother Caroline let young girls slip into the habit, or even into the ranks of the professed by wholesale. But such was not the case. Notwithstanding their great numbers, all the candidates and novices had to undergo a long probation before they reached their aim. Within the past sixteen years, the writer knows of only three cases in which a candidate received the holy habit before completing the year of her candidature. Among the novices, too, there were but three, in this same long period, who were admitted to their vows after one year's probation. Mother Caroline proceeded with discretion in such matters, often prolonging the term of probation for these young persons more than the writer himself deemed necessary. When the time for a Reception or Profession drew near, her whole deportment gave evidence of the great importance she attached to these solemnities. She then lived entirely with and for those whose temporal and eternal welfare depended, in a great measure, upon the holy and important act for which her maternal solicitude expended all her strength of mind and body, to prepare them worthily. Her touching instructions and admonitions, her prayers and tears, the deep interest she took in each and every one,—all manifested the tender love with which her warm heart embraced her spiritual children. A touching scene it always was, when the dear departed accepted the vows of the young Sisters at the foot of Mary's

altar. Every feature of her countenance betrayed her emotion; her dark eyes beamed with a soft light; her dignified manners inspired all with reverence. As she arose, at the conclusion of this solemn act, with tearful emotion and tremulous voice, to promise her Sisters eternal life, if they would faithfully observe their vows, all present were deeply impressed with the manifest fervor of her inmost being.

In her exhortations, she always urged the necessity of living by faith—being actuated in all things by motives of faith. What she deplored most, among the evils of our times, was the lack of this practical faith, with its supernatural tendency towards God in all the events of life—an evil which must be attributed to the sad want of solid Christian training in the home-circle. When talented young girls entered the convent, actuated by noble sentiments, indeed, but chiefly drawn by a natural predilection for this state of life, it was her first concern to have them exercised in doing all things with a good and pure intention, zealously and faithfully, for the love of God, in the spirit of self-sacrifice and devotion to Jesus crucified, walking in the presence of God and in His holy fear,—teaching them, in short, to give their natural inclinations and virtues a higher, supernatural tendency. Concerning the Sisters, Mother Caroline could only be satisfied when she had reason to hope that they were conscientious and zealous in the service of God. No matter how brilliant their talents, how successful and honorable their labors in the offices assigned them, they were ever the children of her

anxious care, as long as they did not comply with their spiritual duties, according to her enlightened views. — “She is a good, pious soul . . . God’s blessing attends her, because she is prayerful and humble:”—such was the praise she loved to bestow on a sister.

In governing, Mother Caroline was a perfect model, She gave her orders briefly and concisely, with such clearness and decision, that every one understood, at once, what was required. As positive as were her commands, so polite were the terms in which she expressed them. They were most generally given in the form of a request; and she never failed to return thanks when they were fulfilled. No wonder that every Sister considered it an honor and a pleasure to obey such a mother.

To meet with opposition or disobedience on the part of her subjects, was something exceedingly rare for Mother Caroline. If she noticed that caprice or self-will were at play, in such cases, a reproof like a thunder-bolt was apt to follow, which scarcely ever missed its aim. Now and then, she employed quite different means, however. She said nothing, ignoring the offender—as though she did not care for her. This pedagogical artifice proved the most effectual; for it was beyond endurance for any Sister not to have Mother look at her or speak to her. “Mother, I beseech you, box my ears, if you will, but do speak to me,” said more than one Sister to whom she had had occasion thus to manifest her displeasure. In the pardon of faults, she showed a royal or, let us rather say, saintly magnanimity. She never bore

offenders any ill-will, and recurred to their faults no more than was necessary to guard against relapses or to confirm them in their good resolutions. A matter once settled, was settled forever. It may truly be said she endeavored to imitate the superabundant mercy and forgiveness of our Divine Savior.

Mother Caroline had the talent, but not the ambition to rule,—another characteristic mark of a worthy superioress. Of this she gave evidence, in particular, by not restricting those who assisted her in the government of the Order. She was cautious in appointing local Superiors and other officials; but when a Sister had received an appointment, our dear Mother gave her credit for a conscientious discharge of her duties, willing to make her as self-reliant as the spirit of the Order and uniformity in its observances allowed. The capricious, arbitrary idea, “So I want it, and, therefore, it must be so,” was far from Mother Caroline. Guided, as she was, by the conscientious observance of Holy Rule, with a discreet regard for persons and circumstances, she expected the same from all the Superiors. When satisfied that such was the case, she exerted her authority no further than to give good advice and encouragement, express her satisfaction or, if need be, disapproval, thus extending aid and direction to local Superiors. Though fearless in censuring what she considered wrong, she was all the more generous in giving credit for all that was good and commendable. Peevish grumbling, cutting remarks and sarcastic speeches were an abomination to

Mother Caroline. She always had powerful words at command, but they were dictated by reason and charity, really seeking to benefit those in fault. Notwithstanding her zealous labors, she was none of those who always wish to do everything themselves, for whom no one can do anything right, because they consider all that does not exactly meet their views, unsuitable or wrong.

Her sterling love for her Sisters, she manifested most beautifully in defending the accused. Her principle was: "*Audiatur et altera pars.*" Give both parties a hearing. A Sister was allowed, in such cases, to communicate her views in writing or by word of mouth. If, hereupon, Mother was obliged to decide against the Sister, to subject her to some penalty, remove her from position, etc., she was positive and determined, but proceeded with so much consideration, that the Sister in fault was spared and defended as far as possible. On such occasions, it was really touching to hear her recount the Sister's merits—especially before outsiders—commenting on her good qualities,—her fidelity in her laborious vocation etc., while, at the same time, she would privately reprove and admonish her most impressively, seeking to make her sensible of her fault and anxious to amend. Never was the bruised reed broken, nor the smoking wick extinguished by the strong yet gentle hand of Mother Caroline; on the contrary, her justice and firmness, tempered with so much charity and prudence, succeeded in lifting up the drooping spirit,—inspiring the despondent with new hope and courage.

Her love for the Sisters also asserted itself in the use she made of her memory. It is said that persons of keen intellect very seldom have a good memory. If this be true, Mother Caroline formed one of the rare exceptions. Her memory was really astonishing; it seemed as if she could not forget anything. Its special power consisted in the lively remembrance of persons and events. As she lived in and for the Sisters, she was like a walking dictionary that contained everything pertaining to her beloved daughters. Visitors would often exclaim with astonishment: "But how is it possible? Mother Caroline knows every Sister by name!" Such was really the case. Scarcely ever did she hesitate in recalling the name of any Sister, no matter how distant the mission on which she was stationed, or how long a time had elapsed since she had last seen her. One circumstance that greatly facilitated this power of memory, was her constant prayer for all and each of her Sisters.—Mother Caroline never used a prayerbook. On one occasion a mission superior offered her such. "Oh! I thank you, dear Sister," said our Mother smiling. "I need no book. To get through the catalogue of all my dear Sisters, is prayer-book enough for me." This explains how she could so easily retain the names of so many hundreds of Sisters. The occurrences of fifty years spent in the sisterhood, first in Europe and, more particularly, in America were fresh and vivid in her memory, forming an inexhaustible treasury of anecdotes, from which she drew for the Sisters' benefit and to their exquisite delight. Whether anything had happened thirty,

forty years ago, or within as many months, it was as clear to her mind's eye as if it had just taken place. Children's tricks, incidents at school, comical life-sketches, characteristic expressions and modes of action, amusing instances of childlike simplicity,—anecdotes, in short, of every variety were related, amid smiles and tears, in rapid succession; but even in her most unrestrained conversation, she ever maintained the deep seriousness of her religious character. In calling to mind the sacrifices and privations of the elder Sisters, who faithfully stood by her amid so many difficulties and hardships, her eyes were suffused with tears, and the grateful expression, "May God reward their love and fidelity!" most generally formed the conclusion of these precious narrations.

Her grateful remembrance also extended to parents and relations of the Sisters. On her visitation journeys to branch-houses and, more especially, at the Receptions and Professions held in the Motherhouse, she became acquainted with hundreds and thousands of them. She always made arrangements that every new Novice or Sister could, in turn, present her visitors, which almost unexceptionally resulted in the enthusiastic gratification of parents to have their daughters in the care of a spiritual mother, so good, noble-minded and enlightened. On her own part, she ever afterwards manifested her love and interest for the dear ones of her spiritual daughters by her kind inquiries, friendly greetings, little souvenirs that she sent them, with the promise of a remembrance in prayer, etc. Considering all this, her tender love

for the sick and infirm, the aged and invalid members of her community, and, more especially, for the dear departed, requires no mention.

Truly, Mother Caroline, as far as possible, sought to become all unto all, in order to gain all for Christ. No wonder that the Sisters were devoted to such a mother with love the most faithful and enthusiastic that can be imagined. The best proof of this grateful love, was their zeal in the duties of their vocation, which, thanks be to God! may be termed the characteristic mark of the School Sisters. The consciousness of serving under the direction of a general so noble and worthy, so able and experienced, made them a brave army courageously facing the hardships and trials that attend the great work of Christian education, in the ranks which obedience assigned them. If ever this resolute, cheerfully self-sacrificing, energetic spirit of the School Sisters should droop and languish, it would be the saddest proof of their unfaithfulness to the memory of our revered Mother Caroline, a misfortune from which Almighty God forever preserve them!

On every fitting occasion, the Sisters vied with one another to prove their love for their venerable Mother. The feast of St. Charles, her nameday, was annually an occasion of rejoicing for the whole Order. As it falls within the octave of All Souls, the celebration was confined to the convent chapel. Grateful for the holy Mass and general Communion offered for her welfare, she would accept of nothing more than a few words of childlike greeting and congratulation. In the course of the month, how-

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ever, the several departments of the Motherhouse, —aspirants, candidates, novices and Sisters, had their respective celebrations, in which congratulatory recitations and tasteful artistic designs were only surpassed by the sincerity of their filial love and devotion. From branch-houses, letters of congratulations arrived by the hundreds. Mother read them all, gave each full attention and left but few unanswered. In 1890, when the 50th anniversary of her entrance into the Order, at Neunburg vorm Wald, occurred, it required all her authority to prevent a brilliant external celebration; but the more pleasing were the jubilee exercises held in the happy home-circle of the Sisters. If they could have had any presentiment that their glowing hopes of celebrating the golden jubilee of her profession a few years later, were to be frustrated, surely their love, stronger than death, would have prevailed over obedience, under such circumstances. They found some compensation, however, in the privilege they enjoyed of procuring the magnificent monstrance in the Adoration Chapel, as an everlasting memorial of their Mother's Jubilee. Fifty gems adorn it, as so many tokens of their loving gratitude for the divine blessings dispensed, through her hands, during the fifty years of her convent life. Their joy in contributing their well-earned dollars, was so great, that Mother often exclaimed, "The Sisters' pleasure itself is worth the money." The love which the Sisters manifested towards their Mother during her illness, is simply indescribable. A patient for whom more prayers were said, more tears were shed, and

with whom more hearts were suffering, could scarcely be found. In their child-like attachment, many expressed the desire to have their beloved Mother interred in the Motherhouse garden, in order to have her precious remains in their midst; but, apart from the great difficulties they would have encountered, it appeared more proper, after all, to let her repose in the spot which she herself had selected long years before, between Mother Seraphina and Sister Emmanuela, in the Sisters' own cemetery at Elm Grove near Milwaukee.

CHAPTER XI.

Mother Caroline's Illness.—Returns from New Orleans, Jan. 9th.—Receives Extreme Unction, Feb. 7th.

Mother Caroline Stands the Test of Sufferings.

Omitting the chapter, "Mother Caroline's Writings"—of which the author is preparing a separate edition for the use of the community—we pass over to the closing events of our revered Mother's life, the six long months of her illness, in which her grand character shone forth with surpassing beauty. The author's introduction to these sad, yet glorious chapters, Miss Eleanor C. Donnelly has rendered into verse, as follows:

When sinks the Sun 'mid Alpine snows,
Or in the ocean's azure breast,
A mighty crimson globe, it glows,
Transfiguring the silent west.

With countless gems, the dark waves gleam;
On high, the snow-clad mountains blaze,
And, like to fiery pillars seem,
Illumin'd by those golden rays.

Even the fringes of the clouds,
The valley-mists, like jewels, shine.
Man, wond'ring, stands with forehead bow'd,
And speaks his joy in praise divine!

At last, the glorious orb of day
Quits suddenly the gorgeous skies:
" 'Twill rise again!" we softly say:
"With splendor, thrice renew'd 'twill rise!"

So, pass'd from earth, in sunset peace,
The blessed Mother Caroline;
With fever-glow of glad release,
Her life sank in the Life divine!

Like ocean-billows, wide and deep,
Her virtues shone with brilliant light;
Her works, like mountains, broad and steep,
Sparkled in death with luster bright!

Firm-rooted on the level plain
Of daily duties, bravely done,—
'Mid glowing fires of fiercest pain,
She sank below Life's horizon!

Such a sunset was, indeed, the happy death of Mother Caroline. The crimson glow of a painful disease illumined the evening of her life, so signally blessed. In this light her interior, broad and deep as the ocean, shone with the lustre of every virtue. The good works of her laborious life, towering mountain-high above the common level, were crowned with the aureola of perfection in the fire of sufferings.

Truly, a life like Mother Caroline's could not have been favored with a more beautiful close than that of the long and painful illness by which God Himself prepared her for death. Under the evident protection of Divine Providence, her childhood was fraught with purest joys; her youth,

with brightest hopes ; her after-years, with heaven-blest labors. Naught was wanting, but a period of heroic sufferings, to complete and perfect this meritorious life, giving it the impress of a truly providential career. Whoever had the mournful pleasure to witness her last illness, will ever look back with joy upon the undisturbed cheerfulness and truly heroic patience with which Mother Caroline endured her racking pains, by day and night, for more than six months. At the thought of the great, cheerful sufferer, he will cherish the blessed assurance that her happy soul passed through the fire of tribulation to the glorious realms of eternal bliss.

For several years Mother Caroline had been ailing. Stomach disorders in the time of her youth, the great privations endured for the first ten to fifteen years of her religious life, the hardships of her numberless travels and, above all, the terrible disaster of 1858, had long since undermined her strong constitution. But what still more contributed to this prostration, was a fault in her mode of living to which her attention was turned too late. She allowed herself no recreation. As she was often away on journeys and, as the different departments of the extensive Mother-house ever and again required her presence when at home, she scarcely ever took any exercise in the open air ; indeed, it was a rare thing to see her in the convent garden. Excepting the time she spent in the chapel and attending to matters about the house, or receiving visitors in the parlor, she was nearly always busy at her writing-desk. Besides

her one able and faithful secretary, she should have employed, at least, one more during the last fifteen years of her life. She was often entreated to take a little more rest and relaxation, but she trusted in her strength too much. When, at last, she had to acknowledge that she had over-worked herself, it was too late. The insidious disease that snatched her from our midst, had already gained the ascendancy. Her tall and apparently stout frame, the fresh color of her countenance, her bright black eyes, the elasticity of her whole deportment,—all tended to deceive even the most interested observer, regarding the state of her health. Her self-control and, still more, her kind consideration for those who loved her as only the most affectionate children can love a mother, contributed not a little toward concealing her malady. A visitation journey in the winter of 1890 to St. Louis and vicinity, and another to Baltimore, in early spring, were very hard on her. In the summer months of her last year, she devoted herself, as usual, to the preparation of novices for their first vows, and the young religious for their profession. This arduous task had always brought on serious exhaustion, especially in late years. She not only devoted her time to it, but her whole heart and soul; it appeared to be a part of her very being. In her last year, especially, her exhaustion was such that she could not regain her strength. Throughout the entire fall she was in a state of suffering. When winter set in, she appeared to be so far restored that a journey to New Orleans was proposed to further her convales-

cence. But Mother Caroline would not have consented to take a trip merely for the benefit of her health. Arrangements were, therefore, made for several postulants in the South, to receive the veil, and novices to take the vows, so that her presence was very desirable. She, accordingly, set out on her journey a week before Christmas. It soon became evident, however, that she had overestimated her strength; besides, very unfavorable weather, damp and chilly, set in at New Orleans. She herself felt the necessity of speedily returning to Milwaukee, if she expected, at all, to reach home once more. She was even obliged to pass by our dear mission of Chatawa, Miss., at which beautiful, healthy place she had purchased a house, several years before, for the accommodation of infirm Sisters. Great was the sorrow of her maternal heart at the thought of her Sisters' disappointment, for she knew they were anxiously expecting her. Had she stopped there, she would, in all probability, have never returned to Milwaukee, and hundreds of Sisters would have been deprived of the consolation to see their dearly loved Mother again. Jan. 9th, she reached the Motherhouse, completely exhausted, and, from that time forth, she never left her room, scarcely ever even her bed. All that medical science, loving care and tender nursing could do, to save her precious life, was lavished upon her. In regard to prayer and holy Masses, it is no exaggeration to say that "violence" was really offered to Heaven. From the beginning, she had only the one thought, "My time is up; I shall die." In

spite of so many prayers and offerings, her condition daily grew worse; but, at the same time, it became more and more evident that all these prayers and offerings were favorably received by Heaven. The strongest proof, was the admirable—in the writer's experience—really unexampled tranquillity, confidence and patience with which she endured the pains of her sickness and prepared herself for a happy death. Even the physicians declared they had never seen a patient like her. "What a pity," they often exclaimed, "we cannot help a patient so resigned and cheerful!" She feared death so little, that her very fearlessness, at times, made her uneasy. "I trust it is no presumption," she would say, with painful agitation, "I cannot fear to meet my God. I always meant well".—No complaint fell from her lips. "I am sick; I am very sick," were the words with which she frequently addressed the writer, as he drew near to her couch of pain; but they were uttered in the naive tone of a sick child, without the least repining or discontent. She was particularly grateful that her head remained clear, her spirit unclouded, as also that she had the free use of her arms and hands. Thus the gratification of speaking and gesticulating with her wonted liveliness was not denied her, though her body became more and more unwieldy. Her visitors,—a number of bishops, many priests and hundreds of Sisters, often exclaimed: "Oh! she is still the same Mother Caroline, as lively and cheerful as ever." Little did they think the loved patient generally had to pay dearly for her vivacity. In her loving

desire, above all, to alleviate the sorrow of her spiritual daughters, she often showed herself stronger than she was. Only those who were always with her, really knew how much she suffered, especially during her sleepless nights, of which she spent, in turn, a few hours in bed, in her arm-chair, and invalid-rocker. Her nurses were happy, when, at times they could say, "Mother slept half an hour during the night." Whoever experienced her true maternal love for her Sisters, can form some idea of her deep affliction when they bade her adieu—a last adieu on earth. "Oh! it is so painful," she once cried out in a flood of tears; "but it is not impatience, I trust, or want of resignation. I will be resigned to everything—everything. A child of God will I be; a child of God, resigned to everything". Intimate, constant was her interior union with God, her Divine Spouse and His heavenly Mother. Her prayers consisted of parts of the community exercises, which the Sisters performed with her in the sick-room, and more particularly, of a devout intercourse with God and reflection on the mysteries of the ecclesiastical year. Her disease developed with uncommon rapidity. Soon it was discovered that she not only had the dropsy, but a very painful rupture, besides, and—worse than all—a cancer destroying her internal parts. By Sexagesima Sunday, her condition had already become so serious that the physicians deemed it advisable to have the last sacraments administered. It was a touching scene. All the Sisters that could find room in her apartments, were present. Kneeling at her

prie-dieu, she first received the viaticum, then, reclining in her arm-chair, Extreme Unction. Her own tearful devotion communicated itself to all. Surely, none of the Sisters then present will ever forget the impression made by that solemn, holy act! In the afternoon, at the close of Vespers, the Rev. Pater Spiritual delivered an exhortation to the assembled community, in order to encourage the Sisters to accept the sickness and death of their beloved Mother, from the hands of God, with faith-inspired submission and resignation to His holy will. As it then made a consoling impression on the Sisters, and, as it may even now help them to bear their bereavement with proper sentiments, in a manner pleasing to God, we insert it for their perusal:—

Venerable Sisters: — I have summoned you hither to address a few words to you. Their import you surmise—your sick Mother. We cannot deceive ourselves, her condition is becoming more serious. From day to day we see more clearly what the will of God demands of us. According to all appearances, He will, before very long, call your beloved Mother to her well-deserved, eternal reward. How should you, then, conduct yourselves, in this your painful trial, towards your God and towards your Mother? What are your principal duties in both respects?

Towards God, you have, above all, the duty of deep gratitude. More than forty years He has let you have Mother Caroline. Such is a rare case in the history of any religious order. Most other congregations have often lost their mother within

this same period. You have had the privilege to possess your good Mother so unusually long. True, she has become all the dearer to you for this very reason, and, therefore, your bereavement, too, will become the more painful; but this does not derogate from your debt of gratitude for the long and happy past.

In relation to the future, child-like confidence in God and His fatherly providence is your second holy duty towards Himself.

Sisters come to me with the lamentation: "O Father, must we, then, indeed lose our Mother? Why, we cannot be without her. What will our future be, when she is with us no more?" Venerable Sisters, as the expression of your sorrow, I can let such words pass, yes, even honor them, love to hear them; but were they to express distrust in God—in Divine Providence, I would be obliged to censure and denounce them; in fact, they would fill me with indignation. Sisters, you may look forward to the future with confidence. You will not be without God's protection. And why not? Because your Mother's work—her great task of life is, at the same time, God's work. In the face of death, she can say from her heart: "I have meant well; I have labored for God." God's blessing has thus far rested upon the work of Mother Caroline, and will God abandon His work after calling His faithful laborer to Himself? Dear Sisters, this is simply impossible. I would really consider it sinful distrust in God, were anyone to entertain such thoughts. Certainly, you will never more have a Mother Caroline—a Mother

of such unlimited ability for her office,—but do you only take care not to render yourselves unworthy of God's blessing, then it will ever continue to rest upon your Mother's work. Therefore, cherish a child-like and firm confidence in God for the future.

But, at the present time, under the present sad affliction, what is your duty towards God? It is *resignation to His holy will, your submission, strong in faith, to the decrees of God*. If you consider the many fervent prayers and the holy Masses offered, during these weeks, for your dear, sick Mother, not only here, but in hundreds of places and from thousands of hearts; if you bear in mind all that is done for your Mother—all, indeed, that love and science can invent—and you see, nevertheless, that her condition does not improve, then it must become clear to a mind imbued with faith, that the recovery of your suffering Mother is not the will of God. This you should acknowledge with a calm, believing spirit; and this acknowledgment must control and sanctify your sorrow, justified though it be. “Thy will be done, O Lord! Thou hast given her to us, O Lord! It is Thy will to take her from us. May Thy name be praised!” This you must say from the depths of your sorrow-stricken souls. To sum up,—fervent gratitude for the past, child-like confidence for the future, faithful submission in the present,—these, dear Sisters, are your sacred duties towards God. Oh! fulfill them with fidelity! Pray for the grace to do so.

And now your duties towards your Mother:—I have the assurance that each of you would willingly kneel down before the revered sufferer, and, clasp-

ing her hand, make the solemn promise that you will be her true daughter—a good, faithful Sister. This consoling promise your Mother cannot, in her present weak state, receive from you personally; nevertheless, each and every one of you ought to make it from the inmost depths of her heart, in the presence of her God and Savior. Each of you, in these days of affliction, should vow unto God: “I will be a faithful Sister, a true religious according to our Mother’s teaching, after her example and in her spirit.” Mother Caroline’s spirit is stamped very clearly and distinctly. There is nothing by halves—nothing confused, undecided about it.

The principal features are:

1st. Great zeal for the glory of God. There are few persons in our times and in our country who have labored more zealously for God’s honor, His Kingdom—the Church of Christ, than Mother Caroline. The salvation and preservation of countless children gained for Christ, for our holy faith, the service of holy Church,—this was the great task of her life, in accomplishing which holy zeal consumed her. For herself, this God-inspired zeal was the source of that extraordinary, unwavering confidence in God which she always preserved, in a truly admirable manner, even in the most trying circumstances, and which now, in particular, so strongly supports her and fills her with tranquil confidence. This zeal of your Mother must be a shining model for your imitation.

2nd. Zeal for the Order,—the Honor of the Order.—When this was concerned, no care, no exertion, no labor, no sacrifice was too great for her.

The one object of her thoughts, her wishes and prayers, was the interior consolidation of her Order and its external propagation. Both by word and example, she incessantly strove to train her Sisters in solid piety, strong faith, constancy and fidelity in the duties of their vocation. O Sisters, often promise during these days, that such Sisters you will be; that you all—each in her position—will zealously contribute towards forming such Sisters. True, holy zeal is ever the expression of great love. *Love, enthusiastic love of God, and generous love of neighbor always inflamed the great heart of your Mother.*

Mother Caroline has really the heart of a mother, full of interest and sympathy, goodness and mercy for all. Her interest in the weal and woe, the sorrows and joys of her Sisters, scarcely could have been greater. Her love of peace and concord,—her desire to aid her Sisters,—to enlighten the erring and make them more sensible of their faults, triumphed over every difficulty, at the cost of every sacrifice. In this spirit of your revered Mother, promise your God and Savior ever to cherish sisterly love for one another, maintaining peace and harmony, with true, self-sacrificing benevolence.

Venerable Sisters, this is, in substance, what I wished to say to you. Though I speak to you with a deeply agitated heart, I clearly feel the conviction that the fulfillment of your duties towards God in the manner I have just proposed to you, is precisely what God demands of you and what will afford your Mother the greatest joy. I wished thus

to speak to you on this day, which has become ever memorable by the mournful solemnity you witnessed, when the last sacraments were administered to your loved Mother. I wished thus to speak to you, in this holy place, because I hope, with the grace of God, my words will sink more deeply into your susceptible hearts, and produce lasting fruits, a hundred-fold. I wished thus to speak to you in the presence of so many beloved guests—the venerable representatives of the East, and mission superiors from far and near. These, in particular, I desire to console and strengthen, that, on returning to their homes, they may console and strengthen their sister-companions with the same sentiments.

I need not exhort you to persevere in your prayers and offerings for your beloved Mother; but once again I admonish you to adore the will of God, with deep gratitude, firm confidence and faith-inspired resignation now and forever more.”

CHAPTER XII.

Her Illness—Continued.—Mother Caroline’s Perfect Resignation to the Divine Will, and the Sources thereof.

More than five months were to intervene from the time Mother Caroline received Extreme Unction until she was released from her couch of pain by a happy death. This was a period of unremitting sufferings. Even the relief which sleep affords was denied her. Hardly ever did she sleep an hour at a time; many a night the intensity of her pain did not permit her to close

her eyes at all. During the quiet noon-day hours, she would, at times, doze a little from sheer exhaustion. The water rose higher and higher. "I feel as though I were a bag of boiling water;" or, "the water seems to beat against my heart with the force of brazen gates; it rushes from side to side." In such and similar terms she would describe her condition.

For several months, water oozed from four or five sore spots, which afforded her some relief, it is true, but, at the same time, caused her great inconvenience. I will spare the Sisters the pain which a detailed account of their beloved Mother's sufferings would renew; but never should they forget the truly heroic and saintly patience wherewith she endured them. Like St. Mary Magdalene de Pazzi and St. Theresa, she prayed explicitly for an increase of suffering. Although ready and willing to die at any moment, she resolutely suppressed the wish, fearing it might proceed from a secret desire of being released from sufferings. She cherished but one wish, one desire; namely to have no other wish and desire than the will of God in all things. About the middle of May she appeared so near death, that the prayers for the dying were recited. On recovering from her swoon, she exclaimed, with her accustomed warmth of expression: "Why did you not let me die? I would have been so glad; for I only think of being united with God." On receiving the reply, "We will keep you with us as long as possible,—will let you die only when it pleases God," she assented with a smile. Several times she expressed the fear of

becoming so helpless and unwieldy that her nurses would not have strength enough to lift her. On such plea, she thought her wish to die soon, would be justified ; but, fearing some illusion, even in this, she again suppressed it.

Her most ardent, in fact, her only desire, was to die fully conscious, in the spirit of penance, perfect resignation and union with God, repeating the acts of Faith, Hope and Charity. Though fully justified in a wish so beautiful and edifying, she, nevertheless, carefully examined herself even in this regard, bowing with humble submission to the Divine Will. Truly, Mother Caroline possessed the virtue of resignation in an eminent degree. Let us seek the sources whence it proceeded.

It is true, she was of a cheerful, happy disposition. She had also undergone many sufferings, corporal and spiritual, from the very beginning of her religious life. Her exceedingly compassionate heart made the sorrows and afflictions of others her own. Her maternal love was a fruitful source of maternal affliction. With St. Paul, (2. Cor. 11, 29.) she could exclaim : "Who is weak, and I am not weak ; who is scandalized and I do not burn?" She rejoiced with them that rejoiced and wept with them that wept. Rom. 12, 15. In a word, she grew strong in the school of sufferings.

Furthermore, it is also true that very few sufferers have enjoyed the consolation which loving sympathy affords, in a greater measure than Mother Caroline. The Holy Father sent her his apostolic benediction ; seven Bishops and about a hundred

priests honored her with their visits. And the Sisters!—they came by hundreds, from all parts of the Union, once more to look upon their dying Mother,—to be edified by her heroic patience, to hear her last words of love and admonition, to receive her parting blessing. How much bitterness, alas! was mingled with this very consolation. There was the last farewell to each, more painful than death itself! Then, the innumerable manifestations of reverence, love and gratitude, became a source of great uneasiness. Frequently she expressed the apprehension that such demonstrations might be prejudicial to her spirit of humility and penance, inspiring thoughts of pride and self-complacency. “I have been nothing more than a weak instrument in the hand of God. I do not wish to be over-estimated by others. The Sisters make too much of me. All has been the work of God’s mercy.” More than once she was at the point of prohibiting all further visits. As they evidently did her no injury, however, and greatly benefited the Sisters, she was not allowed to take the intended measures. On the contrary, arrangements were made, which enabled the elder Sisters, at least, to gratify their heart’s desire.

The sources of our Mother’s fortitude and resignation were of a higher, supernatural order. She knew that she was patient; she declared it openly, not by way of boasting, but in order to give thanks to God. “It is not human,” she frequently remarked, “it is a special mercy of God, the fruit of prayer and the Holy Sacrifice.” But it was not the prayer of others alone; it was owing, in a great

measure, to her own constant, intimate union with God. This she would often acknowledge, with deepest gratitude; still oftener it became manifest unintentionally, on her own part, that her union with God had reached a high degree. During her sleepless nights, in particular, her recollection was so great that her progress in contemplative prayer became the special object of her thanksgiving. One day, when conversing with the cheerful patient, a desirable opportunity presented itself for obtaining an insight into her interior life, and discovering the sources of her admirable resignation. On the whole, she attributed everything to the grace of God. "It is by the grace of God; for, I dare say," she added, with almost blushing modesty, "I have ever been susceptible of divine grace."—The chief means by which she placed herself under the influence of grace were the following:

1st. The acts of the three Divine Virtues which she repeated again and again, slowly and in a meditative manner, in connection with the various mysteries of the ecclesiastical year, particularly those of Lent, Easter and Pentecost.

2nd. Special invocations of the Most Holy Trinity, to which mystery she had ever borne a deep and marked devotion.

3rd. Ejaculations, especially to Jesus Crucified and the Sorrowful Mother.

Many a time those who stood by were deeply moved at her child-like simplicity, in calling upon her Crucified Love—and her "Mamma, Mamma," while, in the excess of pain, she fixed her eyes upon the crucifix or on an image of the Sor-

rowful Mother, at the same time, stretching out her arms. She never parted with her rosary and crucifix.

4th. Invocation of the saints, especially the martyrs. "The martyrs, oh, the martyrs!" she was wont to exclaim with great emotion.

5th. Reflections on purgatory and the sufferings of the poor souls.

Very frequently she spoke of the poor souls, saying she would willingly suffer her purgatory in this life. "There is not a single day of my life," she once remarked, "on which I did not commit some fault or other, and for each day of sin there ought to be a day of penance. On computing the round sum of days for her, she thought after all, our merciful God would not be so exact in His account.

6th. The desire to suffer for others.

Her Sisters, above all, she had ever at heart. God alone knows how many offerings she made for them. Judging from occasional remarks, her great sufferings at night were offered in atonement for the sins and crimes committed under the cover of darkness.

7th. Her hopeful assurance of gaining Heaven and her unbounded confidence in the merits and mercy of Jesus Christ.

Her fervor and devotion at Holy Communion deserve special mention. She received three times a week, always in a kneeling posture, until commanded in holy obedience to receive in bed. So anxious was she not to forfeit even one Holy Communion, that, in spite of her feverish thirst, her

sleeplessness and intense pain, she remained fasting from midnight, which was a real torture for her. She communicated at half past five o'clock, immediately before the community, so as not to disturb or incommode. Only three times throughout her illness, could she be prevailed upon to receive shortly after midnight.

By such and similar means, Mother Caroline succeeded in maintaining; for six months, that patience and resignation which made her a spectacle in the sight of angels and men. Those long months of suffering meetly crowned her many years of labor. How glorious, then, must be the celestial crown merited by both her labors and sufferings.

CHAPTER XIII.

Her Illness.—Continuation, according to the Writer's Diary.

Having in the two preceding chapters endeavored to produce a faithful picture of our departed Mother's patient sufferings, principally with reference to her interior, the writer now intends to give an account of the external course of her illness, according to notes in his diary. He will, therefore, proceed in chronological order, relating occurrences, sayings and actions of the dear sufferer from day to day.

After administering the last rites of the Church, steps were taken to obtain a distinction for our dear Mother, as consoling as it was honorable, and of which she was worthy in every respect. The

Most Rev. Archbishop of Milwaukee supported the writer in his efforts, and the petition was sent to Rome, of course, without Mother's knowledge. March 3rd, the following despatch was received in reply: "*Leo ipso die anniversario coronationis Matri Carolinae filiae suae per dilectae speciali paterna benevolentia benedictionem apostolicam, indulgentiam plenariam in articulo mortis impertit.*" "Just on the anniversary of his coronation, Leo XIII., with special fatherly benevolence, sends Mother Caroline, his well-beloved daughter, his apostolic benediction and the plenary indulgence for the hour of death." She received this consoling favor of the Holy Father with humility and reverence as sincere as were her joy and gratitude. Three weeks later the official document arrived, which afforded her still greater joy, as it was a beautiful expression of the Holy Father's well-wishes for the whole congregation. It was addressed to the Archbishop, and the following is a translation:—

Most Reverend Archbishop:

Your Grace,

I have the pleasure to inform you that the Holy Father has been specially gratified on receiving the intelligence of the great spread of the institute of School Sisters of Notre Dame in your country, chiefly through the efforts of the Commissary General, Venerable Mother Caroline. His Holiness, therefore, offers fervent prayers to the Lord for the preservation of the Mother Commissary, and, with all his heart, imparts her, as well as all the individual Sisters of this institute

his special blessing, wishing at the same time, that their salutary labor for the education of youth may be ever more and more extended. In making this communication to Your Grace, I am happy to declare myself, Most Reverend Archbishop,

Your obedient servant,

M. Mocenni.

Archbishop of Cherub.

About the same time, Cardinal Gibbons of Baltimore wrote a very kind letter, in which His Eminence informed our sick Mother that he had said Holy Mass for her, and assured her of his prayers, as also of his special favor in behalf of the Congregation.

Soon after Mother Caroline had received Extreme Unction, the writer induced her to relate the history of her life, devoting a short time to this task, from day to day, when possible.—She made her communications with that candor which was so beautiful a trait of her character. Had not her childhood and youth been free from grave faults, she would have furnished material for a book similar to the “Confessions of St. Augustine.” Truly, she was not wanting in naiveté and sincerity.

In those never to be forgotten hours, the dear departed often spoke of the affairs of her Congregation. This she always did with great tranquillity and confidence, as she felt no anxiety for the future. She regarded the Congregation as the work of God, in whose hands she had merely been a weak instrument. She had labored for God, had always meant well,—and, therefore, she knew God must and will continue to further His work.

Dwelling upon the present state of the Congregation, she continued to interest herself in all that transpired during her illness, giving many a good advice for the future. She spoke with great warmth on *sisterly love*, the *spirit of prayer*, *zeal for the honor of the Order*. From superiors she expected great love for their subjects. To be a superior is an art, she maintained, that can neither be taught nor learned; but those, she thought, make the best superiors who have the greatest share of true love for their Sisters. Love, she said, is inventive, and if, now and then, it must employ firmness and rigor, it will easily find means to heal the wound inflicted and gain the troubled heart.

With the same warmth, the revered sufferer spoke of the necessity of unity among all the members of the Order, especially cherishing the hope that the two existing Motherhouses and those still to be established, would forever remain most intimately united. In speaking of this vastly important matter, she did not, however, betray any anxiety, as though she feared a separation. It was simply her strong love of peace and harmony that prompted her to dwell with such fervor on the strength and beauty of sisterly concord in a congregation so widely spread.—Thus the Lenten season passed—replete, not only with sorrows and sufferings, but with joys and consolations for herself and for all that had the happiness of witnessing her tranquil cheerfulness and angelic patience.

On Holy Saturday she was very weak. Between four and five P. M. the narrator entered her room

with the greeting "Allelujah!" and the question whether she had heard it in the morning. "Oh! yes," she answered, "I can sing it yet,"—and really, she sang the Allelujah following the epistle of Holy Saturday, clearly and fervently to the end. Had she been allowed, she would have sung it as does the priest at the altar—only much better than some of us. Hereupon she began to speak with great fervor of the "Exultet" and the significant ceremonies of Holy Week.

That same evening, arrangements were made by a number of the elder Sisters to surprise the dear sufferer with the "Regina Coeli", which they sang in the Mater Dolorosa chapel, just opposite her room, while the so-called Resurrection solemnity was held in the convent chapel. With joyful emotion she hailed the faithful singers and expressed her warmest thanks, while they hastened to the convent chapel, to receive the Benediction of the Most Holy Sacrament, and then back to the Mater Dolorosa chapel, to sing the "Laudate Dominum omnes gentes." A hearty "Bravo! bravo!" resounding from her sick-room, gave the Sisters evidence of the pleasure they had afforded their good Mother.

On the great Easter Festival, she was particularly bright and happy. Her heart was overflowing with pure Easter-joy. "I have given audience to-day," she exclaimed, as the narrator entered her room toward evening, finding her seated, for the first time, where she had received Extreme Unction nine weeks before. "And to whom have you given audience?" "To the professed Sisters and the

novices." "But, then, you must also grant the candidates and the aspirants the same privilege." "Certainly to-morrow."

She felt, however, she would have to suffer the penalty of her great liveliness, as was really the case.

On Easter Monday she could only grant an interview to a number of mission Sisters. At the early Mass in the Mater Dolorosa chapel, the aspirants sang some of the old German Easter hymns, among the rest, the beautiful "Jesus lives", which afforded her the sweetest joy.

The candidates could not be admitted to her bedside before the second Sunday after Easter.

On Low Sunday the writer greeted her with "Pax tibi," alluding to the Gospel. Thanking him, she added, with great eagerness: "Peace I have always enjoyed. I would have rather let myself be beaten to death than to have no peace."

Sunday, the 30th of April, her sufferings were intense. The water had risen to her shoulders, as she expressed it.

Her difficult breathing was distressing; still she was in the most cheerful state of mind. The writer had occasion to ask her a few questions relating to the Civil War. This recalled the deceased Mother Seraphina to her mind, at that time, superioress of a mission in Richmond, the besieged capital of the South, and, forthwith, she began to relate one of her numerous anecdotes about that dear little mother:—"Mother Seraphina had a little goat that supplied her little community with milk. The goat was not very lavish with her gift, however, and, therefore, not in great favor with the Sisters;

but she was Mother Seraphina's pet. Besides this "Nanny goat," Mother Seraphina had also a goodly number of Southern "blue-backs" (bills of little value). One day she had quite a pile of them lying on her table. The goat, which enjoyed many privileges, stood by in sweet innocence. Presently, our good little Mother was called to the parlor. Sprightly as she always was, she hastened to obey the summons, leaving the happy goat with her blue-backs. In a few minutes she returned; and the goat greeted her with a cheery butt. But, oh dear! where are the blue-backs? Quick as thought, our little Mother takes in the situation and decides upon action. The unfortunate goat is slaughtered; but alas! with poor Nanny, Mother Seraphina also lost her blue-backs, which the hungry creature had mistaken for green leaves." Our sick Mother related this incident in a manner so original and comical that the writer, not able to restrain his laughter, hastened out of the room.

By this time (the beginning of May) our cheerful sufferer had become quite helpless. During the first three months of her illness she had expressed her satisfaction that she still had the use of her knee-joints. She was so glad, because, by a certain way of sliding, she could help herself out of bed and in again, sparing the Sisters the exertion of lifting and carrying her. As long as possible she exerted all her remaining strength to help herself. Though sad, it was, at the same time, amusing to see how her strong will controlled her weak body. When her poor swollen feet had become very unwieldy, she would command them with a power-

ful voice, "Feet apart! one, two, three!" and, really, she succeeded. "You see, I still know how to command," she added, heartily laughing. But these last signs of physical strength soon vanished, although her mental powers remained as active as ever. The higher the water rose, the greater became her difficulty in breathing. Low moans, feverish shivering and streaming tears were the only external manifestations of her excruciating pains. No sign of discontent was visible, no word of complaint escaped her lips. As soon as the spasms of pain and exhaustion had passed over, she was cheerful and lively as before. Her cross and rosary were scarcely ever out of her hands—just as little as the Crucified and His Mother, out of her heart.

On Good Shepherd Sunday our dear Mother caused a sensation of mingled joy and sorrow all over the convent. Before seven A. M., soon after receiving Holy Communion, she sang a beautiful hymn to the Good Shepherd, which her uncle had taught her, when a little child. As the narrator stepped into her room, after divine service, in order to greet the "Singer", she again sang the touching hymn, at his request, with the naiveté of a child. Holy joy lighted up the sufferer's features. She sang the words with such firmness and expression, that all the Sisters present could not refrain from tears and sobs. The writer, too, had to withdraw quickly in order to control his emotion. In her ante-room he heard the last words of the hymn, a translation of which follows.

TO THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

I am so happy, full of glee,
Our Blessed Savior's lamb to be.
He is my Shepherd, kind and dear,
Whose gentle voice I love to hear.
He takes me to his tender care,—
His bounty ever lets me share.
Protected by His arm, I know,
Through dangers I can safely go.
In living pastures, green and fair,
He feeds my soul with food most rare,
And gives me drink from founts of life
With sweetest of refreshment rife.
A happy, joyous child I am,
To be my blessed Savior's lamb!
And, when my days on earth have passed,
I shall be borne to Him, at last,
Forever in His arms to rest
In glorious mansions of the blest.

Monday, May 2nd.—The dear patient was exceedingly weak. "Now, Father," she said, "all will soon be over." She expressed the wish to have the prayers for the dying said while she was still fully conscious. Her mind was clear and cheerful as ever. The consciousness of her extraordinary patience made her very happy. "It is not human," she would say, "but the fruit of all the prayers and Holy Masses offered for me. A good child will obey without delay. A child of God, I will be in all things."

Middle of May.—Her patience having been so great from the beginning, it would not be correct to say it has increased. We may, indeed, call it perfect, even heroic, as she prays for an increase of sufferings. It is both touching and edifying to

witness her anxiety not to be wanting in perfect resignation, in any respect. "I have been trying to think of some means," she remarked one day, "to relieve my burning thirst; but I fear it is against conformity with the will of God." Drinks to produce sleep or any stupefying effect, she absolutely refuses. She is anxious to remain fully conscious, in order to render her suffering more meritorious. The narrator need not offer her any encouragement; indeed, he can but thank her for the beautiful example she gives to sick and suffering Sisters.

Extraordinary person that Mother Caroline always has been, she manifests on her death-bed a greatness of soul which but few can attain. Only in the next world will the merits of her painful sickness be revealed. Happy the daughters for whom such a mother offers such sufferings!

May 16th. With great animation she again spoke of the affairs of the Order, dwelling, in particular, on the fact that school entertainments are becoming too numerous and lengthy, even lasting till late at night. This she considers a disorder which ought not to be tolerated. The writer informing her that he had occasion, but a few days ago, to order the Sisters of a certain mission not to be out of their dwelling later than ten o'clock, she expressed her hearty approval. She declared, moreover, that arrangements must be made to have, at the most, but two entertainments a year,—one by the junior pupils and another by the higher classes. Thus, time and trouble will be saved, as well for the Sisters, as for their pupils; for too many entertain-

ments rob the children of their study-time and, with great detriment to recollection of spirit, disturb the Sisters' daily order. These entertainments, besides, give rise to jealousy and nourish the love of vain show.

May 17th. With the usual oppression on her chest, she had great difficulty in expectorating, so that she was threatened with suffocation. The physicians declared her to be in great danger. Her nervous system was very much excited. With trembling hand, she feverishly stroked her forehead, crying out: "Oh! my head is getting to be so wild! I cannot help it, but how can I commune with God, while my nerves are so unstrung?" It was her greatest desire to go to meet her God with full consciousness. She wished to see all the Sisters once more. Each one, in turn, knelt by her bedside, to receive her parting blessing. The Archbishop calling to see her, she bade him a touching farewell, thanking him most fervently for his fatherly kindness and recommending the Sisters to his pastoral care. She also renewed her petition to obtain an assistant chaplain for the Motherhouse. She had previously thanked the narrator, and, gratefully kissing his hand, again besought him to remain with the Sisters, which he promised to do.

As soon as she could breathe a little more freely, her astonishing cheerfulness returned, and she sang the first line of the hymn, "Jesus, my Crucified Love." In a sinking spell, she repeatedly called aloud: "Jesus! Jesus!" and again, "Mamma! Mamma!" kissing her hand to the sacred images. There was something so child-like and

beautiful in her countenance, that all present were moved to tears.

When the narrator approached her bedside with a letter in his hand, she remarked, "I can read that yet." On receiving the reply, that eyes still seeing so clearly in this world, would not so very soon open in the next, she laughed heartily.

She again took occasion to speak of the Adoration Chapel, in particular, of the beautiful "Three-Kings' Star" which had been affixed to the altar within the last few days. Touching upon her last painful journey, she remarked that it was during the night preceding the feast of the Epiphany that she had determined to return to Milwaukee. Had she not followed that star, as she assured us, she would never have reached the Motherhouse again.

At seven o'clock in the evening, the prayers for the dying were said in the presence of the community. She joined with touching devotion, bowing her head and folding her hands, especially at the most expressive parts of those solemn prayers. Whenever the Sisters sought to moisten her feverish lips or offer some refreshment, she steadily refused, with a wave of her hand. A great number of the Sisters desired to watch with her during the night; but she allowed no one to remain, except her nurses, ordering the rest quietly to retire.

She passed the night in a better condition than could have been expected. In the morning of the 18th, she was greatly exhausted, but she breathed a little more freely. "Is n't it strange?" she said, "as soon as the prayers for the dying were concluded, I felt sleepy. I did sleep a little, and my

head is more quiet. Those prayers are so solemn; I understood them so well." Upon the narrator's remark that he had noticed this from the manner in which she had repeatedly bowed her head, she again spoke with great fervor of the beauty and unction of the prayers of Holy Church.

Towards evening she was very cheerful, although the physicians had declared she could die any moment. "There is as great a difference," she said, "between my present state and that of yesterday, as between night and day. Yesterday I was almost gone; I felt as if every breath was to be my last. I could only compare myself to the last pipe of some old organ, which still has something of a broken tone left." Pointing to her feet, she laughingly remarked: "O my feet! my feet! they must suffer the penalty now—though not of dancing; I never danced, but I was always skipping and running." Here she again recalled sweet memories of her happy childhood.

May 19th. For the first time her hands are swollen. She takes pains, notwithstanding, to trace the initials of her name, M. C. and a cross, in token of her blessing, on the back of little pictures, in order to distribute them as keepsakes. "The children," meaning the Sisters, "give me no peace."

For a few days following, there was no material change. Faithful Mother Clara had come from the East once more. May 22nd, the writer met her in the sick-room, just as she was taking leave of our dear suffering Mother, who was deeply moved. She emphatically recommended unity and cordial

relations between the Sisters of the East and the West. "Always remain united. It is this unity alone that, with the mercy of God, can consolidate and preserve our Congregation. The East and the West—the West and the East—must be one and the same, and if even new motherhouses be established, all must be one."—Alluding to the superior rank of the Milwaukee Motherhouse, as the seat of the Commissary General, she added: "No Cardinal nor Archbishop can have any objection. The Sisters in the East must not forget how often Milwaukee has helped them. The East and the West shall keep up an active intercourse, rendering mutual assistance and conferring with each other on the interests of the Order, that unity and conformity may be maintained forever." All this she said in a voice choked with tears, and with that solemn earnestness which was peculiar to Mother Caroline.

On the feast of the Ascension she thus addressed her physician: "Doctor, I am too heavy to go to Heaven." A painful smile diffused itself over her features, whilst this significant pun evinced, at the same time, the clearness of her mind and the intensity of her sufferings.

May 28th. She begged permission to give the poor all the presents she received during her illness. For the first time she experienced some difficulty in reconciling herself to the thought that her illness might prove a lingering one and give great trouble to those who waited on her so lovingly.

She again expressed her fears, lest the continual proofs of love and veneration she received, might

be an occasion of vain glory. Her one great desire was to please God alone, and to persevere in the spirit of humility and penance.

May 29th—Noonday. “I can scarcely refrain from weeping”, she said to the narrator, sadly smiling. “Not a moment’s sleep did I have since eleven o’clock last night. Oh! I can well understand the words of our Lord to His disciples: “Could you not watch one hour with me?” Then she most touchingly dwelt upon the fact that the life and sufferings of our Lord always suggested matter for reflection specially adapted to her present state. Her spirit was always active, —animated with the most lively faith.

May 31st. Recurring to St. Dominic, of whom she had been speaking a few days before, she said, although she had never entertained any particular devotion to this saint, still, in her present state, she beheld him nearly every night, shortly after twelve o’clock. He led her to the chapel—though she knew quite clearly that she remained in bed—first, to his picture and thence around to all the paintings of the Rosary Mysteries. This was a real treat and recreation for her, in her sufferings during the night. She loved the Rosary very much, although she felt some diffidence in reciting it, fearing not to do so with sufficient recollection and devotion. These apparitions she regarded as a reward of her charity toward the Dominican Sisters in their early difficulties, having given candidates over to them, and otherwise lent them assistance. As good Mother Hyacintha, Superior of the Dominicans in Racine, had been one of these

candidates, the writer invited her to visit Mother Caroline, which she did soon after.

In connection with her remarks on the Rosary, that same day, she tearfully spoke of the cross-bearing Savior. The fact that so few think of our Lord carrying His heavy Cross, always gave her pain. She renewed her resolution to endure her sufferings with persevering patience, in order to bear the cross with Jesus.

Thus passed the month of May, rich in sufferings as in merits. About the middle of Mary's month, it seemed her last hour had come; but, at the close, her condition was such that hopes were entertained she would linger throughout the month of the Sacred Heart.

During the month of May, she often spoke of discontinuing our Day and High School. For some years past, the Convent had been too crowded, the apartments too small for the ever increasing number of aged and infirm Sisters, deserving of a good home in their Motherhouse. More room was wanted, besides, for the growing number of aspirants, who had always been the fond object of our Mother's joy and solicitude. In order that this breaking up of the school might not have the appearance of an innovation, after her death, the narrator deemed it his duty to advise the dying Superior, herself to appoint the end of the scholastic year as the time of its final close. She willingly assented, at the same time expressing the hope that the Sisters, more in particular the local superiors, would interest themselves in behalf of good and talented girls, desirous of entering the

class of aspirants. It was her will that such should be admitted, even though they might not be able to pay for their education.

June 1st. She remarked that she could not hold out much longer, as the water continued rising higher and higher. This she said calmly and cheerfully ; but her voice was choked with tears, when she added : “Now the Sisters have all been here. The parting was harder than death ; oh yes ! harder than death.”—In the course of the day she applied herself to looking up names for the postulants, who were to receive the habit on the 21st.—She also spoke, for a considerable time, on the affairs of the Order.

June 2nd. “I have been free from pain for a few hours. It is very singular, the physician declares the rising water would destroy any other life in twenty-four hours. I can often hear it rushing up, as if in a pump.”—She is still engaged in looking up names of saints for the postulants.

June 3rd. A few days previous, she had received a letter from Munich, the contents of which greatly moved her. She was very grateful for the sympathy expressed by Mother Superior General and the Sisters, more in particular, for the prayers offered for her at the shrine of St. Walburga in Eichstaedt, so dear to her heart since the days of her childhood.

June 4th. Very weak to-day. “I cannot think any more ; at times, I barely know that I am still alive. I am becoming so indifferent.” Tears again filled her eyes at the thought that she might die in a state of unconsciousness. “I cannot help it ; but my desire, my desire (to remain conscious) is so

great." The writer had just received a letter from Mother Theophila, with the request to inform the dear patient of a Sister's death. He did so, in order to ascertain whether her intellectual faculties were really impaired as much as she feared. "Is Sister O—— dead?" she exclaimed with great animation, and forthwith began to relate some facts about her. The letter stated that the Sister had earnestly striven to live as a true religious. "Oh! certainly, certainly, she tried to be good. She was a good singer, too, full of life and energy. Her mother was one of my pupils at Philadelphia" (some forty years ago). Here followed a few anecdotes about the little school-girl, which were really delightful, and served to quiet the writer's fears as to the weakened state of her memory. After a little while, she remarked that her hearing and sight were still quite good, and she gratefully resolved to turn the impressions received through these senses to her spiritual advantage. For this purpose she had a painting of our Savior crowned with thorns, as a mock-king, placed in such position that she could fix her eyes upon it. On receiving the assurance that special prayers were continually offered to obtain the grace of consciousness for her to the end, she smiled her thanks. To obtain this grace was the constant desire of her heart; but her conformity with the Divine Will was very perfect in every respect.

On the great feast of Pentecost she felt somewhat better than usual. Her mind was filled with deep devotion in commemorating the mysteries of the day.

On being reminded that the candidates who

were preparing for Reception, had that morning exchanged the bonnet for the postulant's veil, she expressed her desire to see them, one by one, as soon as she would at all feel able.

Whit-Monday she admitted one half their number, and for each, in turn, she had a maternal word of admonition. She questioned those with whom she had been longer acquainted as to whether they had corrected certain faults, and exhorted all to take the important step before them with proper disposition. Blessing each with holy water, she herself held the vase, not allowing any one to render her this service.

In the afternoon the long expected Last Supper, by Schneiderhahn, of St. Louis, arrived for the Adoration Chapel. She examined it with the greatest interest, and, after making a few little remarks of criticism, expressed her appreciation by calling it a master-piece. As she knew the artist was not in very good circumstances, she was anxious to have payment made without delay.

June 7th, she admitted the remaining forty postulants, after which she was so exhausted, that the narrator, for the first time, did not pay her his usual daily visit.

The following day she had a most cordial interview with Ven. Mother Hyacintha, Superioress of the Dominicans at Racine.

June 9th. Physically weaker, but in good spirits.—She charged me to have the paintings in the sanctuary of the convent chapel all replaced by reliefs, in course of time. As the Rogation Processions had very much excited her, I hesitated as

to holding the customary procession on the feast of Corpus Christi. "But you will surely not omit the procession on my account," she said with great fervor. "Although I am not heroic in sufferings, I wish, at least, to endure all I can. This must remove every doubt on your part, Rev. Father."—She again spoke of the Last Supper by Schneiderhahn, and began to tease me about the organ for the Adoration Chapel, which she thought I would not get in time for the dedication. With the liveliest gratification, she spoke of the plan the Archbishop had proposed, during the Catholic Convention at Green Bay, to make the parish schools free. Such, too, had been Bishop Krautbauer's intention.—Speaking of the grave-yard at Elm-Grove, she considered the stone cross which I intended erecting, too expensive, but only because she knew it would principally serve as a monument over her grave.

The following day her weakness increased very much, in consequence of her absolutely sleepless nights; but her mind remained perfectly clear.

June 11th, the eve of the happy day on which twelve day-scholars were to receive their first Holy Communion. She took the greatest interest in the solemnity, saying: "These children require special care and attention; for it is sad to think how little religious training the most of them receive at home."

June 12th, Trinity Sunday, she grew so weak that she could not speak. She lay motionless, except when she made the sign of the cross, at short intervals. The water seemed to surround her heart. Now and then, she made a little circular

movement about the heart, to manifest the cause of her pain and oppression. Toward half past six, she nodded her grateful assent to have the prayers of the dying said once more, unless there would soon be a favorable change.

Half past eight P. M.—The change took place. As the writer stepped in, she smiled and, looking at the picture of St. Antony, which had just been brought to her room, playfully remarked that the figure was too stout. Then she described her condition: "It seems as if iron gates were beating against my heart and driving the water to the right side." On quoting the Scripture passage for her: "*Aquae multae non potuerunt extinguere caritatem*"—Many waters cannot extinguish charity, she said: "Latin verses are very pretty, but my time for poetry is over." When told she was to receive Holy Communion shortly after midnight, she expressed her willingness to comply with holy obedience; "But the Sisters," she said, with eagerness, "the Sisters must have their necessary sleep." She felt some anxiety, lest she might not be sufficiently conscious for receiving Holy Communion, but a few words of encouragement reassured her, especially when she was told Holy Communion would be brought her quietly, without the sound of a bell, in order not to wake the Sisters. She received at half past twelve, conscious, indeed! In the morning she said, with great emphasis: "Why did you not let me die last night! It would have been so sweet." Being told we would have her live as long as we could, leaving the time of her death to God, she replied:

“But if one thinks of nothing else and wishes for nothing else than union with God, it must surely be time to die.”

Aware of the writer's intention to celebrate the feast of St. Antony with the Capuchins, she began to express her grateful esteem for the worthy ex-provincial, Father Antony, and requested me to send him a box of good wine, saying he had worked hard, grown old and feeble; a glass of port-wine would do him good. She desired me to congratulate the good Father, in her name, and to treat the whole community. Ever the same heartfelt, grateful love for all!

June 14th. Thought she must die, if not to-day, at least by to-morrow. Now she had the *five wounds* she said, as the water was also oozing from her right side. “My heart must be strong, after all. Fire and water cannot destroy it.” In the course of our conversation, she spoke of the necessity of controlling the feelings by reason and faith, if souls, otherwise really good, were not to suffer great harm.

On the eve of Corpus Christi, she had a quarter of an hour's slumber, after passing the previous night in utter sleeplessness. She was, consequently, physically excited and restless, but in cheerful spirits, perfectly resigned. With a smile of content, she rested her head on her arm, like a sleeping child, so that we called her “a good baby.”

The feast of Corpus Christi, she spent in silent adoration of the Most Holy Sacrament. In the evening, June 16th, the retreat of the postulants began. She took the liveliest interest, seeking to

aid them by her prayers and sufferings.—On the feast of St. Aloysius, forty-three received the habit, whom she admitted that same afternoon, giving each her blessing, a picture, and a little treat.—The forty received the following day, enjoyed the same privilege.

June 26th. During the past week there was little change in her condition.—To-day she is suffering exceedingly. Her difficulty in breathing is slightly relieved by the continual issue of water from the openings above mentioned; her head, too, feels lighter; but for this very reason her pains are all the more acute. She has had cramps so severe, that, notwithstanding her weight, she was lifted up violently. Her interior life was full of activity. Her spirit dwelt with the poor souls a great part of the time. It also wandered to the different missions and to the Sisters' school-rooms. She was filled with anxiety as to the duration of her sickness. In regard to her soul she was not troubled, for she resigned it entirely to her good and merciful God; but her body, with all the water that filled it! I remarked, if she were not suffering so patiently, I myself would wish her to die soon; but the grace of perfect resignation, so evidently granted her, rendered her sufferings too precious, to desire an abridgment. In profound humility, she again expressed the hope that her sufferings might prove acceptable to God, in atonement for her own sins and those of others. Her only desire was to have no wish at all, in regard to the duration of her illness, but wholly to abandon herself to the Divine Will. Yesterday the physicians had

told her they could do nothing for her whatever. "How must people of the world feel," she asked, "when they are told anything of the kind?" With fervent thanks she again spoke of the inexhaustible consolations which our holy religion affords in sufferings.

June 28th. Yesterday she suffered exceedingly; to-day she enjoys some relief,—slept a little in a sitting posture. She inspected the plans for the new novitiate with great interest, but only for a few minutes,—wishes the new Motherhouse in St. Louis to be built in the same style—the chapel extending out from the middle.

June 29th. This morning she authorized Mother Clara, in her own hand-writing, to hold a reception of forty-one novices in the East. The conclusion ran thus: Given in the chief Motherhouse at Milwaukee, Wis., June 29th, 1892, while awaiting my final dissolution, with the humble request of prayer for a happy death.

Mary Caroline Friess,
Commissary General of the
School Sisters de N. D.

On the feast of the Sacred Heart, she suddenly exclaimed: "Oh! the generous Heart of Jesus, full of infinite mercy! It even bore with a Judas,—so lovingly pardoned the fallen Peter. A hundred and a thousand times I have held up this example to the Sisters, when they were unwilling to bear with one another,—and, generally, because of mere childish trifles.—Oh! the merciful Heart of Jesus! Surely, one may have confidence."

June 30th.—This morning she admitted all the aspirants, about to leave for vacation. In the evening she was very cheerful. Related how she makes her trips from bed to arm-chair and back again. At the word, “ready” operations begin, with halts at “one, two, three,” till her nurses have her seated in her chair, or lying on her bed again.—Last week her physicians had deceived her by prescribing a sleeping powder, but she had strictly forbidden it for the future.—She finds the struggle between her inferior and superior nature hard, at times, but the thought of purgatory, merits to be acquired, and satisfaction to be rendered, gives the necessary strength.

July 2nd. I offered to bring her Holy Communion after midnight, but she positively refused, intimating that she offers her sufferings during the night for the grievous sins committed under the cover of darkness. The design of the new chalice for the Adoration Chapel, awakened her full interest. In honor of the day—feast of the Visitation, the Sisters sang the Magnificat in the chapel opposite her room; but she was too weak to join. Her cheerfulness was undisturbed.

July 3rd. As amiable and cheerful as ever. When the writer entered her room, she began to recite the first stanza of a hymn to the Precious Blood which she had heard sung, in her youth, by the sturdy men of St. James’ Congregation, at Munich, on the morning of the feast. She offered me some cherries, saying: “It is my last pleasure on earth to give the Sisters the good things I receive, but cannot touch.” The cherries recalled

fond memories of childhood. "When I was naughty at table," she began to relate, "which was not seldom, Uncle confined me to an adjoining room, until I would beg pardon and ask for my dinner. Once, when undergoing this punishment, I found a basket of cherries in the room—large black heart-cherries. Presently I began to feast upon them, but very cautiously, so as not to stain my lips and teeth. School-time arrived, and Uncle opening the door, told me to go. He, of course, expected me to ask for my dinner; but I would not. I started for school. As I turned the corner of our block, there stood my good grandmother, waiting for me with a large honey-cake; but I refused it. Grandmother on returning to the house, soon found out why I had declined the tempting dainty; but she did not betray me to Uncle."

On my expressing the hope that she would, after all, live to see the opening of the Perpetual Adoration, she remarked, after a slight pause, "All things are in the hands of God." She has attained such a degree of holy indifference, that she absolutely desires to have no wish whatever, but in all things to conform to the Divine Will.

July 4th. She was displeased, because through consideration for her in her suffering state, we had not hoisted the flag on the glorious Fourth. "I love America," she exclaimed with joyful emotion.

She asked my advice in regard to the young religious who were begging to take the perpetual vows, in hopes of obtaining this favor, as a last proof of her love, although they had not reached the traditional age of thirty-three. As seven or

more years had elapsed since these Sisters had pronounced their first vows, I advised her not to refuse any one, unless she had really rendered herself unworthy of the grace. Highly pleased, she remarked it is, after all, only the Bavarian Law that prescribes the age of thirty-three, and, therefore, the Sisters in America ought not to be obliged to wait so long.

July 5th. Full of interior joy—"But," she said, "the golden period of true interior recollection is over for me; I find it more and more difficult to keep my mental faculties under perfect control. My spirit wanders, and the imagination loses itself. My physical dissolution is advancing." When I observed that she would, after all, retain the clearness of her mind and the active power of her will, though, perhaps, not as perfectly as heretofore, she was much gratified.

She next spoke of the Sisters. Now, after all the Superiors had been here, and vacation had begun, all the rest were anxious to come. I told her that was right, all ought to come, if possible; it would do them good—they would derive spiritual benefit. This was the point that she urged ever and again. Her thoughts recurring to the Adoration Chapel, she expressed her admiration of Divine Providence in so directing all things, that this dear sanctuary should be far enough completed for the mission Sisters to see it in all its beauty.

July 6th. The dear patient was so lively that the Sisters thought she would be able to attend the dedication of the Adoration Chapel, and showed her the place—on the photograph—which they

would prepare for her. Their child-like expectations greatly amused her.

July 7th. Had a very bad night. Cramps in her limbs caused her great pains. Her mind was wandering; she was restless. She herself declared it to be the restlessness of the dying.—She understands her case clearly,—is anxious to control herself, but can do so no longer. The assurance given her that there is nothing morally wrong or sinful in this state, calmed and consoled her. In terms the most explicit, she placed herself under the control of her nurses, in order to guard against anything that might be wrong. The desire she felt, in this state of excitement, to know and direct everything amused her. It had become a second nature to her, she remarked, after being in command for forty-two years. There was not the least sign of impatience or repining.—As soon as any Sister who had come for vacation or profession, approached her bedside, she, as ever, manifested her wonderful memory and her maternal love.

July 8th. Toward evening she received a visit from the Archbishop, Father Francis, General Definitor of the Capuchin Order, from Rome, and Father Lawrence, the Provincial. They found her as affable and cheerful as ever. “The same Mother Caroline still,” said the distinguished visitors.

July 9th. Her sufferings were intense, yet she was full of deep interest for the Sisters who were preparing for profession.

July 10th. Quite exhausted from the tortures of the foregoing night. She had cramps so violent,

that her nurses had to carry her back and forth from bed to chair four times within two hours. It was, indeed, a night of cruel sufferings ; still she received Holy Communion at the usual time.

July 11th. To-day, for the first time, it is really painful to be with the dear sufferer. In consequence of her racking pains during the past two nights, besides the oppressive heat at present, her spirit is clouded ; her speech confused. She imagines she has been taken to Sisters of another Order. Forty years a superioress—and now she is but a candidate,—less than a candidate ; but she will be humble and contented, it is the will of God. The Sisters try to convince her that she is at home. The physician told her she had been in another convent, but now she is at home again. If this be so, the Sisters have deceived her. She scolds about secret doings. The Sisters should not be guilty of such things. Her sincere, upright heart has been wounded ; still she is kind and loving as a child,—has something to give to every one.—The writer must explain matters to her ; she requests him to call again in the evening.—

I found her a little clearer, but not at ease yet in regard to her place of abode. She begged me not to let the Sisters take her away.—On telling her I must go to the seminary, to attend the synod next morning, her full interest was awakened. Prayers must be said for this intention. I should tell the Sisters to pray fervently for the synod.

July 12th. Is confused,—imagines she had no physician and no medicine. The doctor succeeds in reassuring her that she is at home.

July 13th—Early in the morning. She was fully conscious of her confused state of mind. It pained her, but she did not complain. “I cannot resist,” she declared with a sad smile.—In the evening her mind was much clearer. A lay-sister, who was going on mission came to take leave. Presently she showed her the same affection as ever on such occasions. Turning to me, she remarked: “Sister has a good will, but she is rather forgetful.”—“Walk before God, dear Sister, walk before God. Be faithful, persevere, with the grace of God. Give my love to the Sisters—to each one in particular.” Here she blessed her, making the cross on her forehead, and heartily embraced her, fixing a last long look upon the sobbing Sister.

July 14th. Very weak. Her wanderings all pertained to the Holy Sacrifice. Several times she asked for her stockings and shoes, to go to Mass, recited Mass-prayers, the “Sanctus, sanctus, sanctus,”—adored the Savior and communed with Him, as after the Consecration. In the evening her mind was clear and composed. I drew her attention to a letter from the Most Rev. Archbishop of New Orleans, in which he applied for Sisters, to take charge of deaf-mutes. She remembered, at once, how we had conferred on taking such a school, some years ago. She was quite willing to comply, speaking with great emphasis of the necessary growth and spread of the Order in the South. Formerly we had been too much intent upon having New Orleans alone, in the South; but, without spreading beyond that city, there would

be no life and activity, in the Southern branch of the Congregation. The poor deaf-mutes called forth all her compassion,—it would be a good work to care for them. She wished the Sisters to know that she is as willing to provide for the South as for any other place.— — — Speaking of her condition, she described it with painful clearness. Her limbs caused her terrible pains.—She, nevertheless, was troubled in conscience, lest her nurses were doing too much for her; not all was necessary, she thought; it was only done to relieve her sufferings, and she feared it might be a want of perfect resignation to accept such alleviations. I assured her it was her duty to let the Sisters do all in their power; they ought to prove their loving gratitude, and she might not refuse their services.

July 15th. The night was terrible. Burning pains and cramps distorted her limbs in a most pitiable manner.

July 16th. Received Holy Communion, soon after midnight, with a clear mind and fervent devotion. For the rest, she passed the night in tortures.—She always beheld Sisters around her,—the most of them deceased. They^l beckoned for her. Her mind was much occupied with school-children. When prayers were said, she was always quite conscious, pronouncing the words distinctly and devoutly.

July 17th. Received Holy Communion shortly after midnight, just as she had an attack of the most racking pains. She prayed aloud most touchingly: “O Jesus, Thou knowest I really wish to do penance,—to suffer everything. O Jesus,

my love should be greater than my pains, but alas! my pains are greater than my love. Jesus, Jesus, help me!" She said the Confiteor aloud, pronouncing every word distinctly. Her movements, she could not control; she was too much agitated by her cruel pains. Here was an heroic struggle, as edifying as it was painful to behold. During the day she enjoyed a little sleep—was more tranquil, as lovable as a child in her looks and expressions. She often thought of her grandmother.

Sister Kiliana thinks she cannot survive four nights more like the past.

July 18th. Quiet, but confused. Not yet convinced that she is at home.

July 19th. A night of excruciating pains.—Continually wished to rise and go to Holy Mass. Was praying most of the time, and nearly always in Latin, particularly the *Salve Regina*.—In her terrible pains she cried out: "I shall burst! I shall burst!"—This morning she again wished to attend my Holy Mass. The weather is very unfavorable, dark and cloudy; the heat oppressive. Toward half past ten in the forenoon, I was called; it appeared her last hour had come. Her neck was stiff; she suffered unspeakably, but her spirit was unclouded. When prayers were said, she joined in the responses quite audibly, bowed her head and struck her breast at the words, "Jesus for Thee I live," etc. After the Divine Acts, she said, solemnly and fervently: "Yes, in faith, hope and charity, I will die." Her labored breath was painful in the extreme. "Air! air!" she cried. "My head higher, higher!" For the first time, she let

the Sisters fan her; she had always thought it too great a comfort. She prayed repeatedly, as she had during the night: "O clemens, o pia, o dulcis Virgo Maria! Ostende—ostende,—Mater misericordiae! Jesus, into Thy hands I commend my spirit." She desired to receive the Viaticum. "The sweet Infant Jesus must come once more."—Received with great fervor.—The Sisters assembled in retreat recited the rosary for her in the chapel. I acquainted them of their beloved Mother's dying state. They controlled their feelings admirably. The retreat-master, Father Maximilian, O. S. F., at his special request, brought her the Viaticum. Gradually she revived—tranquil but exceedingly exhausted.—

Towards one o'clock.—"I am still alive." About four, the two physicians called. They were astonished to find her so much better. I made the remark that the doctors had been faithful in their attendance. "Yes," said their dying patient, thoughtfully, "a thousand times we may say so, with a good conscience."

About six o'clock the Most Rev. Archbishop called to see her. She received his blessing devoutly; but the next moment her mind wandered. The heat is uncommonly great. Toward eight o'clock, she was very calm. "But when the mind is quiet," she said, "reflection comes—and then, so many thoughts, words and actions!"—Reminding her of the mercy of God and the Mater misericordiae, consoled her. She then spoke of prayer, and called the services rendered her, works of mercy, which she would accept from her children—the Sisters.

July 20th. Utterly exhausted. Took no nourishment the whole day, except a teaspoonful of soup. She asked for a glass of wine, blessed it, but could not drink.—She often spoke of the deceased Sisters, especially the elder, and expressed her joy at the thought of their approaching reunion in Heaven. To-day she also suffered interiorly, and, for the first time, grew sad, at intervals. On the whole, her cheerful spirit, however, prevailed.

July 21st. So weak that this will probably be her last day on earth. I said Holy Mass for her again, at the close of which she sent for me. "Pray! Pray! Jesus mercy!" she cried out in her terrible pain; otherwise, she was calm and resigned as ever. In the course of the day, she could scarcely speak a word; but she is a picture of interior peace,—yes, of happy transfiguration. It does one good to see her, if but for an instant.

July 22nd, twenty minutes after seven A. M. the great sufferer breathed her last.

Requiem aeternam dona ei, Domine!
Et lux perpetua luceat ei.

CHAPTER XIV.

Mother Caroline's Death and Burial.

Funeral Sermons of the Most Rev. Archbishop and the
Rev. Benedict Neithart, C. S.S. R.

Friday, July 22nd, feast of St. Mary Magdalene, Mother Caroline died. Her death occurred instantly, without any agony. It was so unexpectedly sudden, indeed, that Rev. H. Koetting, chancellor of the

Archdiocese, who was hastily called from his breakfast, in the chaplain's dining-room, scarcely found her alive. Her yearning wish to die with full consciousness was fulfilled. Early in the morning she had expressed her joy over the feast of St. Mary Magdalene. Being told that a traveling Franciscan was about to say Mass, shortly after six o'clock, and would make a memento for her, she heartily said, "Vergelt's Gott!" For the last time, she had said her night-prayer aloud, the evening before, with several of the Sisters. At the conclusion, she asked for the holy water, as usual, blessed herself and the Sisters standing by,—then sprinkled it in every direction, saying: "I bless all the Sisters; yes, each and every one." During the night she suffered excruciating pains, but with full consciousness. She prayed almost without interruption, offering her pains for the children under the Sisters' care. Prayers that she said aloud, were addressed to the Divine Infant and His Blessed Mother. Again and again she renewed her holy vows and exclaimed with greatest fervor, "My Jesus, I am Thine." She spoke of the departed Sisters,—also of the beauty and necessity of peace and concord among her spiritual daughters. She again returned special thanks to her nurses, saying: "God reward you for all your care and trouble." Toward four o'clock in the morning, she insisted on going to Holy Mass. She said her morning prayer with her nurses, and then quietly continued her interior devotions. At seven the narrator said Mass for her in the Mater Dolorosa Chapel. During the Holy Sacrifice, between the

Consecration and the Communion, she expired. As the celebrant knelt down, to recite the prayers after Mass, the Most Rev. Archbishop, who was about to offer the Holy Sacrifice immediately after, informed him of her death. The weeping and sobbing of the Sisters and candidates, assembled in the chapel, mingled with the mournful tolling of the bell above the Adoration Chapel. This bell had been destined, more than two months previous, to ring, for the first time, at Mother Caroline's demise, and thenceforth to serve as a memorial bell, as its inscription indicates: *Matrem plango.* (The mother, I mourn.) *Filias voco.* (The daughters, I call.)

The Most Rev. Archbishop and the Rev. Retreat-master also said Mass for the repose of her soul. Thus did the Holy Sacrifice for the living and the dead open the portals of a happy eternity for her departing soul; truly, a precious and well-deserved grace for her who, alike, in the time of health and sickness, evinced the most edifying zeal for the Adorable Sacrifice.

The Sisters' deportment on receiving the painful announcement, deserves particular mention. They proved themselves worthy daughters of their departed Mother. Their sorrow was deep, their tears flowed, their hearts bled; but they were calm and composed. The most of them were in retreat. Silently they offered their tearful prayers in the different chapels of the house. With the calmness and fortitude that breathed the spirit of Mother Caroline, they soon continued the exercises of the retreat, in preparation for the renewal of their

vows, or their final profession. There was, indeed, something exceedingly consoling about the demise of Mother Caroline. With the fullest assurance all could say: "She is released from her sufferings She has fought a good fight, she has finished her course, she has kept the faith A crown of justice is laid up for her, which the Lord, the just Judge will render her." Who can doubt the salvation of a soul so highly favored, so severely tried, and found faithful? Although performing the duty of charity in offering prayers, sacrifices, Holy Communions for the repose of her soul,—deep within the heart, each and every one feels the assurance that eternal glory is the portion of her who died in perfect union with her Divine Spouse.

The news of her death was at once telegraphed to all the houses of the Order, and letters, with the sad announcement, sent to all the bishops and priests in whose dioceses or congregations our Sisters are employed.

The venerable corpse was carefully embalmed, and the place for its repose, on the bier, prepared. This was no other than the Adoration Chapel. Not having survived the dedication, she was, at least, to have the honor of being laid out in this sacred edifice, which, for so many years, had been the fond object of her heart's desire, her prayers and sacrifices.

In the course of Friday and Saturday, loving hands and artistic taste prepared a mortuary chapel of surpassing beauty.

Saturday evening the corpse was placed on its

bed of state, that the Sisters could have it for themselves, undisturbed, over Sunday.

Monday and Tuesday, from 10 A. M. to 6 P. M., all were admitted who desired to cast a last, loving look upon the earthly remains of the dear departed. Thousands came, although the heat was so great, during those days, that several fatal sun-strokes occurred. Truly, a touching tribute to the memory of Mother Caroline!

Though beautifully the venerable corpse was laid out, the most touching ornament was, after all, her plain, little first communion picture, which she had expressly desired to take with her to the grave. The loveliest token, indeed, of her inviolable fidelity to Him whom she had chosen as her Bridegroom on the happy day of her first Holy Communion! This little picture Mother Caroline always had in her portmanteau, when traveling. Numberless times the beautiful prayer on the back of it must have inspired her to renew the promises made at her first Holy Communion. That this prayer may become the common inheritance of all the Sisters, we insert a translation.

Hymn of Thanksgiving after First Holy Communion.

My Jesus, for the grace bestowed
On me this happy day,
The first time at Thy feast of love,
Be praises Thine for aye.

May oft this precious food of life
Give strength anew to me,
Lest, on the path I weary grow,
That leads my soul to Thee.

Sweet Jesus, to Thy loving care
Myself I now consign ;
Yes, all I have and all I am
Forever shall be Thine.

Dear Savior, bless me, while I strive
In grace to persevere.
To Thee I consecrate my youth
And all my life's career.

Oh ! let me not attach my heart
To things that pass away.
Be Thou my solace and the balm
Each suff'ring to allay,—

My life, my hope, my strong defence
From wily foes' decoy,
My treasure, science, only Love,
And my eternal joy.

Oh ! naught from Thee shall part my soul,—
No labor, want, nor pain.
In Thee alone I find sweet peace,
And Heaven's bliss I gain.

The writer regrets that this deeply significant picture, through a mistake of his, was not laid upon her heart, in time to be visible on the photograph of the corpse on its bed of state.

The funeral service took place at 9 A. M., Wednesday, the 27th of July. The coffin was carried down stairs from the Adoration Chapel by priests, and thence to the convent Chapel by ten lay-sisters. The Most Rev. Archbishop celebrated the solemn Requiem. Mgr. Zeininger, V. G., assisted as arch-priest ; the Very Rev. Lawrence Vorwerk, Provincial of the Capuchins, and Rev. Maximilian Neumann, Superior of the Franciscans in Chicago, as deacons of honor ; Rev. H. Koetting

and K. G. Beyer (of La Crosse), as deacon and subdeacon; Rev. A. I. Decker and J. J. Keogh, as masters of ceremonies. The Rt. Rev. Bishops, Rupert Seidenbuch, Joseph Rademacher, Joseph H. Richter, John Janssen, Joseph Cotter, James Schwebach, and about seventy priests, assisted at the obsequies. Just before the solemn absolution, the Most Rev. Archbishop delivered a sermon in German, and Rev. Benedict Neithart, C. S. S. R., in English. The latter appeared as the representative of the Redemptorists, to whom the School Sisters are greatly indebted for the kindly aid extended them in founding the first houses of their Congregation in America.

The following is a translation of the German sermon :

“Mulierem fortem quis inveniet?”

“Who shall find a valiant woman?”

Prov. 31. 10.

“Requiem aeternam dona eis, Domine, et lux perpetua luceat eis”—“Grant them eternal rest, O Lord, and let perpetual light shine upon them.”

With this touching and deeply significant prayer, Holy Church begins the sacrifice of the Mass, which she offers the all-merciful God for the faithful departed. Requiem aeternam etc.—with this devout petition I have often begun the Sacred Mysteries in the presence of the mortal remains of those who slept in the Lord, but seldom—indeed, I may say never—have I felt the application of these words so deeply as to-day; for rarely have I stood before the bier of a departed friend, who so well deserved eternal rest as the lamented Mother

Caroline. With her demise, a life has terminated, rich in meritorious works; a life of uninterrupted labors, heavy cares and untold sacrifices; a life that proved a source of unspeakable blessings. Yes, Mother Caroline deserves eternal rest. Blessed we may, therefore, call her; her works follow her, that she may inherit a glorious kingdom and a resplendent crown from the hands of the Lord, such as the Book of Wisdom holds out to the just.

We may contemplate Mother Caroline as a woman, as a religious, as spiritual mother of thousands of virgins, or, more in particular, as superioress of the School Sisters of Notre Dame in America,—in each of these capacities, we behold in her the strong woman whose praise the Holy Ghost Himself declares in the question He proposes: “Who shall find a valiant woman?” and, answering, recounts the prerogatives of this valiant woman.

Contemplating her person and her works in the light of faith, we find Mother Caroline a valiant woman. God, in His infinite goodness, had endowed her mind and heart with extraordinary gifts. Her imposing figure, stately, majestic—not to say royal—was the mere perceptible expression of her nobility and greatness of soul. She possessed an uncommonly clear understanding, a penetrating judgment, remarkable will-power,—all these combined with the most winning goodness of heart, unselfish kindness, deep and tender feeling, really astonishing prudence in the most trying circumstances of life. Her heart was full of loving sympathy for the sorrows and joys of others.

Among her other naturally virtuous inclinations, let me mention but one that formed a prominent and most amiable trait of her character: it is her deep feeling of gratitude for the least favor bestowed upon herself or her congregation. The noblest generosity, too, was stamped upon her character. She was a valiant woman, of a manly spirit, in the best and most beautiful sense of the word. I hesitate not to say she possessed everything in the character of a man that is an ornament to woman as well; but such manly traits as would disfigure the gracefulness of a woman, were far from her. Thus had God fitted her, even by her natural abilities, for the office of governing, and prepared her for the great task of her life. These natural prerogatives were certainly not due to her own merits, for they were gifts of God; but her merit consisted in fostering and ennobling them by her co-operation with the grace of God, thus giving them a higher, supernatural tendency to promote the glory of God, the prosperity of her congregation, the salvation of American children and the welfare of Holy Church in this country.

Every religious who is faithful to her vocation is, in the sublimest sense of the word, a valiant woman, whom, with the Holy Spirit, we must praise and admire.

We honor the general whose keen foresight devises successful plans, whose armies achieve famous and glorious victories, whose courage and valor repulse the threatening foe. But what are the victories of a military commander, though grand they may be,—victories achieved through

ambitious motives, in the service of an earthly king,—victories gained by blood-shed, at the cost of countless lives,—what, indeed, are such victories compared with those which a true religious achieves for the love of God? Victories over self, over the most dangerous and persistent enemies; victories over the victor himself; victories whose laurels never fade and whose triumphal honors are everlasting; victories that cost not the lives of others, but rather give life.

Every faithful religious is a valiant woman; but Mother Caroline was not merely a faithful and conscientious religious, she was a model religious. This testimony is given by all that stood in closer relation to her and had the opportunity to observe her daily life and labors. It is not for me to say more on this subject; but you, her spiritual daughters, always looked up to her as your pattern in forming yourselves in the religious life. From her you have learnt true religious piety, free from eccentricity and caprice—a life of genuine virtue.

The life of a true religious, as I told you a few days ago, when some of your number pronounced the final vows, is a perfect holocaust, an uninterrupted sacrifice of herself, her body and soul, her understanding and will, all her faculties, all external things which others have a right to enjoy; and the fire which consumes this holocaust, is the love of God. You all know how great and pure and perfect this love of God was in Mother Caroline. You know how unreservedly she offered this sacrifice to God, always and in every circumstance of her laborious life, particularly during the twelve

years of her physical ailments and the seven months of her most painful illness; you know the heroic patience and resignation with which she endured her sufferings. From all directions the Sisters came to bid a last adieu to their most beloved, dying Mother. The final parting from each was more painful to her than death, as she herself acknowledged, not, indeed, because she was inordinately attached to her Sisters, but because, in her dying state, she had to witness the deep sorrow of her daughters.

But Mother Caroline was not simply a religious that proved herself a valiant woman by faithfully, conscientiously observing her vows of poverty, chastity, obedience and the education of youth, in the most perfect self-sacrifice,—she was superioress for more than forty years, was the spiritual mother of thousands and thousands of consecrated virgins and, as such, too,—yes, precisely as such, she proved herself the great, valiant woman—the strong woman, to whom, in a spiritual sense, I wish to apply the words of Holy Scripture: “Woman is blessed in giving birth to children.”

Here, in this chapel, on the spot where she lies cold and lifeless before us—here she held so many religious receptions and professions, through which spiritual daughters were born to a higher and holier life. More than two thousand of this happy number are still living, and laboring for the glory of God.

In 1883, when the School Sisters of Notre Dame, celebrated the golden jubilee of their congregation, I preached in this chapel. Justly I could then

apply the parable of the Mustard Seed to their association. This is, indeed, very small among seeds, but sown in the earth, grows up to a large tree, whose spreading branches and luxuriant crown afford shade and protection to the birds of the air. Nine years, since then, have elapsed, and the tree has steadily grown, has multiplied its branches and its foliage. God Himself has hereby given testimony of the valiant woman; God Himself has visibly blessed the work of Mother Caroline.

If Mother Caroline was not, from the very beginning, the Superior of the School Sisters in America, she was appointed to the office before the lapse of the first three years, and that at the age of twenty-five. It was she who planted this tree in the new soil of America; through her care and attention it stands in full bloom—such bloom as scarcely any other religious congregation enjoys.

But Mother Caroline, the valiant woman, not merely gave spiritual birth to thousands of daughters; she reared them “unto justice.” Whoever has entered into closer relation with the School Sisters of Notre Dame, from Milwaukee, whether as bishop of a diocese, as priest and director of a parochial school, or in any other capacity, must acknowledge, if, free from prejudice, he will give testimony to truth,—that a good spirit, the right spirit, the spirit of Mother Caroline, prevails among the School Sisters of Notre Dame: the spirit of poverty, the spirit of virginal purity, the spirit of religious seclusion, the spirit of modesty, the spirit of subordination, the spirit of self-sacrifice and self-denial, the spirit of gratitude,—the

spirit to work and to suffer for God and the welfare of children.

This spirit Mother Caroline herself possessed; with this spirit she inspired her daughters; this spirit she fostered within them,—and this spirit, as we hope, she will—from her heavenly abode—ever maintain and preserve in her congregation. But, notwithstanding this good and genuine religious spirit of her community, how valiant must have been the woman upon whom the government and direction of two thousand Sisters in charge of seventy thousand children, in so many different schools, devolved! How valiant, supernaturally strong in every respect, must have been the woman, who for more than forty years, under the most trying circumstances,—in poverty and want, joys and sorrows, governed a society of virgins engaged in schools of twenty-nine dioceses, in seventeen states of the Union, and in Canada! And this office she filled, not only to the full satisfaction, but to the admiration of all. Difficulties always attend the opening and management of parochial schools; each involves peculiar struggles and cares, at the cost of many a sacrifice. Every pastor has his own views and ways; every bishop has certain claims, and makes such regulations as he deems proper. Every Sister has her own human weaknesses, her own troubles and difficulties, her sufferings and complaints; and all these are out-poured into the heart of her spiritual mother. How valiant must, then, be the woman who can satisfy all these claims and bear the burden of all these cares,—sharing the troubles of all, sympathiz-

ing with all, affording assistance and relief to all! Mother Caroline was this valiant woman. The Sisters, her spiritual daughters, loved her with a love that was prepared for every sacrifice; pastors regarded her as a mother to the lambs of their folds; bishops appreciated her worth, and, do I say too much? honored her as the valiant woman that lightened their pastoral cares and lessened the weight of their responsibilities. Yes, a woman, valiant and strong, was Mother Caroline in the position she occupied in the young Church of America. She was strong in her zeal, strong in her sufferings, strong in her confidence, strong in her love for the holy mission appointed her, the great work of education in parochial schools, especially among German Catholics in America. At the present time, thanks be to God, there are many Catholic parish schools, many religious congregations devoted to Christian education—to education in parochial schools. But what were the prospects fifty years ago, when the little colony of School Sisters from Bavaria landed in our country? There were, indeed, sisterhoods that educated girls in boarding and convent schools; but I fear little contradiction, if I maintain that the Catholic parochial school was then an uncultivated field—a primeval forest of America, which scarcely any one thought of clearing or tilling.—In the sphere of parochial schools, Mother Caroline is a pioneer.

How many privations, sacrifices, labors, cares and dangerous travels, attended the opening of parochial schools in those early years! How much

prudence, will-power and confidence in God were required in conducting them!

Mother Caroline has not only the merit of directing hundreds of parochial schools, through her Sisters, she has also become a model for other communities. Not only Milwaukee, in which she established a Motherhouse,—not only Wisconsin, but seventeen states, twenty-nine dioceses, and many thousands of Catholics owe her a debt of undying gratitude. Hundreds and thousands are indebted to her for their Catholic education, Catholic spirit, Catholic sentiments, Catholic conviction—even their holy Catholic Faith,—the preservation of their religion in their own hearts, the hearts of their children and their children's children!

If Holy Scripture declares that those who instruct others unto justice shall shine as the stars of heaven, how glorious a recompense must await her, through whose efforts thousands upon thousands received such instruction, and that in a country and at a period in which the general want of religious instruction is the cause of so many losing their greatest good—the holy Faith. In conclusion, I can in nowise draw a more beautiful and faithful likeness of Mother Caroline than by quoting from the Book of Proverbs those passages in which the Holy Ghost portrays the valiant woman: “Who shall find a valiant woman? far and from the uttermost coasts is the price of her.— — She is like the merchant's ship, she bringeth her (spiritual) bread from afar. And she hath risen in the night (of education in Catholic schools) and given a prey to her household and victuals to her

maidens. She hath considered a field and bought it; with the fruit of her hand she hath planted a vineyard. She hath girded her loins with strength and hath strengthened her arm. She hath tasted and seen that her traffic (vocation) is good; her lamp shall not be put out in the night (of hardships and privations). She hath put out her hand on strong things and her fingers have taken hold of the spindle. She hath opened her hand to the needy and stretched out her hands to the poor (in a material and a spiritual sense). She shall not fear for her house in the cold of snow; for all her domestics are clothed with double garments (of knowledge and virtue). She hath made to herself clothing of tapestry; fine linen and purple (pure intentions and tact for governing) is her covering. — — — — Strength and beauty are her clothing; and she shall laugh in the latter day. She hath opened her mouth to wisdom, and the law of clemency is on her tongue. She hath looked well to the paths of her house, and hath not eaten her bread idle. Her children (spiritual daughters) rose up, and called her blessed; her husband, (her Divine Spouse) and he praised her. Many daughters have gathered together riches (merits); thou hast surpassed them all. Favor is deceitful, and beauty is vain; the woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised. Give her of the fruit of her hands; and let her works praise her in the gates." Such is the praise the Holy Ghost bestows upon the valiant woman; such the praise of the Holy Ghost that we may justly apply to the life and labor of the valiant woman whose mortal remains lie before us—the departed Mother Caroline.

From the depths of their hearts, many thousands in our country who have heard of her death, exclaim with grateful emotion: "Grant her eternal rest, O Lord!"—"Grant her eternal rest!" thus we, too, Bishops and Priests and Sisters have prayed; and this is the petition that shall follow her to the grave. Grant her eternal rest, O Lord! must be my parting word, as Bishop of this city and this state. Grant her eternal rest, after so many labors, so many sacrifices, so many cares and privations, so many extraordinary merits due to her zeal for the Catholic education of youth in this city, this province,—in twenty-nine dioceses. Eternal rest, after her heaven-blest labors for the glory of God, the welfare of children and the spread of God's Kingdom in America. Grant her eternal rest, and let perpetual light shine upon her—Thy light, the splendor of Thy eternal glory—Thyself, O Lord, the Beatific Vision! Amen.

After the Most Rev. Archbishop, Father Neithart spoke as follows:—

"Beloved of God and of men, whose memory is in
benediction." Ecclesiasticus 45. 1.

Most Rev. Archbishop, Right Rev. Bishops, Rev.
Fathers and Revered Sisters:

We have assembled from all parts of the country, to honor and pray for our esteemed, beloved, lamented, departed friend, the great and good *Mother Caroline*, Superior and Commissary General of the School Sisters of Notre Dame in America. Never before, in my long priestly life, have appeared before so many high dignitaries of the

Church and so many holy religious as at this sad, solemn funeral. I am asked to preach on this occasion, not because I am competent or prepared, but because I am a member of the Redemptorist Order whose early Fathers invited Mother Caroline and her pioneer companions to America in 1847, to take charge of the infant parochial schools of the Catholic Church of the United States and Canada.

Abashed and afraid, I feel impelled to exclaim with the humble prophet Jeremias: "What shall I say? What shall I answer?" What shall or can I *say* after the true, appropriate, comprehensive eulogy which you have just heard from the grateful and eloquent lips of your Archbishop? What can I say to *answer* your expectations on the noble woman we all revered, loved and admired, perhaps more than any other woman in America? It is neither a *general* custom of the Catholic Church, nor a precept of her ritual, missal or breviary, to preach funeral sermons over her highest or humblest children. The Church counsels and urges us "to pray for the dead, that they may be loosed from their sins," and that "God may grant them eternal rest, and let perpetual light shine upon them." But nowhere does she command or even advise us to preach at any funeral of king or queen, saint or sinner. Every Catholic church is a House of God and prayer: here we should preach the Word of God and sound the praises of God, but not the praises of mortal man or woman; in this House of Prayer we should pray for the living and the dead.

Yet I feel justified in making an exception to-day, for I know that God and Holy Church will sanction the departure, not only because Mother Caroline was an *exceptional* and *unique* woman, but because the Holy Ghost Himself permits and urges me in the Inspired Record to praise the saints and servants of God, and render to all men (and women) their dues, be it tribute, fear, or honor, even in the assembly of the saints. God has said : "Honor thy mother all the days of thy life" and "Cursed be he that honoreth not his father or mother." Jesus, our Divine Master and model, praised publicly his Immaculate Mother, as well as the Prophet Elias, John the Baptist, the Canaanite woman and the centurion of Caphernaum. He eulogized his dead friend Lazarus, and wept at his tomb, so that the Jews remarked : "Behold, how he loved him!"

The inspired author of Ecclesiasticus, after warning us "to praise no man before his death," devotes the seven closing chapters of his book to a detailed eulogy of his fore-fathers in the faith of all the saintly patriarchs and prophets, priests and kings, from Adam, Seth and Enos down to Zorobabel, Nehemias and the high priest Simon. Permit me to quote and emphasize those passages of this lengthy panegyric which may be fitly and truly applied to the character, life and services of our revered and lamented friend, Mother Caroline, by merely substituting in our mind the female for the male sex.

"Let us praise men (and women) of *renown* and our fathers (and spiritual mothers) in their genera-

tion. They were men of *mercy* whose godly deeds have not failed. Good things continue with their seed ; their posterity is a holy inheritance. Moses (Mother Caroline) was *beloved* of God and of men, *whose memory is in benediction*. He sanctified him (her) out of *all flesh*." To our lamented friend may also be applied those words of Proverbs, (Chapter 31) which Holy Church repeats at Mass in praise of sainted women : "Who shall find a *valiant* woman? She hath opened her hands to the *needy* and stretched out her hands to the *poor*. *Strength* and *beauty* are her clothing. She hath opened her mouth to *wisdom*, and the law of clemency is on her tongue.

She hath looked well to the paths of her *house*, and hath not eaten her bread *idle*. Her *children* rose up and called her *blessed*. Many daughters have gathered (spiritual) riches, but thou hast surpassed them all. Favor is deceitful, and beauty is vain ; but the woman that feareth God shall be *praised* ! Give her the fruits of her hand, and let *her works praise* her in the gates." As the high priest Joachim and the people of Bethulia welcomed the chaste and valiant Judith, their deliverer from Holoernes, so we, too, can fitly address Mother Caroline : "Thou art the glory of Jerusalem, thou art the joy of Israel, thou art the power of our people"—thou art the glory of this city, thou art the joy of this country, thou art the pride of thy sex, thou art the honor, stay and comfort of all thy spiritual daughters.

As it is impossible, as well as superfluous, for me to remind *you*, the life-long friends and

admirers of the deceased, of all her noble and glorious services, I will confine myself to a few facts and characteristics which seem to be of special interest or edification. Without setting much value on the accidents of birth, family, country and the like, I deem it proper to state that Mother Caroline, whose family name was Marie Josephine Friess, was born at Paris, August 21st, 1824, that her father was a German, and her mother the daughter of Chapoulard, an officer in the armies of the great Napoleon. When but four years old, she moved with her parents to Bavaria, and was educated at Donauwoerth, Ingolstadt and Eichstaedt. At the early age of 16 years she joined the infant Order of Notre Dame. When 23 years old, she was sent, in 1847, with the pioneer colony of the Order to the United States. The first Sisters were invited by the Redemptorist Fathers of Baltimore. On the journey to St. Mary's colony in Western Pennsylvania, one of the five pioneer Sisters took sick and died. Mother General Theresa returned in 1848 to Europe, leaving Mother Caroline in charge of the newly founded schools at St. Mary's, Baltimore and Pittsburg. In 1850 Bishop Henni invited the Sisters to Milwaukee, which has since become the chief center of the Order in America. The tiny mustard seed has meanwhile grown up and expanded over the United States and Canada, numbering to-day in America no less than 200 convents and 2000 Sisters in charge of about 70,000 pupils. At the time of her lamented death Mother Caroline was nearly 68 years old, and had been 52 years in the Order, 45 years in

America, and 42 years superior of the Sisters. She was tall and majestic in figure, queenly in demeanor, handsome of feature, manly of mind and will-power, but womanly and motherly in heart. I knew the noble woman and her humble, pious, laborious daughters since 1855, and have never met religious superior to them in Catholic parochial schools.

Loathe to trust my own impressions and recollections of Mother Caroline, I prefer to appeal to others and ask as our Savior once asked : What do men say of me? What have men of all classes—religious, priests, bishops and archbishops said of Mother Caroline? Yesterday and to-day, as well as ten, twenty and thirty-five years ago, I have heard men say, everywhere: “What an able, extraordinary, magnetic, wonderful woman! She has done wonders for religion, convents and parochial schools in America. To this day her sisters and her schools stand in the front rank. There is not a woman in America or, perhaps, in the world, that is so well and favorably known as Mother Caroline, or that has exerted so much influence and done so much good for religion and education.”

Ask those who know her best and longest, and you will find that these are loudest in praise of the woman, the religious and the superioress. An English proverb says: “No man is a hero in the eyes of his valet,” not even Hannibal, Alexander, Caesar or Napoleon the Great. Mother Caroline has admitted, professed, trained and governed thousands of women for nearly half a century.

Women may be kind and blind to the faults of men; but they are usually keen-witted and lynx-eyed in diagnosing the character and imperfections of persons of their own sex, even of their superiors in office. And yet here comes in the marvel about this wonderful woman. In the grand chorus of eulogy, I have never yet heard a discordant voice among the Sisters of Notre Dame. They, more than all others, began to love, admire, follow, imitate and praise her at the first meeting, and they have not ceased to this hour. In their eyes Mother Caroline has ever been the ablest and kindest superior, the wisest woman, the greatest genius, the best model, the most perfect human being they ever met. From first to last, she appeared to each one of them, the eldest as well as the youngest, a walking saint, a paragon of every human perfection. I often thought within myself: That unique woman must have charmed or magnetized you all.

It cannot be denied that there is nothing perfect or faultless in man or woman. Jesus says: No man is good or perfect, but God alone. If the canonized saints had their imperfections, Mother Caroline, too, had her faults. I have several times heard it said: "Mother Caroline is overrated by some; she is not so obliging as others pretend; she sometimes refuses favors; she is old-fashioned, too, and does not keep up with the progress of Young America." All this may be true and yet not disparage her character or motives. In this wicked and wily world we must sometimes be cautious, and "unite the prudence of the serpent with the

simplicity of the dove'', as our Savior warns us. To grant all favors might be impossible, or imprudent, or harmful to religious discipline, or opposed to the letter or spirit of the holy rule, which every religious superior is bound under oath to observe and enforce. Mother Caroline was, indeed, conservative and, perhaps, old-fashioned in her ways and views. The Catholic Church is the same, not only in her dogmas, but also in her discipline. If our Savior reappeared among us, some liberal Christians would likely call Him old-fashioned, too. We cannot in conscience follow the dangerous or suspicious fashions or innovations of the world; for Jesus says, "Woe to the world," and the Apostle St. John adds: "Love not the world, nor the things which are in the world. All that is in the world is concupiscence of the eyes, lust of the flesh and pride of life." All honor, then, to Mother Caroline and her spiritual daughters, if they are and remain unworldly and old-fashioned in the true Catholic sense of the word!

I will now conclude, lest I detain and weary you too long in this excessive heat. Dear Mother Caroline strove to be faithful to God, conscience and duty, and just to all her religious and fellow-men. She was pre-eminently charitable, generous, patient, obliging, forbearing and forgiving. She tried to bear the burdens of all her subjects, to guide, encourage and console all that needed help or counsel; to forgive every injury and insult, to excuse every blunder or short-coming. The Eternal Judge has said to her, or will soon say to her: "You have believed and hoped in me; you have

loved and served me and mine; you have not judged or condemned others, neither will I judge or condemn you; you have been just, generous and merciful to others, and I will be generous and merciful to you. "Well done, and welcome, thou good and faithful servant, enter into the joy of the Lord." May our life, death and reward be like unto hers. "Eternal rest grant her, O Lord, and let perpetual light shine upon her." Amen."

At one o'clock the funeral cortege slowly began to wend its way toward Elm Grove. Amid the tolling of the convent bells, the Sisters bore their beloved Mother, between the long files of her praying and weeping daughters, to the garden gate on Jefferson Street, where the hearse stood waiting, and carriages for the Archbishop, three Bishops, about thirty Priests and eighty Sisters, who paid their last tribute of love and veneration to the dear departed by following her earthly remains to their final resting place, about ten miles distant. Towards half past three, the funeral reached Elm Grove. In church, the coffin was opened once more, to allow the Sisters of Elm Grove and the people of the parish a last loving look upon those dear features which, in spite of the intense heat and long drive, were well preserved.

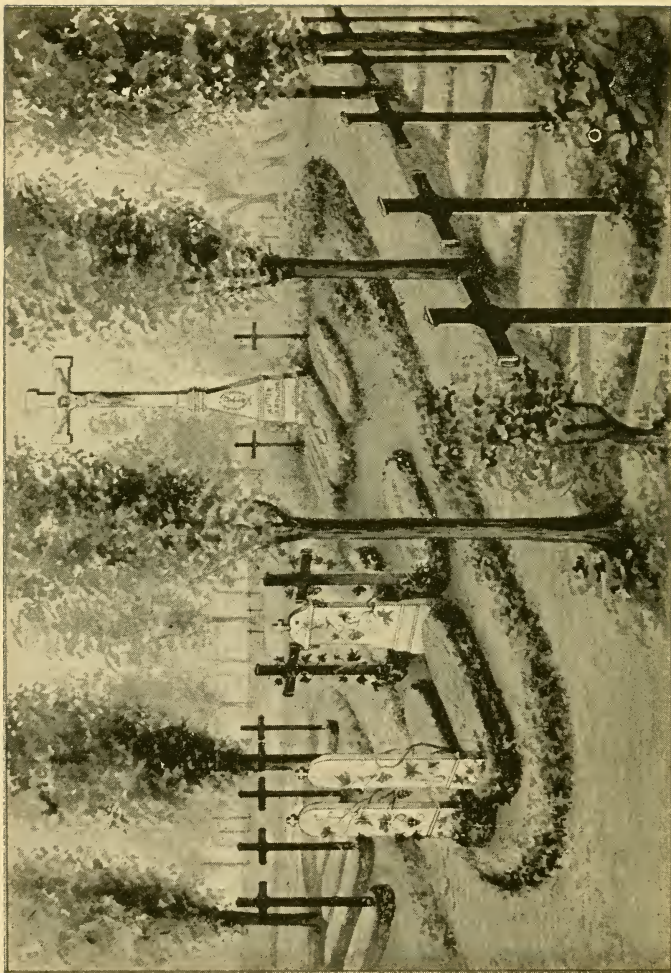
The Rt. Rev. Jos. Rademacher, Bishop of Nashville, Tenn., for many years a kind friend of the dear departed, pronounced the absolution, and led the procession to the cemetery. The venerable remains of dear Mother Caroline were interred in the spot which she had destined for herself, long

years before, between Ven. Mother Seraphina and Ven. Sister Emmanuela, amidst the long rows of Sisters who had gone on before their beloved Mother.

Not only in Milwaukee, but all over our country, the death of Mother Caroline awakened the deepest sympathy. Cardinal Gibbons, many archbishops, bishops and priests, as also the superiors of religious communities sent letters of condolence to the bereaved congregation, giving expression to their veneration for the dear departed.

In some churches three solemn Requiems were held during the week or fortnight after her demise. Several priests announced a Requiem to be held in their churches every month for a whole year. Many parishioners and societies offered Holy Communion, in a body, for the repose of her soul. Children made collections of their saving-pence to have Holy Masses said. The narrator received more than a hundred letters, giving accounts of the most touching demonstrations of grateful love and veneration for the dear departed. Many moved him so deeply that he could not refrain from tears. To give but one instance: The Very Rev. Michael Hurley, Vicar General of the diocese of Peoria, had not ventured to say Mass for five months, on account of a stroke of paralysis. This kind patron of the School Sisters being informed of Mother Caroline's death, cried out weeping, "Now I shall wait no longer, but make an attempt to say Mass. The first shall be for Mother Caroline, on her burial day."

"It was, indeed a great exertion for him," adds



Mother Caroline's Grave.

the Sister, who wrote this account, "but, with the aid of another priest, he succeeded." Panegyrics upon the dear departed were pronounced in many places. The press, ecclesiastical and secular, extolled the life and labors, the talents and virtues of Mother Caroline. All acknowledged that one of the greatest and best women of our times had closed a career of unspeakable blessings for Holy Church and our beloved country.

RETROSPECT AND CONCLUSION.

The writer is about to conclude his work. How defective his sketch of Mother Caroline's life and character is, no one knows better than himself. Truly, it would have required a master's hand to do justice to a masterpiece of nature and grace, such as Mother Caroline. Had he not enjoyed the advantage, from observations made in the course of sixteen years, to know Mother Caroline better, most probably, than any one else, he would not have undertaken the work. The consciousness of having endeavored to produce a correct and faithful sketch of her life, could alone induce him to have it published.

Looking back upon the blessed career of the dear departed, the bright figure of a highly gifted, fair and happy child first attracts our attention. Under the visible protection of Heaven, the child blooms into a promising, pure and pious maiden. True, the brightness of her extraordinary endowments is dimmed, for a time, by violent and dangerous passions. Her providential educator,

however, succeeds in removing these shades, and at the age of sixteen the silent cloister-walls seclude a virgin whom God has destined for great things.

With all the energy and depth of her nature, she embraces her holy vocation. In the school of sufferings her character is steeled; her virtues, tried. Scarcely seven years have elapsed, and she stands on the soil of the New World, a heroic missionary, prepared for every sacrifice, every laborious undertaking. Her extraordinary efficiency is favorably regarded, and the future of her congregation, obscured by gloomy cares, is laid entirely into her youthful hands. With courage and prudence, she conscientiously avails herself of every assistance, human and divine, that she can obtain, and begins her work. For more than forty years, she pursues it steadily and faithfully. Adversity daunts not her courage; prosperity does not elate her. Her great heart encompasses an entire country in its holiest and weightiest needs. With the eye of faith, she ever looks on high, whence all blessings proceed. Her mind is not occupied with lowly things of earth. "I have meant well—I have worked for God," is her solemn declaration on her death-bed.

By her stately figure, her brilliant endowments of mind and heart, her refined and amiable manners, her cheerful spirit,—still more by her burning love of God and neighbor, her enlightened piety, her inviolable fidelity to her vocation, her apostolic zeal for the salvation of souls, her admirable love of labor and sufferings,—she becomes an object of the love and veneration of many thousands.

Her own elevated spirit she infuses into her daughters. It is her unceasing endeavor to train them as true and genuine religious,—pious, faithful and zealous. With her and after her, they are to labor for God, for Holy Church,—for Catholic youth. As teachers, they are to be thoroughly educated, even in the highest branches of female learning,—not, indeed, for vain display, but for solid usefulness. Even to her latest breath, it is her declared will, her solemn injunction, that the School Sisters, ever remaining faithful to their providential vocation, shall, above all, devote themselves to the education of children in parochial schools and orphanages.

“The greatest good for the greatest number,” is her principle, as Catholic as it is American.

The beautiful life of the dear lamented finds a worthy close. Her work is accomplished ; her life-task, fulfilled. She has her plans for the future of her congregation ; calmly she makes her provisions and consigns them to her daughters, in her own hand-writing.

The perfection of her active life receives its last finishing touches in the long, weary months of her sickness. Had death snatched her suddenly, or had she endured her pains with but ordinary Christian resignation, the most beautiful features of her portrait would be wanting. On the crimson background of her sufferings, however, her noble figure appears so elevated, truly great and majestic, that the beholder deeply moved, exclaims with admiration: “Mother Caroline was a highly favored soul!” In the ordeal of sufferings she proved her true greatness.

She has gone to her eternal home—this valiant woman, the pride and the glory of her daughters. Long, long shall her name retain its magic sound; her picture shall never fade from the memory of those who knew and loved her. May her spirit continue to live in her congregation—the grand work of her life! Only then shall the School Sisters prove themselves worthy daughters of their great Mother, if they continue to be religious and teachers according to her spirit; only then shall they carry on and extend their heaven-blest work with ever increasing strength, to promote the glory of God, the welfare of mankind, and their own true happiness in time and eternity.—God grant it!

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